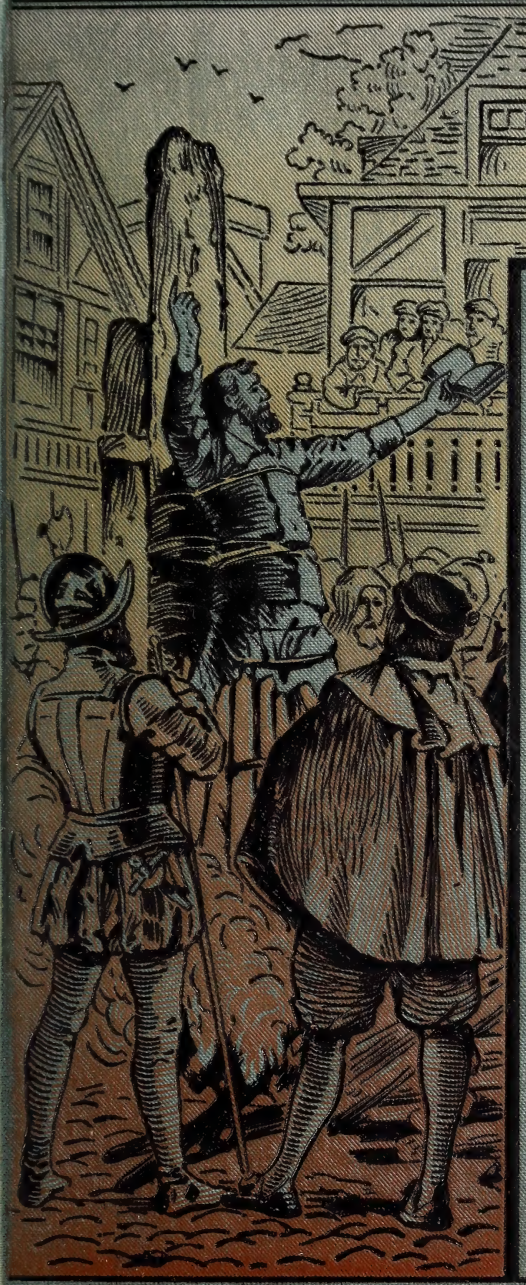

CHRISTIAN HEROES AND MARTYRS OF THE WORLD

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Frontispiece. CHRISTIAN MARTYRS GIVEN TO THE LIONS IN THE COLOSSEUM AT ROME. (See page 41.)

CHRISTIAN HEROES AND MARTYRS.

A HISTORY OF THE PROGRESS OF CHRISTIANITY

FROM BIBLE TIMES TO LATEST PERIODS OF PERSECUTION.

WITH LIVES OF THE APOSTLES, MARTYRS, AND CHRISTIANS OF ALL COUNTRIES WHO SUFFERED FOR THE FAITH.

CONTAINING ALSO A BRIEF

HISTORY OF THE BIBLE

WHICH TELLS HOW THE BIBLE HAS BEEN PRESERVED AND BROUGHT DOWN TO US, AND EXPLAINS ITS PRINCIPAL REVISIONS AND TRANSLATIONS.

60 FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS.

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PREFACE.

THE records of the past contain little that is of more thrilling interest than the stories of Christian Martyrs. Assailed in the early centuries after Christ by their pagan foes, and in later years by enemies who professed, themselves, to be the followers of a gentle and merciful Saviour—yet who seem to have been destitute of human pity or compassion—these brave upholders of our faith were imprisoned, tortured, and slain by thousands.

In an age of religious liberty such as the present, when justice, and the freedom, happiness, and well-being of the multitude are jealously guarded—when offenders against the laws are subjected to no avoidable physical pain, and even science is called upon to provide for the most dangerous of them the least painful of deaths—it is with amazement that we read of the barbarous punishments of the past.

Appalling as some of these accounts of "man's inhumanity to man" may be, yet it is only by their preservation that we, who live in happier times, can properly appreciate the blessings we enjoy, and be enabled to compare our present freedom with the tyranny and injustice of earlier days. But a few hundred years ago the most cruel punishments were inflicted, not merely upon criminals dangerous to the State, but upon innocent men and women, the best and noblest people of their time, whose only offence was a refusal to renounce their faith in a religion dearer to them than life.

The steadfast courage of the Martyrs, when confronted with death in terrible forms, almost leads us to believe they could not have been mere

human creatures, subject to the same fears, having the same love of life, affections, and sensibility to pain as ourselves; but another order of beings, so formed as to be indifferent to physical suffering and proof against mental weakness. But the records of their lives proves this not to be so. Their words, their acts, their writings, their often impassioned defence, and affectionate leave-taking of family and friends show them to have been of the very same flesh and blood as we of to-day; only differing in being upheld by a fiery zeal and fervent faith which grew stronger with persecution, defied prisons and tormentors, and shone yet brighter than the flames in which their bodies finally perished.

Histories of the Martyrs have for centuries held a high place in Christian literature; for ages works of this kind have been found side by side with the sacred writings and books of devotion. Some of the stories in the present volume have been drawn from these sources; those telling of early persecutions being traditional and from the pens of ancient writers about the church, while those of a later period are from Foxe's Book of Martyrs. From whatever source taken, however, only such stories have been selected as are best adapted for general reading; they have also, in many instances, been re-written for this book. At the same time effort has been made to retain in them, as far as possible, the quaint style and graphic descriptions which characterize the originals. The stories have also been connected together by a brief outline of history, which is intended to assist the reader in tracing the progress of Christianity, and the Bible, from early times throughout the principal nations of the world.

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THE

WORLD'S

CHRISTIAN MARTYRS.

CHAPTER I.

THE first Christian Martyrs were those who suffered under the persecution of the Romans in the early ages of the Church. For two hundred and forty years, or from about the year 64 after Christ to the time of the emperor Constantine (306), the cruel punishments inflicted upon the Christians by their heathen enemies are described by the ancient historians as being as various and horrible as the mind of man, inspired by the devil, could invent.

"Some," we are told, "were slain with the sword; some burned with fire; some scourged with whips; some stabbed with forks of iron; some fastened to the cross or gibbet; some drowned in the sea; some had their skins plucked off; some were stoned to death; some killed with cold; some starved with hunger; some, with their hands cut off or otherwise disabled, were left naked, to the open shame of the world. Yet, notwithstanding the sharpness of their torments, such was the constancy of those who suffered—or rather, such was the power of the Lord in his saints—that they generally remained faithful to the end."

The first Martyr to our holy religion—He who gave up his place in paradise, endured a life of hardship upon earth, and at last suffered a lingering death upon the cross, that mankind might be saved from eternal punishment for sin—was Jesus Christ himself. His history has been handed down to us in the New Testament, but it may be proper here to give a brief outline of it before beginning to tell of the men and women who afterward endured martyrs' deaths for His sake.

A SHORT HISTORY OF CHRIST'S LIFE ON EARTH.

In the reign of Herod, king of the Jews, an angel of the Lord appeared to a young woman whose name was Mary. This maiden lived in Nazareth, a town of Galilee. She was betrothed to a man named Joseph, who was a carpenter. The angel told Mary that she was highly favored by God above all women, for she should have a son, not by man but by the Holy Spirit. And the angel said, "He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest; and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David: and he shall reign over the house of Jacob for ever; and of his kingdom there shall be no end."

Birth of Jesus.

After this, Mary and her husband Joseph left Nazareth and went to Bethlehem in Judea, in order to pay a tax that had been ordered by the Roman emperor. Each man went to his own city to be taxed, and Joseph went, with his wife, to the city of David, which was called Bethlehem, "because he was of the house and lineage of David." The town was so crowded that the only lodgings they could get were in a stable, and there, in that poor place, Mary gave birth to Jesus, the Saviour of mankind. The great event was made known to the world by a bright star in the heavens and by an angel. The Wise Men of the East saw and followed the star, while the Shepherds were visited by the angel.

After this, Mary and Joseph took the infant Jesus and went to Jeru-

salem, where they presented the child in the temple, upon which occasion Simeon, an aged man to whom it had been revealed that he should not die until he had seen the Christ, said, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word." Luke 2 : 29.

Herod Slays the Children at Bethlehem.

When Herod the king heard that a child had been born who would be called the King of the Jews, he tried to kill him; and as he did not know the child, he sent soldiers to Bethlehem to kill all the children there not more than two years old, thinking that among them Jesus might be slain. But God sent an angel to Joseph, who told him to take the young child and his mother, and to flee into Egypt; therefore Herod's soldiers did not find him.

When Jesus was twelve years old his parents once found him sitting in the temple at Jerusalem, among the most learned priests, both hearing them and asking them questions. And all who heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers. After this he went back with his parents to Nazareth, and was obedient to them.

When Jesus had grown to manhood he was baptized by John the Baptist, in the river Jordan; the Holy Ghost then descended upon him in the form of a dove, and a voice came from heaven which said, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

After this Jesus went into the wilderness. When he had fasted forty days and nights he was tempted by the devil, but resisted all his wiles.

Jesus Performs his First Miracle.

Jesus went to a city called Cana; and there he performed his first miracle, by turning water into wine, at a marriage feast. While going through Galilee he brought back to life a nobleman's dead child. At Nazareth Jesus went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day and spoke to the Jews, telling them he was the Saviour whom God had

sent down from heaven; but the Jews were angry and would not believe him. They tried to kill him by throwing him down from the top of a steep hill on which the city was built; but because he had the power of God they were not able to do him any harm; and he left them and went away from Nazareth.

Coming to Capernaum, Jesus preached to the people from the fishing boat of Peter, who afterward was his apostle; and he sent Peter and Andrew out on the sea to draw their net, when he caused it to be filled by a miraculous number of fishes, so that the net broke and two boats would not hold them all. Jesus relieved many sick people by curing them of their diseases; the blind, the lame, the lepers, and those possessed of evil spirits were cured merely by his word or touch.

Among other kind and merciful acts, Jesus cured, at the pool of Bethesda, a paralytic man, who had been helpless and bed-ridden for thirty-eight years, bidding him take up his bed and walk. He afterward cured a man whose right hand was shrunk up and withered. And all that were sick, or lame, or had evil spirits in them, crowded around him to touch him, so that just by his touch they might be made well. And Jesus cured them all; yet the Jews hated him and tried to find some way to put him to death.

Jesus Chooses the Twelve Apostles.

After a night spent in a desert place, praying to God, Jesus called together his disciples and followers, and chose from among them twelve men whom he named Apostles. Apostle means messenger. Jesus called these twelve whom he had chosen, apostles, because he sent them out as messengers among the people, to teach them. The names of the twelve apostles were these: Peter and Andrew, James and John, Philip and Bartholomew, Matthew and Thomas, James the son of Alpheus, Simon, and Judas the brother of James, and Judas Iscariot.

After this Jesus went up on a little hill, which raised him above

the crowd, and calling his disciples around him, sat down and taught them in the beautiful words of the Sermon on the Mount.

Travelling from place to place, Jesus continued to teach the people, often using for this purpose parables, or stories with a double meaning. He performed wonderful miracles also, such as men had never seen before. He brought back to life the son of a widow at Nain who was being carried out to his burial; and he made alive again the daughter of Jairus, a ruler among the Jews.

Jesus Feeds the Multitude.

Jesus fed a great number of people by making five loaves of bread and two fishes increase until all had enough. He walked on the surface of the sea; he raised Lazarus to life after he had lain in his grave four days; besides healing many persons who were sick, blind and lame. Many of the Jews when they saw these great miracles which Jesus did, believed on him. But some went to the Pharisees and told them of what they had seen. Then the Pharisees and chief priests gathered together, and said to one another, What shall we do? for this man worketh many miracles. If we let him alone, all the people will believe on him and make him their king; and then the Romans will be angry, and come and take away our city and destroy our nation. From that time they talked with one another about some way of putting him to death.

The Jews Conspire to Kill Jesus.

The feast of the passover, which was celebrated by the Jews every year, drew many of them to Jerusalem; therefore the chief priests and scribes agreed together to seize Jesus when he should come to keep the feast. Jesus knew that they had planned to take him, and told his disciples, two days before the feast, that he would be betrayed and put to death, but would rise again from the dead on the third day. When Peter heard this he was surprised, and said, "No, these things

shall not happen to thee." He thought, as did all the other disciples, that their Saviour had come to set them free from the Romans and make them into a kingdom, and to reign over them like other earthly kings. For although they saw he was now a poor man, they did not think he would stay so, but expected he would soon become rich and great and would make them great also. They had not yet learned that he had come to rule only in their hearts, and to have his kingdom there; and that, instead of fighting battles for them and ruling over them as a king, he was going to die on the cross for their sins.

Now when the time came for Jesus to be betrayed, Judas Iscariot, one of the apostles, went to the chief priests and asked them how much money they would give him if he would deliver Jesus into their hands; and they agreed to pay him thirty pieces of silver. From that time he tried to find Jesus alone, that he might betray him to them.

The Last Supper.

Jesus went to eat the feast of the passover at Jerusalem, with his twelve apostles; and as he sat with them he told the apostles that it was the last time he would eat with them. He told them that he would not eat again of the lamb that had been sacrificed, until he himself had been sacrificed for the sins of the people; and he said that one of the twelve who sat there with him would betray him. The apostles were astonished at this, and began, each of them, to say to him, Lord, Is it I? Is it I? Jesus said it was the one he would give a piece of bread to, after he had dipped it in the dish. When he had dipped the bread, he gave it to Judas Iscariot; and Judas rose up from the table and went out into the street.

While they were at table, Jesus took some bread in his hands, and gave thanks, and broke it, and gave the pieces to the apostles. And he said to them, Take it and eat it, for this is my body, which is broken for you. He meant that the bread was like his body, and that it repre-

sented his body, because his body was very soon to be broken, and wounded on the cross, for them and for us all.

After he had given them the bread, he took some wine in a cup, and gave thanks, and handed it to the apostles and told them to drink of it. He said, This wine is my blood which is shed for the forgiveness of sins.

He meant that the wine was like his blood, and that it represented his blood, because his blood was very soon to be poured out from the wounds in his hands and his feet, while he was being nailed to the cross. And the reason he would let himself be nailed there was, because he wanted all the people in the world to have their sins forgiven.

Then he told the apostles that after he was dead, they should meet together and eat of the bread and drink of the wine, in the same way that he had shown them. And whenever they did it, he said, they should remember him.

Judas Betrays Jesus.

After supper they went out from the house to the mountain called the Mount of Olives, which was not far from Jerusalem. And they came into a garden that was there, called the garden of Gethsemane. Jesus went a little way from the apostles to a place by himself, and kneeled down on the ground and prayed, and while he prayed he was in an agony, for he was suffering for the sins of all mankind.

Now Judas was watching for a time when he could betray Jesus to the chief priests. And because it was night, and the garden was a lonely place, and only the apostles were with Jesus, Judas thought that this was the best time to betray his Master.

So he went to the chief priests and Pharisees, and told them where Jesus had gone. Then they called together a band of men and gave them swords and clubs to fight with, and sent them with Judas to take Jesus. Jesus knew they were coming, yet he did not make haste to

go away, but waited to let them take him, because he knew that the time had come for him to die.

While he was yet speaking to the apostles and telling them that the one who would betray him was coming near, Judas came, and the band of men with him carrying swords and clubs and lanterns.

Now Judas had told these men how they should know which one was Jesus. He had said to them, The one I shall kiss is he; take him and hold him fast. Then Judas came to Jesus and pretended he was glad to see him; he said, Master, Master, and kissed him. But Jesus said to him, Judas, dost thou betray me to my enemies by a kiss? Then the men whom the chief priests had sent, when they saw Judas kiss him, took hold of Jesus and bound him with fetters, to take him away.

When the apostles saw them do this to their Master whom they loved, they wanted to fight against them. They said to Jesus, Lord, shall we fight them with swords? And Peter, who had a sword, drew it out of the sheath, and struck one of the men and cut off his right ear.

But Jesus told Peter to put his sword back again into its sheath. His Father, he said, would send thousands of angels to fight for him and save him from dying, if he would ask for them. And he stretched out his hand and touched the man's ear that Peter had struck with the sword, and made it well again. Then the apostles, being afraid of the band of men, all left Jesus and made haste to flee away.

Jesus is Taken Before the High Priest.

The men took Jesus and led him to the house of Caiaphas, the high priest. Peter followed Jesus to the house, and being asked if he was his disciple, denied it three times, as Jesus had foretold. Peter was reminded of this by the crowing of a cock, and he went out and wept bitterly. When it was morning they took Jesus before the chief court of the Jews, held in a room near the tem-

ple. False witnesses were brought to testify against him, but they could not prove that he had done any wrong. The high priest asked Jesus if he was the Christ, the Son of God. Jesus answered, I am. And I say unto you, Hereafter you shall see me sitting on the right hand of God, and coming back to earth again in the clouds of heaven. Then the high priest was angry, and rent his clothes, and cried, He hath spoken blasphemy; what further need have we of witnesses?

Jesus Before Pontius Pilate.

After the Jews had mocked Jesus, and expressed their hatred and contempt for him, they took him to Pontius Pilate, the Roman governor, to be condemned to death. Pilate questioned Jesus, and could find no fault in him. Now, every year, at the feast of the passover, it was the custom for the Roman governor to set free one Jewish prisoner; and there was at this time in prison one named Barabbas, who was a murderer. Then Pilate said to the people, Which one shall I set free? Barabbas, or Jesus, who is called Christ? For he knew they had brought Jesus to be punished only because they hated him.

While Pilate was speaking with them, his wife sent word to him, saying, Do no harm to that just man, for I have been much troubled this day in a dream concerning him.

But the chief priests persuaded the Jews to ask that Barabbas might be set free. Pilate answered, What then shall I do with Jesus, who is called Christ? They all said, Let him be crucified. Pilate said, Why, what evil has he done? But they cried out the more with loud voices, Crucify him! When Pilate saw that he could not persuade them to ask for Jesus, he took some water and washed his hands before the people, saying, "I am innocent of the blood of this just person: see ye to it." Then answered all the Jews, "His blood be on us and on our children."

The Roman Soldiers Scourge Jesus.

Then the Roman soldiers who were to put Jesus to death took him and scourged him. After they had done this they mocked him by putting on him a purple robe; and they plaited a wreath of thorns, which they put on his head. Instead of a golden sceptre, or rod, such as kings held when sitting on their thrones, they put a reed in his right hand, and they bowed down before him, pretending he was a king, saying, Hail, King of the Jews! And they took the reed from him and struck him on the head; they struck him also with their hands.

After all these things had been done to Jesus, Pilate thought the Jews would be willing to let him go; so he brought him out where the Jews could see him, with the crown of thorns on his head, and wearing the purple robe. But when the chief priests and all the Jews saw Jesus, they cried out, Crucify him! Crucify him! Pilate said to them, take him yourselves then and crucify him, for I find no fault in him.

When Judas Iscariot saw that Jesus was really to die, he was greatly afraid for what he had done. And he came to the chief priests and rulers with the thirty pieces of silver, to give it back to them. But they would not take it, and he threw the money on the ground and went and hanged himself.

Jesus is Crucified.

The soldiers, after they had mocked Jesus, took off the purple robe, and put his own clothes on him. Then they led him away to crucify him.

When a person was led out to be crucified he was made to carry his cross; but because Jesus could not carry his cross alone, the soldiers made a man named Simon, from Cyrene, help him carry it.

And they brought Jesus to Mount Calvary, which was a little way from Jerusalem, and there they nailed him to the cross. Even

while they were crucifying him he prayed for them, saying, Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.

Pilate made a writing and had it fastened to the cross. These were the words that he wrote: JESUS OF NAZARETH THE KING OF THE JEWS.

At the same time that they crucified Jesus, they crucified two thieves with him, one on a cross at his right hand, and another at his left.

And the soldiers took his garments and divided them among themselves. While Jesus hung upon the cross in the agonies of death, the people mocked him and said, "If thou art the Son of God, come down from the cross." The chief priests and scribes also reviled him, and said, "He saved others; himself he cannot save." One of the thieves who was crucified with him, also cried out, and said, "If thou be Christ, save thyself and us." But the other, having greater faith, exclaimed, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." To him Jesus replied, This day shalt thou be with me in paradise.

From the sixth until the ninth hour—that is, from twelve until three o'clock—while Jesus was upon the cross, the earth was covered with darkness and the stars appeared at noon-day, which made the people afraid. And about the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? Then one of the men standing near held up to him, upon the point of a reed, a sponge dipped in vinegar. When Jesus, therefore, had received the vinegar, he said, It is finished: and he bowed his head, and died. Then the curtain, called the veil, which hung in the temple, was torn in two from the top to the bottom; the earth shook, the rocks were broken in pieces, and the graves were opened, and many of the dead came forth. When the Roman soldiers who were watching Jesus saw these things, they feared greatly, and said, Surely this man was the Son of God!

Jesus is Buried, and Rises from the Tomb.

The body of Jesus was taken down from the cross by his disciples, and buried in the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea. After the burial the Jews caused a watch to be set; for they said, His disciples may come and steal him away. But in the night the angel of the Lord rolled back the stone from the door of the sepulchre. His face was bright like lightning, and his garments white as snow; the soldiers trembled for fear of him, and fled from the sepulchre.

In the morning three women came with spices to the sepulchre, but found it empty and the stone rolled away. Then they went into the sepulchre, and there they saw an angel dressed in long white garments. And the women were afraid. But the angel said to them, Be not afraid. You are looking for Jesus who was crucified. He is not here, he has risen. Come and see the place where they laid him; and then go and tell his disciples that he has risen up from the dead. And the women went out quickly and made haste away from the sepulchre, for they were greatly afraid, and yet they were full of joy to know that Jesus had risen.

As they went to tell the apostles, Jesus himself met them; and they bowed down at his feet and worshipped him. Then he told them not to be afraid, but to tell his apostles that they should go into Galilee, and there, he said, he would come and meet them.

On the same day that Jesus arose, he appeared to two of his disciples who were walking together toward a village named Emmaus, which was about seven miles from Jerusalem. And another time when the apostles were in a room together, with the door shut, Jesus came and stood among them. Thomas, one of the twelve apostles, was not in the room with the others the first time Jesus appeared there to them. Therefore, when they told him they had seen the Lord, he would not believe them; he said that unless he could, himself, see the marks of the nails and of the spear, he would not believe that it was Jesus. After eight days had passed,

the disciples were together again in a room; and Thomas was with them. Jesus then appeared to them as he had done before, standing in their midst. And he told Thomas to look with his own eyes upon his wounded hands and side, and to be no longer faithless, but believing. Thomas, being at last convinced, answered, My Lord and my God.

Jesus Ascends to Heaven.

After this Jesus showed himself several times to his disciples. When forty days were past after he had risen from the dead, he met his apostles again at Jerusalem, and he lifted up his hands and blessed them. And it was so, that while he blessed them he was taken from them and carried up into heaven; and went into a cloud out of their sight. And while they looked toward heaven as he went up, behold, two angels stood by them in white garments, who said, Ye men of Galilee, Why stand you gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus who is taken up from you into heaven, shall come down again, in the clouds, as you have seen him go up into heaven.

Such is the beautiful story of the life and death, the resurrection from the tomb, and ascent to heaven, of Jesus, the Saviour of mankind. Little is it to be wondered at, then, that heathen nations vainly have tried, by cruelty and oppression, to blot out his blessed memory from among men; or that they have wholly failed to prevent the spread of that divine religion which he founded and established with his blood.

CHAPTER II.

THE LIVES, SUFFERINGS, AND CRUEL DEATHS OF THE APOSTLES AND EVANGELISTS.

Lonely and sorrowful the disciples must have been when their Lord had gone from them. But though they could no longer hear his voice, they knew that he looked down from heaven upon them and would be with them, and his whole church, in spirit, to the end of the world. Thus the apostles were to be helped and guided in the work he had told them to do—which was, to go out into all parts of the world and tell the people of every country that the Saviour of mankind had come, and had died upon the cross that they might be saved.

There were now but eleven apostles, for Judas Iscariot, who betrayed Christ was no longer of them. Therefore Matthias was chosen, so the number of the apostles was twelve again; and soon they separated to carry on the work of converting all the world to the religion of Christ.

The New Testament does not tell us how long the apostles and evangelists (disciples who wrote the Gospels) lived, nor how they died; except Stephen, who was chosen to be a deacon by the apostles, and who was stoned to death; and James, the apostle, who was slain by Herod. But ancient writers and historians, who wrote down, in the early centuries after Christ, the traditions or accounts they heard concerning these holy men, tell us that nearly all of them died martyrs' deaths, after living lives of toil and hardship while preaching the gospel of Christ to the heathen world.

The following are the stories which have come down to us.

ST. STEPHEN IS STONED TO DEATH

1. St. Stephen.

St. Stephen, who is called the *Proto-Martyr*, or first martyr, and whose history is in the Acts of the Apostles, in the New Testament, was the first Christian man to be put to death for his faith in Jesus Christ. He thus followed next his Master in the path that leads to glory.

Owing to the increasing numbers of the disciples, many of whom were poor people, complaint began to be made that some were neglected in the daily alms-giving. Then the apostles said, It is not right that we should cease preaching to serve tables; so Stephen was chosen from among the Lord's disciples, with six others, to be a deacon. He helped in giving alms to the poor and also preached to the people. He was so good and holy a man that he was permitted to work miracles by healing the sick, and converting unbelievers. He preached to the Jews in words so full of power that they could not answer him nor contradict him. The principal persons belonging to Jewish synagogues entered into debate with him, but by the soundness of his doctrine and the strength of his reasoning he overcame them all. This so angered them that they paid false witnesses to accuse him of blaspheming God and Moses.

On being taken before the council, he made a noble defence: but that so much the more enraged his judges, so that they resolved to condemn him to death. At this instant, Stephen saw a vision from heaven, and in rapture he exclaimed, "Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God!" Then the Jews cried out against him, and having dragged him out of the city, they stoned him to death.

After the martyrdom of St. Stephen there was a great persecution against the Christians at Jerusalem: "And they were all scattered abroad throughout the regions of Judea and Samaria, except the apostles." Nicanor, one of the deacons, and more than 2000 Christians are believed to have perished during this persecution.

2. St. James.

St. James was a Galilean, the son of Zebedee, a fisherman, and the elder brother of the apostle John. Being one day with his father fishing in the sea of Galilee, he and his brother John were called by Jesus to become his disciples. They cheerfully obeyed the summons, and leaving their father, followed the Lord.

Jesus called these brothers Boanerges, or the Sons of Thunder, on account of their vigorous minds and impetuous tempers.

St. James was the first of the apostles to meet a martyr's death. Herod Agrippa, when he was made governor of Judea by the Roman emperor Caligula, raised a persecution against the Christians, and especially singled out St. James as an object of his vengeance.

When the apostle was led out to die, a man who had brought false accusations against him walked with him to the place of execution. He had doubtless expected to see St. James looking pale and frightened, but he saw him, instead, bright and joyous, like a conqueror who had won a great battle. The false witness greatly wondered at this, and became convinced that the Saviour in whom the prisoner by his side believed must be the true God, or he could not impart such cheerfulness and courage to a man about to die. The man himself, therefore, became a convert to Christianity, and was condemned to die with St. James the apostle. Both were consequently beheaded on the same day and with the same sword. This took place in the year of our Lord 44.

About the same period, Timon and Parmenas, two of the seven deacons, suffered martyrdom, the former at Corinth and the latter at Philippi in Macedonia.

3. St. Philip.

This apostle was born at Bethsaida, in Galilee. He was sent on important missions into heathen countries, being deputed to preach

in parts of Asia, where he labored very diligently in his apostleship. He then travelled into Phrygia, and arriving at Hierapolis, found the inhabitants so sunk in idolatry as to worship a great serpent. St. Philip, however, converted many of them to Christianity, and even accomplished the destruction of the serpent. This so enraged the rulers, and especially the priests, who gained much money by the superstitions of the people, that they committed him to prison. He was then cruelly scourged, and afterwards crucified. His friend St. Bartholomew succeeded in taking down the body, and burying it; but, for this, he was himself very near suffering the same fate. St. Philip's martyrdom took place eight years after that of St. James, in the year 52 after Christ.

4. St. Matthew.

This apostle, evangelist, and martyr, was born at Nazareth, in Galilee, but lived chiefly at Capernaum, on account of his occupation, which was that of a tax-gatherer, or collector of tribute. On being called as a disciple, he at once left everything to follow Christ. After the ascension of his Master, he continued preaching the gospel in Judea for nine years. When about to leave Judea, in order to go and preach among the Gentiles, he wrote his gospel in Hebrew for the use of the Jewish people to whom he had preached. It was afterwards translated into Greek by St. James (the Less). He then went into Ethiopia, ordained preachers, settled churches, and made many converts. He afterwards travelled to Parthia, where he met his death, being slain with the sword, about the year 60.

5. St. Mark.

This evangelist and martyr was born of Jewish parents, of the tribe of Levi. It is believed that he was converted to Christianity by the apostle St. Peter, whom he served as a writer, and whom he attended in all his travels. Being entreated by the converts at

Rome to write down the admirable discourses they had heard spoken by St. Peter, he consented, and accordingly wrote his gospel in the Greek language. The words of that gospel are, therefore, actually the words of St. Peter. He established a bishopric at Alexandria, and then went to Libya, where he made many converts. On returning to Alexandria, some of the Egyptians, jealous of his power, determined on his death.

St. Mark was therefore seized, his feet were tied together, and he was dragged through the streets, and left bruised and bleeding in a dungeon all night. The next day they burned his body. His bones were afterward carefully gathered up by the Christians, decently interred, and at a later period, so one tradition tells, removed to Venice, of which state he is considered the tutelar saint and patron.

6. St. James (the Less).

This apostle and martyr is called "the Less" to distinguish him from the apostle James, the brother of John, who is called "the Great." He was, after the Lord's ascension, elected bishop of Jerusalem. He wrote his general epistle to all Christians and converts, to suppress a dangerous error then being circulated, which was, "That a faith in Christ was alone sufficient for salvation, without good works." The Jews of Jerusalem, being at this time greatly enraged against the Christians, determined to wreak their vengeance on St. James. The mob being incited to attack him, they fell upon him in the street, threw him down, and beat, bruised, and stoned him to death.

7. St. Matthias.

This apostle and martyr was called to the apostleship after the ascension of Christ, to supply the vacant place of Judas, who had betrayed his Master. St. Matthias was martyred at Jerusalem, being first stoned and then beheaded.

8. St. Andrew.

This apostle and martyr was the brother of St. Peter. He preached the gospel to many Asiatic nations. At Patræ, in Greece, the governor of the country threatened him with death for preaching against the idols which he worshipped; but St. Andrew fearlessly continued to tell the people of Christ. He was therefore sentenced to be crucified on a cross made of two pieces of wood of equal length, the ends of which were fixed in the ground. He was fastened to it, not with nails, but with cords, so that his death might be more slow.

An ancient writer tells of the apostle's sublime courage and fearlessness, in the following words:

"When Andrew saw the cross prepared, he neither changed countenance nor color, as the weakness of mortal man is wont to do; neither did his blood shrink; neither did he fail in his speech; his body fainted not; neither was his mind molested; his understanding did not fail him; but out of the abundance of his heart his mouth did speak, and fervent charity did appear in his words. He said, "O cross, most welcome and oft-looked for; with a willing mind, joyfully and desirously, I come to thee, being the scholar of Him who did hang on thee; because I have been always thy lover, and have longed to embrace thee!"

St. Andrew hung upon the cross three whole days, suffering dreadful pain, but continuing constantly to tell the people around him of the love of Jesus Christ. The people as they listened to him began to believe his words, and asked the governor to let him be taken down from the cross. Not liking to refuse them he at last ordered the ropes to be cut, but when the last cord was severed, the body of the apostle fell to the ground quite dead.

9. St. Peter.

This great apostle and martyr was born at Bethsaida, in Galilee. He was the son of Jona, a fisherman, which employment St. Peter

CRUCIFIXION OF ST. ANDREW

himself followed. So firm was his faith that Jesus gave him the name of Cephas, meaning, in the Syriac language, a rock. He was called at the same time as his brother, Andrew, to be an apostle. Though ever eager and zealous in the service of Christ, St. Peter yet had the weakness to deny his Master after his seizure in the garden, though he at first defended him with his sword; but the sincerity of his repentance atoned for his denial.

After the ascension of Christ, the Jews still continued to persecute the Christians, and ordered several of the apostles, among whom was St. Peter, to be scourged. This punishment they bore with the greatest fortitude, and even rejoiced that they were thought worthy to suffer for the sake of their Redeemer.

When Herod Agrippa caused St. James to be put to death, and found that it pleased the Jews, he resolved that St. Peter should be the next sacrifice. He was accordingly arrested, and thrown into prison; but an angel of the Lord came in the night and touched him, and his chains fell off, the prison doors opened, and he went out free. Herod was so angry at his escape that he ordered the sentinels who guarded the dungeon in which he had been confined, to be put to death.

After performing various miracles, St. Peter went to Rome; St. Paul being there also at this time. In the year 64, the emperor Nero (as it was believed) caused the great city to be set on fire, and looked on with enjoyment at the destruction of which he was himself the cause. Yet the wicked emperor accused the Christians of having kindled the fire which had laid in ashes the greater portion of Rome, and he ordered hundreds of them to be killed in various cruel ways.

There was a magician at Rome during this time, named Simon Magus, who pretended that he could fly through the air, and do many wonderful things which no other man could do. Crowds came together one day to see him fly, as he had promised, and

among the crowd were St. Peter and St. Paul. It is said that Simon Magus did indeed, at first, actually perform some wonderful feats, and the people were much surprised and impressed. But St. Peter and St. Paul then knelt down and called on the Lord to confound the magician, and bring his deeds to naught; when they had done this, Simon at once fell to the ground and broke both his legs.

As Simon Magus was a great favorite of Nero's, the emperor was very angry at the apostles; especially, as they had converted to Christianity some of the members of that cruel tyrant's own household; so he cast St. Peter and St. Paul into prison and kept them there nine months. During this time they converted two of the captains of the guards, and forty-seven other persons, to Christianity. Having been nine months in prison, Peter was brought out for execution, and after being scourged, he was crucified with his head downwards. It is related that he himself chose this painful posture because he did not think he was worthy to suffer in the same manner as the Lord.

10. St. Paul.

This apostle and martyr was a Jew of the tribe of Benjamin, born at Tarsus in Cilicia, and, before his conversion, was called Saul. From his father he inherited the rights of Roman citizenship; probably earned by some ancestor through services rendered the Roman state. Paul was at first a great enemy to the Christians, being present at the stoning of Stephen, the executioners laying their clothes at his feet. But after the death of Stephen, while Paul was on his way to Damascus, the glory of the Lord shone suddenly upon him, he was struck to the earth, and was made blind for three days. After his recovery he was converted and became an apostle, and lastly suffered as a martyr for the religion which he had formerly persecuted. St. Paul's great abilities and earnest enthusiasm in spreading the gospel of Christ have made his name revered wherever the Christian religion is known. After his wonderful conversion he went

to Jerusalem, where he saw the apostles Peter, James and John. He then went forth with Barnabas to preach. At Iconium, the two were near being stoned to death by the enraged Jews; upon which they fled to Lycaonia. At Lystra, St. Paul was stoned, dragged out of the city, and left for dead. He, however, recovered and escaped to Derbe. At Philippi, Paul and Silas were imprisoned and whipped; and both were again abused at Thessalonica. Being afterwards taken at Jerusalem, St. Paul was sent to Cæsarea, but appealed to Cæsar at Rome. Here he continued a prisoner at large for two years; and at length being released, he visited the churches of Greece and Rome, and preached in Gaul and Spain. Returning to Rome, he was taken, imprisoned nine months, with St. Peter, and then martyred by the order of Nero, by being beheaded with the sword.

11. St. Jude (Judas the Brother of James).

This apostle and martyr, the brother of James, was commonly called Thaddæus. Being sent to Persia, he wrought many miracles and made many converts, which stirring up the resentment of people in power, he was crucified in the year 72 after Christ.

12. St. Bartholomew.

This apostle and martyr preached in several countries, performed many miracles, and healed various diseases. He translated St. Matthew's gospel into the language of heathen nations. The idolaters finally slew him, some say with the sword, others that he was beaten to death with clubs.

13. St. Thomas.

He was called by this name in Syriac, but Didymus in Greek; he was an apostle and martyr, and preached in Parthia and India. After converting many to Christ he aroused the anger of the pagan priests, and was martyred by being thrust through with a spear.

14. St. Luke the Evangelist.

St. Luke was the author of the gospel which bears his name. He travelled with St. Paul to Rome, and preached to many barbarous nations. It is not known, certainly, whether St. Luke died a natural death, or was martyred by the enemies of Christianity.

15. St. Simon.

The zeal of this apostle and martyr caused him to be distinguished by the name of Zelotes. He preached with great success in Mauritania and other parts of Africa, and even in Britain, where, though he made many converts, he was crucified by the pagans in the year 74.

16. St. John.

He was distinguished for being a prophet, apostle, and evangelist. He was brother to James, and not only one of the twelve apostles, but one whom Jesus chiefly loved. St. John founded many churches in Greece.

Being at Ephesus, he was ordered by the emperor Domitian to be sent bound to Rome, where he was condemned to be cast into a caldron of boiling oil. Either this sentence was not carried out, or a miracle saved him from injury, for he was afterward banished by the emperor to the island of Patmos, and there wrote that beautiful book which is called the Revelation of St. John the Divine, and which tells of the joys of the celestial city.

At last Domitian died, and the next emperor, Nerva, was kind to the Christians, and sent St. John back to Ephesus, when he wrote his gospel. He lived to be a very old man, and died a natural death at Ephesus—some writers say in the one-hundredth year of his age.

17. St. Barnabas.

He was a native of Cyprus, but of Jewish parents: the manner of his death is unknown, but it is supposed to have taken place A. D. 73.

CHAPTER III.

FIRST GENERAL PERSECUTION OF THE CHRISTIANS: UNDER NERO, A. D. 64.

HAVING given in the preceding chapter the histories of the apostles and evangelists, as they are told in the traditions that have come down to us, we will now go back to the time of the emperor Nero. It was this cruel tyrant who put to death the apostles St. Peter and St. Paul; and it was he who began what is called in history the "first general persecution of the Christians," in the early ages of the church. He was the sixth emperor of Rome, and the Cæsar to whom St. Paul appealed when he was accused before Festus.

Nero was made emperor when only sixteen years old, through the dark plots of his wicked mother Agrippina, who by poisoning her husband, the emperor Claudius, and his son, cleared the way to the throne for Nero, who was her own son by a former marriage. During the first five years of his reign the young emperor was influenced by the advice of able counsellors, and ruled wisely; but as he grew older his violent nature began to show itself. He fell under the sway of a beautiful and notorious woman, Poppæa Sabina, who was a proverb for vanity and evil living, and who was said to keep five hundred she-asses so that she might bathe in their milk, to preserve her complexion. Nero wanted to marry her, although he already had a wife, Octavia. Agrippina taking the part of the neglected wife, Nero planned his mother's death by the ingenious device of sending her to her country seat in a boat, which was cunningly contrived to fall to pieces as soon as it left the shore.

Agrippina saved herself by swimming to the land, but was directly afterward slain by the swords of executioners, who were despatched by her son Nero as soon as news had been brought of her escape from drowning. Octavia was divorced, sent to an island, and put to death there; Nero then married Poppæa and gave himself up to the wildest and most reckless course of life.

Throwing aside the state and dignity usually maintained by a Roman emperor, Nero would descend into the arena and mingle with the gladiators, or professional fighting-men, sometimes even taking part in the bloody scenes enacted there. This delighted the rabble, who crowded the tiers of seats in the great circus and shouted their approval, but the nobility turned with disgust from the spectacle of an emperor so degrading himself. Caring only for the applause of the mob, Nero used every means to extort money from the rich and spent it in wasteful extravagance. A huge palace, called the Golden House because of its splendid decorations, was built. This magnificent structure was of great size and surrounded by gardens, lakes, baths, and pleasure-grounds. "Now, at last," said Nero, "I am lodged as an emperor should be."

In order to get money to complete this palace, accusations were brought against many rich men of Rome, who were put to death, and their property taken by the emperor. His hatred and cruelty seemed especially directed toward the higher classes. Seneca, the philosopher, Nero's former teacher and adviser, was accused, and chose to die by his own hand, by bleeding to death in a warm bath, his wife dying in the same way. So common did it become for men to receive a message sentencing them to death that they searched for easy ways of dying, so as to escape the public executioners.

About this time a terrible fire broke out at Rome, which destroyed six of the fourteen quarters, or districts, of the city. For six days the fire burned furiously, and scarcely had it died down when another fire began in the opposite direction. Many ancient temples, monu-

ments, and works of art were ruined by the flames. The people were panic-stricken, and believed that the fire had been started by the emperor for the mere pleasure of seeing it burn. It was said that when the flames were at their height, he went up into a tower and sat there, looking down upon the burning city while he played upon his harp, and sang of the burning of Troy—saying, "I would that I might see the ruin of all things."

Nero Accuses the Christians.

But becoming alarmed at the hatred he had aroused in his people, and finding his throne endangered, Nero hastened into the streets, and with a free hand scattered money among the crowds until his treasury was empty. Then, with characteristic cruelty and cunning he undertook to divert the attention of the angry mob from himself by leading them to wreak their vengeance upon helpless and innocent victims. He therefore accused the Christians of having set fire to Rome, and ordered them to be hunted down, slain, and tortured in such a variety of horrible ways as awakened the pity of even the heartless Romans themselves.

Nero's Torches.

In particular he had some sewed up in the skins of wild beasts, and then worried by savage dogs until they expired. Others he had wrapped in tow and smeared with pitch; they were then fastened to tall poles planted in the garden of his palace, and set on fire, while Nero, attended by his slaves and courtiers, reclined upon a balcony and watched the blazing of what he called his "torches."

The Catacombs of Rome.

In those dark days the Christians had no churches and dared not meet in public, so they tried to find some secret places where they could gather together without being disturbed. Now it hap-

NERO'S TORCHES

pened that, just outside the city of Rome there were deep tunnels or caves in the rock, called catacombs, which had been dug long before to get stone for building the city. The rock had been hollowed out into many galleries, with here and there a vaulted chamber, where several passage-ways crossed or met. Slaves and convicts worked in these places, and they became known to the Christians as a safe place in which to hide. They also buried their dead in some of these caves, in niches or shelves cut in the sides of the galleries, and over the bodies they placed their names, with loving inscriptions, some of which remain plainly visible to this day. The Christians used to meet for religious services in these gloomy, underground chambers, in which they could worship God without fear of being thrown to the lions or given over to the flames.

At night these Christian men and women might be seen stealing forth from their homes, carefully looking behind them from time to time to see that they were not followed; then, hastening to the outskirts of the great city, they entered the dark openings in the rock and passed along the gloomy galleries. Soon they heard sweet music, and a vaulted chamber, brightly lighted, came into view at the end of the dark tunnel; men and women, dressed in white robes, were there singing a psalm of joy.

Early Christian Worship.

At these meetings they told each other of the trials they had suffered in their homes; they confessed to one another their sins and doubts, or related the blessings received in answer to their earnest prayers. In their underground church they listened to sermons from their elders, and perhaps heard read a letter from one of the apostles. They then partook of the bread and the wine, in memory of Him whose blood was shed for them, and they kissed one another when the love-feast was ended.

At these meetings there was no distinction of rank; the high-

born lady sat by the slave whom she had once scarcely looked upon as a man. Humility and submission were among the chief virtues of the early Christians; slavery had not been forbidden by the apostles, because it was believed that those who were the lowest in this world would be the highest in the next. Slavery was therefore considered a state of grace, and some Christians appear to have refused their freedom on religious grounds, for St. Paul exhorts such persons to become free if they can.

Spreading the Gospel.

In that age every Christian was a missionary. The soldier tried to win recruits for the heavenly host; the prisoner sought to bring his jailer to Christ; the slave girl whispered the gospel in the ears of her mistress; the young wife begged her husband to be baptized, that their souls might not be parted after death; every one who had experienced the joys of believing tried to bring others to the faith.

Thus the numbers of the Christians rapidly increased. It began to be noised abroad that there was in Rome a secret society which worshipped an unknown God. The rulers, who believed respect for the ancient gods was necessary to the safety of the state, became alarmed and issued orders aimed against the Christians, forbidding secret meetings. Thus it came about that when any public calamity—pestilence, fire, famine, or flood—appeared it was blamed upon the Christians, who, it was supposed, had brought down the anger of the offended gods.

Cruel Punishment of the Christians.

Then came cruel laws, riots and commotions, and the terrible cry of "*Christiani ad leones!*"—To the lions with the Christians!—was raised by the mob and resounded through the streets of Rome.

The Colosseum at Rome.

Combats to the death between trained fighting-men called gladia-

tors, or between prisoners of war, slaves, criminals, and wild beasts, were the favorite amusements of the Romans. The emperor who could give the people the greatest number of these bloody entertainments was the idol of the populace.

An immense stone building, or circus, called the Colosseum, was begun by Vespasian and finished by Titus, in which to hold these great shows. Its ruins still stand, and amaze the traveller by their huge size and massive strength. Tier above tier, sloping backward from around a level central space or arena, rose seats for nearly 100,000 spectators. The outer wall was almost circular, filled with arched and pillared openings, and mounted storey upon storey to the height of 160 feet. In length the Colosseum was 612 feet, and in breadth 515 feet. The building was without a roof, and was open to the sky except during the games, when a great awning was stretched all across it, from poles fixed at regular intervals around the topmost gallery.

To the Colosseum flocked the populace of the greatest city in the world, to witness scenes of cruelty and bloodshed. The emperor himself, beautiful ladies of high rank, haughty senators and nobles, as well as all the rabble of the mighty city, crowded the seats ranged around the arena and gazed pitilessly down upon men being stabbed to death by human adversaries, or torn to pieces by ravenous lions and tigers, let loose from dens under the walls. It is recorded that when the Colosseum was finished and first opened to the public, the games continued for one hundred days, and that 5000 wild beasts, brought from all parts of the then known world, were slain. It was into this blood-stained arena that many of the early Christians were brought, to suffer death in its most terrible forms.

Courage and Increase of the Christians.

But persecution could not diminish the ever-increasing flow of converts. It served, indeed, to make their numbers greater, for, to

the Christian, death was but the beginning of eternal happiness. They therefore welcomed it almost with joy, and the sight of their cheerful countenances as they were led to execution, astonished the lookers-on, and made many inquire what this belief could be that seemed to rob death of its terrors. Thus a desire was awakened in hundreds of troubled hearts to share in the consolations which the new faith afforded believers.

Many of those who lost their lives were men distinguished for their zeal and ability in spreading the gospel. The names and histories of some of them have come down to us, and are as follows:

Aristarchus, the Macedonian.

Aristarchus was a native of Thessalonica; having been converted by St. Paul, he became his constant companion. He was with the apostle at Ephesus during a commotion raised in that city by Demetrius the silversmith. They both received ill-treatment upon this occasion from the people, which they bore with Christian patience, giving kind words in return for abuse. Aristarchus accompanied St. Paul from Ephesus into Greece, where they were very successful in preaching the gospel and in convincing the people of the truths of Christianity. Having left Greece, they travelled over a great part of Asia, and made a considerable stay in Judea, where they made many converts.

After this, Aristarchus went with St. Paul to Rome, where he suffered the same fate as the apostle, being seized as a Christian, and beheaded by command of the emperor Nero.

Trophimus.

Trophimus, an Ephesian by birth, was converted by St. Paul to the Christian faith and accompanied his master on his missions to foreign lands. He was with St. Paul during his last visit to Jerusalem; at which time there was a violent outbreak against the apostle, by the Jews, who supposed that he had brought Trophimus, a

Greek, into the temple. Lysias, the captain of the guard, interfered and rescued St. Paul by force from the hands of his enemies.

Leaving Jerusalem, Trophimus went with St. Paul first to Rome, and then to Spain. When passing through Gaul, the apostle made him bishop of that province, and left him in the city of Arles. About a year after, he paid a visit to St. Paul in Asia, and went with him, for the last time, to Rome, where he was a witness to his martyrdom. This was but the forerunner of his own death; for being soon after seized on account of his faith, he was beheaded by order of Nero.

Erastus, the Chamberlain of Corinth.

Erastus was converted by St. Paul, and determined to forsake all and follow him. For this reason he resigned his office, and accompanied St. Paul in his voyages and travels, till the latter left him in Macedonia, where he was first made bishop of that province by the Christians; and afterward suffered martyrdom, being tortured to death by the heathen at Philippi.

Joseph.

Joseph, commonly called Barsabas, was one of Christ's disciples. At the time when an apostle was to be chosen to fill the place of Judas Iscariot, lots were cast to decide whether it should be Joseph or Matthias; and the lot fell on Matthias. After this Joseph preached the gospel in various parts of Judea, suffering many hardships, and was at last slain there, together with many of his converts.

Ananias, Bishop of Damascus.

This man is mentioned in the Acts as the one who cured St. Paul of the blindness caused by the miraculous brightness which shone down upon him at his conversion. Ananias was one of the seventy. He was martyred in the city of Damascus. After his death, a Christian church was built over the place of his burial; this has since been changed into a Turkish mosque.

CHAPTER IV.

ASSAULT OF JERUSALEM, A. D. 70.

THE punishment of the Jews and the destruction of Jerusalem, which had been prophesied by Moses and the prophets hundreds of years before, took place between the reigns of the Roman emperors Nero and Domitian.

Being taxed very heavily by the Roman governor sent to rule over them, the Jews rose in rebellion against him. The governor of Syria marched with his army against Jerusalem, but did not try to take it at once, as he had not soldiers enough. In the meantime Simeon, bishop of Jerusalem, the successor of St. James, escaped with all the Christians who lived in the city, to Pella, a town among the hills, and thus they were providentially spared from suffering the dreadful fate of the Jews who remained in Jerusalem.

SUFFERINGS DURING THE SIEGE.

In the terrible siege which was soon begun the Romans surrounded the walls of the city, cut off all supplies of food from the starving inhabitants, and kept up a continual fire of heavy stones and arrows from the great bow-like machines which were then used in attacking walled towns.

Pestilence raged in almost every house; there was scarcely any food or drink to be had; and the wretched Jews, instead of holding together and attacking their common enemy, fought among themselves. Still the stricken city held out, and a Roman general named Vespasian was sent to take command of the Roman army, but the emperor Nero dying at this time by his own hand, to escape

the swords of his enraged subjects, Vespasian was made emperor and went back to Rome. Titus, the son of Vespasian, was left in charge of the army outside the walls of Jerusalem.

It was the time of the passover. Titus at first tried to make peace with the Jews, but they would not listen to him, and the siege was begun again. The famine grew worse, and lawless mobs ranged the streets, breaking into every house in which they thought food could be had. It is related that one of these bands, being attracted by the smell of roasting flesh, broke into a grand dwelling belonging to a lady of high rank. With fierce threats they demanded food, but turned away in horror when she pointed to the fire—upon which lay cooking, part of the body of her own little child.

Fall of Jerusalem and Destruction of the Temple.

At last the Romans broke through the wall, and entered the city. The Jews fled from the soldiers in the streets, and took refuge in the temple, where they determined to make a final stand; probably hoping to the last that the Messiah would appear and save them. But alas! they had rejected Christ long before, when He would have led them, victorious, toward a heavenly kingdom; and this was the time of judgment. The Romans fought their way up the marble steps of the splendid building, which were slippery with blood, and covered with the bodies of the slain. Titus hoped to take the temple without destroying it—for the beautiful structure was one of the wonders of the world; but a soldier threw a torch through one of the golden latticed windows, and soon the rich curtains and hangings were ablaze. Titus had only time to glance in upon the rich marble and golden interior of the temple, and to save a few of such treasures as could be quickly carried away, when the flames drove him out, and soon afterward the magnificent building fell in ruins. Thus the temple built by Herod, to construct which eighteen thousand men had labored nine years, was utterly destroyed.

Cruelty of the Romans.

The Romans took terrible vengeance upon the Jews for their stubborn resistance. Great numbers were crucified, and the rest were either taken to the circular theatres in different cities of the empire, to fight with wild beasts, or were sold as slaves. So numerous were those carried into slavery that at last, cheap as they were, no one could be found to buy them. Yet, although scattered over the whole world, and without a country or a leader, the nation still survived—and to this day survives, to fulfil the prophecy made of it.

Treasures of the Temple carried to Rome.

The city of Jerusalem was utterly destroyed. Such treasures as had been saved from the burning temple—the golden table for shew-bread, the seven-branched candlestick, and the silver trumpets—were taken to Rome. There they were carried in the splendid procession, or triumph, with which Vespasian and Titus celebrated the victory they had gained. Carvings of these temple treasures were chiselled upon the stone front of a triumphal arch built in honor of Titus. This arch is still standing at Rome, and the carved representations of the sacred vessels are yet plainly to be seen upon it. After Vespasian's death, Titus, his son, was made emperor of Rome. When Titus died, his brother, Domitian, became emperor, who soon after taking the throne began one of those dreadful persecutions of the Christians which have made the names of some of the Roman emperors fearful to all time.

THE SECOND PERSECUTION: UNDER DOMITIAN, A. D. 85.

Domitian was a cruel and savage tyrant who not only persecuted the Christians, but also put to death some of the chief citizens of Rome. To get money to pay for the games and entertainments he

gave to amuse the people, the rich were plundered of a large part of their wealth.

Many were the accusations brought against the followers of Christ. They were charged with holding disorderly, nightly meetings; with being of a rebellious, turbulent spirit; of murdering their children, and even of being cannibals. If famine, or pestilence, or earthquakes afflicted any of the Roman provinces, these calamities were said to have been sent by the gods to punish the Christians. The persecutions naturally enough increased the number of informers; and many false witnesses, for the sake of gain, swore away the lives of the innocent. When Christians were brought before the magistrates, a test oath was administered, and if they refused it, death was pronounced against them. If they confessed themselves Christians, the sentence was the same. The various kinds of punishments and cruelties inflicted were imprisonment, racking, burning, scourging, stoning, hanging, and worrying by wild beasts. Many were forced to fall headlong from high places, and others were thrown upon the horns of wild bulls. After having perished under these cruelties, the poor privilege of burying the dead bodies was refused their friends.

The following are some of the martyrs who suffered death during this persecution.

Dionysius the Areopagite, and Others.

Dionysius was an Athenian by birth, who was educated in all the useful and ornamental literature of Greece. He travelled to Egypt to study astronomy, and made very particular observations on an eclipse of the sun which took place at this time. On his return to Athens, he was highly honored by the people, and at length promoted to the dignity of senator of that celebrated city. Becoming a convert to the gospel, he was changed from the proud heathen senator to the humble follower of Christ. Even while in the darkness of idolatry, he had been just to all men; and now, after his con-

CHRISTIANS ARE SLAIN BY THE PAGANS.

version, the sanctity of his conversation and purity of his manners recommended him so strongly to the Christians in general that he was appointed bishop of Athens. He filled this high office until the second year of this persecution, when he was seized and soon afterward received the crown of martyrdom by being beheaded with the sword.

Timothy, Bishop of Ephesus.

Timothy, the disciple of St. Paul, and bishop of Ephesus, was born at Lystra, in Asia Minor. His father was a Gentile, and his mother a Jewess; but both became Christians, and he was taught the precepts of the gospel from his youth up.

Upon St. Paul's arrival in Asia he ordained Timothy, and then made him the companion of his labors. He mentions him with particular affection, and declares that he could find no one so truly united to him, both in heart and mind. Timothy attended St. Paul to Macedonia, where, with that apostle and Silas, he labored in spreading the gospel.

When St. Paul went to Greece, Timothy was left behind to encourage and sustain those already converted, and to bring others to the true faith. St. Paul at length sent for him to come to Athens, and then to Thessalonica, to uphold the faith of the suffering Christians during the terrors of the persecution which prevailed.

Timothy performed his mission, and returned to Athens, and there assisted St. Paul and Silas in composing the two epistles to the Thessalonians; he then accompanied St. Paul to Corinth, Jerusalem, and Ephesus. After carrying on the work of the ministry with great zeal and ability, and attending St. Paul on various journeys, Timothy was made bishop of Ephesus, though he was then only thirty years of age. St. Paul, in two admirable epistles, gave him proper instructions for his conduct.

While St. Paul was in prison at Rome he desired Timothy to come to him; afterward he returned to Ephesus, where he governed

the church till the year 97. At this time the heathen were about to celebrate a feast, the principal ceremonies of which were that the people should carry wands in their hands, go masked, and bear about the streets the images of their gods. When Timothy met the procession, he reproved them for their idolatry, which so angered them that they fell upon him with their sticks, and beat him in so dreadful a manner that he died of the bruises two days after.

Simeon, Bishop of Jerusalem, and Other Martyrs.

Among those who suffered at this time were Simeon, bishop of Jerusalem, who was crucified, and Flavia, the daughter of a Roman senator, who was banished to Pontus.

Nicomedes, a Christian of some distinction at Rome during the reign of Domitian, made great efforts to serve the afflicted; he comforted the poor, visited those confined, exhorted the wavering, and confirmed the faithful. For this he was seized as a Christian, and being sentenced, was scourged to death.

Protasius and Gervasius were martyred at Milan; but the manner of their deaths is not recorded.

THE THIRD PERSECUTION: UNDER TRAJAN, A. D. 108.

Nerva, who succeeded Domitian, only reigned thirteen months. Trajan then became emperor, and began the third persecution against the Christians.

While it was raging we are told that Plinius Secundus, a heathen philosopher, wrote to the emperor in favor of the Christians, saying that he found no harm in them, and "that the whole sum of their error consists in this, that they are wont, at certain times appointed, to meet before day, and to sing certain hymns to one Christ their God; to promise to abstain from all theft, murder, and crime; to keep their faith and to defraud no man. This being done, they

gather together to take bread and wine, and then quietly depart, without committing any evil act."

To this letter Trajan returned this uncertain reply: "That Christians need not be sought after, but when brought before the magistrates they should be punished." Provoked by this answer, Tertullian exclaimed, "O unjust sentence! he would not have them hunted down, because they are innocent men, and yet will punish them the same as the guilty." The emperor's meaningless reply, however, caused the persecution in some measure to abate, as his officers were uncertain, if they carried it on with too much severity, how he might choose to explain his own order.

Cruel Tortures of Phocas and Others.

Phocas, bishop of Pontus, refusing to sacrifice to Neptune, was first cast into a burning limekiln, and being drawn from thence, was thrown into a scalding bath, where he expired.

Ignatius, bishop of Antioch, was also put to death at the same time. There was a tradition that this holy man, had, when a child, been the one who was taken into Christ's arms and shown to the disciples as an example of innocence and humility. He received the gospel afterward from St. John the Evangelist, and was exceedingly earnest in his mission. He boldly defended the faith of Christ before the emperor, for which he was cast into prison, and tormented in the following dreadful manner.

After being cruelly scourged, splinters dipped in oil were put to his sides, and set alight. His flesh was then mangled with pincers, and at last his body was torn in pieces by wild beasts.

Ignatius seems to have had a knowledge of what his terrible fate was to be; for, writing to Polycarpus at Smyrna, he says, "Would to God I were at once come to the beasts which are prepared for me; which also I wish were ready to come upon me with gaping mouths; them will I provoke that they without delay may devour me."

A Widow and Her Sons are Slain.

Symphorosa, a widow, and her seven sons, were commanded by Trajan to sacrifice to the heathen gods. Refusing to obey, the emperor, greatly enraged, ordered the woman to be carried to the temple of Hercules, where she was scourged, and hung up for some time by the hair of her head. A large stone was then fastened to her neck, and she was thrown into the river and drowned.

Her sons were fastened to seven posts, and being drawn up by ropes and pulleys, their limbs were dislocated. These terrible tortures not affecting their resolution, they were then slain in the following manner: Crescentius, the eldest, was stabbed in the throat; Julian, the second, in the breast; Nemesius, the third, in the heart; Primitius, the fourth, in the middle; Justice, the fifth, in the back; Stacteus, the sixth, in the side; and Eugenius, the youngest, was sawn asunder.

Alexander, Bishop of Rome, and Others.

About this time Alexander, bishop of Rome, after filling that office for ten years, was martyred, as were his two deacons, with many thousands of other Christians.

Eustachius, a brave and successful Roman commander, was ordered by the emperor to join in an idolatrous sacrifice, to celebrate some of his own victories; but his faith was so great, that he nobly refused to obey. Enraged at his disobedience, the ungrateful emperor, forgetting the services of his brave and skilful officer, sentenced him, with his whole family, to be slain.

It is told that, during the martyrdom of two brothers, named Faustines and Jovita, their torments were so many, and their patience so great, that Calocerius, a heathen man, was struck with admiration, and exclaimed, in a kind of ecstasy, "Great is the God of the Christians!"—for which he was at once put to death by the crowd which had gathered together to witness the barbarous spectacle.

The Christians Appeal to Hadrian.

Hadrian, who became emperor when Trajan died, was appealed to by Quadratus, bishop of Athens, to spare the Christians. He listened to the bishop's explanation of their faith, and was so struck by it that he stopped the persecution. He indeed went so far as to command that no Christian should be punished on the score of religion or opinion only; but their enemies then began to hire false witnesses, to accuse them of crimes against the state or civil authority.

Anthia, a Christian woman, who gave her son Eleutherius to Anicetus, bishop of Rome, to be brought up in the Christian faith, was afterward beheaded with her son. Justus and Pastor, two brothers, also met a like fate in a city of Spain.

Hadrian died in the year 138, having ordered the cessation of the persecutions against the Christians some years before his death.

Antoninus Pius.

Antoninus Pius succeeded Hadrian. He was so good a monarch that his people gave him the title of "The Father of Virtues." Immediately upon his accession to the throne, he published an edict ending with these words: "If any hereafter shall vex or trouble the Christians, having no other cause but that they are such, let the Christians be released, and their accusers punished."

This stopped the persecution, and the Christians enjoyed a rest from their sufferings during this emperor's reign, though their enemies took every occasion to do them what injuries they could. The piety and goodness of Antoninus were so great, that he used to say that he would rather save one innocent man than destroy a thousand of his adversaries.

CHAPTER V.

THE FOURTH PERSECUTION: UNDER MARCUS AURELIUS, A. D. 163.

Antoninus Pius was succeeded by Marcus Aurelius Antoninus Verus, who, although a good and virtuous ruler, seems to have been ignorant of, or else indifferent to, the sufferings of the Christians, particularly in Asia and in Gaul. In both of these countries numbers of them were martyred in this fourth persecution.

Such were the cruelties then practised that it is said many of the spectators shuddered with horror at the sight, and were astonished at the courage of the sufferers. Some of the martyrs were obliged to pass, with their already wounded feet, over thorns, nails, or sharp shells. Others were scourged till their sinews and veins lay bare. After suffering the most excruciating tortures, they were finally put to death by fire.

Story of Polycarpus.

Polycarpus, a follower and convert of St. John the Evangelist, had served in the ministry of Christ for sixty years. The circumstances which led up to the cruel martyrdom of this aged disciple, then in his eighty-sixth year, are thus told by an ancient historian:

A young Christian man, named Germanicus, being sentenced to be torn to pieces by wild beasts on account of his faith, behaved with such astonishing courage, that several of the spectators became converted on the spot to a faith which inspired such fortitude. This enraged others so much, that they cried out, "Death to the Christians!" In the disturbance which followed a certain Phrygian,

named Quintus, lately arrived from his own country, was so much affected by the ravenous howls of the wild beasts, that he rushed to the judgment-seat and denounced the judges. For this he was at once put to death. Some enemies to the Christians then began suddenly to cry out, "Destroy all the wicked men! let Polycarpus be sought for!" and soon a great uproar and tumult began to be raised.

Polycarpus, hearing that he was in great danger, escaped, but his hiding-place was discovered by a child. From this circumstance, and having dreamed that his bed suddenly became on fire, and was consumed in a moment, he concluded that it was God's will he should suffer martyrdom. He therefore did not attempt to make a second escape when he had an opportunity of doing so, and those who took him were amazed at his serene and cheerful countenance. After feasting them, he desired an hour for prayer, which being allowed, he prayed with such fervency that his guards repented that they had come for him. He was, however, at once carried before the proconsul, condemned to be burned alive, and led to the market-place.

The holy man still earnestly prayed to heaven, after being bound to the stake. Fire was set to the wood, and the flames grew hot; the executioners gave way on both sides, as the heat was intolerable. But all this time the martyr sang praises to God in the midst of the flames, remaining for a long time unconsumed therein, and the burning of the wood spread a fragrance around. Astonished at this miracle, but determined to put an end to his life, the guards struck spears into his body, when the quantity of blood that issued from the wounds of their victim put out the flames. After many attempts, however, they put him to death, and burned the dead body which they had not been able to consume while alive. This extraordinary event had such an effect upon the people, that they began to worship Polycarpus as a god.

Story of a Roman Mother and Her Sons.

Felicitatas, a Roman lady of high rank and great ability, was a devout Christian. She had seven sons, whom she had educated with the most pious care. The empire being about this time grievously troubled with earthquakes, famine, and floods, the Christians were accused of causing these disasters, and Felicitatas was included in the accusation. The lady and her family being seized, the emperor gave orders to Publius, the Roman governor, to proceed against her.

At the examination and trial Publius began with the mother, thinking that if he could persuade her to change her religion, the example would have great influence with her sons. Finding her firm, he changed his entreaties to threats, telling her that he would destroy her and her family; but she despised his threats as she had done his promises. Publius then caused her sons to be brought before him, whom he examined separately. They all, however, remained steadfast in their faith, and alike in their opinions. The whole family were then condemned to die. Januarius, the eldest, was scourged and pressed to death with weights; Felix and Philip, the two next, had their brains dashed out with clubs; Sylvanus, the fourth, was destroyed by being thrown from a precipice; and the three younger sons, Alexander, Vitalis, and Martialis, were all beheaded. The mother was at last slain with the same sword that had ended the lives of her three sons.

Justin is Martyred.

Justin, the celebrated philosopher, fell a victim to this persecution. He was born at Neapolis, in the year 103. He had the best education those times would afford, and travelled into Egypt, the country to which well-born young men of that time usually went for improvement and study.

When Justin was thirty years of age, he became a convert to

Christianity. He wrote an epistle to the Gentiles, to convert them to the faith he had newly acquired, and lived so pure and innocent a life that he well deserved the title of a Christian philosopher. He likewise employed his talents in convincing the Jews of the truth of the Christian religion, and spent much time in travelling, till he took up his residence in Rome. He there instructed the young and taught many who afterward became great men; he also wrote a treatise against heresies of all kinds.

When the heathen began to treat the Christians with great cruelty Justin wrote his first apology in their favor, and addressed it to the emperor Antoninus, and to the senate and people of Rome in general. This apology, which caused the emperor to publish an edict in favor of the Christians, displays great learning and genius.

After this Justin entered into a public debate with Crescens, a cynic philosopher of vicious life but great talents. Justin defeated Crescens in argument, and in revenge the heathen philosopher determined to have the Christian brought to trial. This he was soon able to do, owing to the prominent part taken by Justin in defending Christians charged with refusing to sacrifice to the gods.

Accused by Crescens, Justin and six of his companions were brought to trial. Being commanded to deny their faith, and sacrifice to the idols, they refused to do either. They were therefore condemned to be first scourged and then beheaded.

About this time many other persons were slain for refusing to sacrifice to the image of Jupiter. In particular, Concordus, a deacon of the city of Spoleto, being dragged before the image, was ordered to worship it. He not only refused, but spit in its face; for which he was cruelly tormented, and afterward had his head cut off with a sword.

The Prayer of Christian Soldiers brings Rain.

At this time some of the northern nations having taken up arms

against Rome, the emperor marched to encounter them, at the head of a large army. He was, however, drawn into an ambush, and had reason to fear the loss of his whole force. Surrounded by enemies, and perishing with thirst, the troops were at their last extremity. As was then customary in times of great peril, the soldiers sacrificed to their gods; Jupiter, Mars, and all the heathen deities were called upon in vain.

At last the men belonging to the Militine (or Thundering legion, as it was afterward called), who were all Christians, were asked to call upon their God for help. They at once moved away from the rest, knelt down upon the ground, and prayed earnestly. Awe-struck and astonished, the rest of the army looked on; while black clouds gathered, and a miraculous thunder-storm immediately began. A great quantity of rain fell, which being caught by the men, and filling the ditches, afforded relief to the perishing army. The emperor, in his letter to the Roman senate wherein the expedition is described, after mentioning the dangers he had encountered, speaks of the Christians in the following words:

"When I saw myself not able to attack our enemies, I craved aid of our gods; but finding no relief at their hands, and being surrounded by the enemy, I caused those men whom we call Christians to be sent for. Upon being mustered, I found a considerable number of them. These, whom we once thought wicked men, we now believe to worship the true God in their hearts; for falling prostrate on the ground, they prayed not only for me, but for the army with me, beseeching God to help us in our extreme want of food and fresh water (for we had been five days without water, and in our enemies' land, even in the midst of Germany). Falling on their faces, they prayed to a God unknown to me. Immediately there fell from heaven a most pleasant and cool shower; but amongst our enemies a great storm of hail, mixed with thunder and lightning, raged. Therefore we gave these men

leave to profess Christianity, lest by their prayers we be punished likewise."

Cruel Treatment of the Christians of Gaul.

We next find persecution raging in the provinces of the Roman empire. In Gaul, particularly at Lyons, the tortures to which many of the Christians were condemned almost exceed the power of description. All manner of punishments were adopted: banishment, plundering, hanging, and burning. Even the servants and slaves of Christians were racked and tortured, to make them accuse their masters and employers. The following were among the prominent persons put to death at this time:

Vetius Agathus, a young man, having pleaded the Christian cause, was asked if he were a Christian; answering "Yes!" he was condemned to death. Many, animated by this young man's courage, boldly owned their faith, and suffered likewise.

Blandinia, a woman of a weak constitution, being seized and tortured on account of her religion, received so much strength from heaven that her torturers became tired, and were surprised at her being able to bear her torments for so great a length of time, and with such resolution.

Sanctus, a deacon of Vienne, was put to the torture, which he bore with great fortitude, and only cried, "I am a Christian." Red-hot plates of brass were placed upon those parts of his body which were tenderest, contracting the sinews; but he remained firm and was sent back to prison. Being brought out a few days afterward, his tormentors were astonished to find his wounds healed, and his person unscarred. They, however, again proceeded to torture him; but not being able at that time to take his life, they sent him to prison, where he remained for some time, and was at last beheaded. Biblides, a weak woman, who had been an apostate but returned to the faith, was martyred, and bore her sufferings with great patience.

Attalus, of Pergamus, was another sufferer; and Photinus, the venerable bishop of Lyons, who was ninety years of age, was so abused by the enraged mob that he expired two days after in the prison.

Tortures Inflicted upon Christians at Lyons.

At Lyons, some of the martyrs were compelled to sit in red-hot iron chairs till their flesh broiled. This barbarous punishment was inflicted upon Sanctus, already mentioned, and others.

Others were sewed up in nets, and thrown on the horns of wild bulls. The bodies of those who died in prison, previous to the appointed time of execution, were thrown to dogs; indeed, so far did the malice of the heathen extend, that they set guards over the bodies while the beasts were devouring them, lest the friends of the dead should get them by stealth.

Sufferings of Epipodius and Alexander.

Besides the martyrs of Lyons, many others suffered in different parts of the empire. Among these were Epipodius and Alexander, celebrated for their great friendship and their Christian union. The former was born at Lyons, the latter in Greece; they were of mutual assistance to each other in the practice of Christian virtues and godliness.

At the time the persecution first began to rage at Lyons, they were in the prime of life, and to avoid its severities they tried to save their lives by hiding in a neighboring village. Here they were for some time concealed by a Christian widow. But the malice of their persecutors pursued them to their place of concealment, and they were committed to prison without examination. After three days they were brought before the governor, and examined in the presence of a crowd of heathen, before whom they confessed the divinity of Christ. Upon this the governor, being enraged at what

he termed their insolence, said, "What signify all the former executions, if some yet remain who dare acknowledge Christ, and refuse to sacrifice to the ancient gods?"

They were then separated, so they should not console each other, and the governor began to tempt Epipodius, the younger of the two. He pretended to pity his condition, and advised him not to ruin himself by obstinacy. "Our gods," continued he, "are worshipped by the greater part of the people in the world, and by their rulers; we adore them with feasting and mirth, while you praise a crucified man. We honor them by launching into pleasures; you, by your faith, are debarred from all that indulges the senses. Our religion enjoins feasting, yours fasting; ours the joys of life, yours the barren virtue of chastity. Therefore, I advise you to renounce a religion of such severity, and to enjoy those gratifications which the world affords, and which your youthful years demand."

Epipodius said in reply, "Your pretended tenderness is actual cruelty; and the agreeable life you describe is followed by everlasting death. Christ suffered for us, that our pleasures should be immortal, and hath prepared for his followers an eternity of bliss. The frame of man is composed of two parts, body and soul; the first is weak and perishable, and should be servant to the latter. Your idolatrous feasts may gratify the mortal, but they injure the immortal part. That surely cannot be enjoyment, which destroys the most valuable part of man. Your pleasures lead to eternal death; our pains, to eternal happiness."

For these brave words Epipodius was severely beaten, and then put to the rack. Upon this he was cruelly stretched; after having borne his torments with wonderful patience, he was taken from the rack and beheaded.

Alexander, his companion, was brought before the judge, two days after, and on his resolute refusal to renounce Christianity, he was likewise placed on the rack and beaten by three executioners,

who relieved each other alternately until he expired, yet he bore his sufferings with as much courage as his friend had done.

Account of Valerian and Marcellus.

Valerian and Marcellus, two young men who were nearly related to each other, were imprisoned at Lyons for being Christians. By some means they made their escape, and travelled different roads. Marcellus made several converts in the territories of Besançon and Chalons; but, being taken, he was carried before Priscus, the governor of those parts.

This magistrate, knowing Marcellus to be a Christian, ordered him to be fastened to some branches of a tree, which were drawn down for that purpose. When he was tied to different branches, they were let go, with the intention of tearing him to pieces by the sudden jerks. But this invention failing, he was taken down and carried to Chalons, to be present at some idolatrous sacrifices. Refusing to assist at these, he was put to the torture, and afterward fixed up to his waist in the ground, in which terrible position he remained for three days, when death released him from misery.

Valerian was also seized, and, by the order of Priscus, was first brought to the rack, and then beheaded, in the same year as his relation Marcellus.

In the year 180 the Emperor Marcus Aurelius died, and was succeeded by his son Commodus.

Apollonius Accused by His Slave.

In the reign of the emperor Commodus, Apollonius, a Roman senator, became a martyr. This eminent man was versed in all the polite literature of those times, as well as in the pure precepts of the religion of Christ. He was accused by his own slave Severus, which act was made possible by an unjust and forgotten, but unrepealed, law of the emperor Trajan.

This law condemned the accused to die, unless he changed his religion; but, at the same time, ordered the execution of the accuser for slander. Apollonius, upon this ridiculous statute, was brought to trial; for though his slave, Severus, knew he must die for the accusation, yet such was his hatred and thirst for revenge, that he was willing to lose his own life if he could but make sure of the death of his master.

As Apollonius refused to change his opinions, he was, by order of the Roman senators, to whom he had appealed, condemned to be beheaded. This sentence was carried out; and his accuser, having first had his legs broken, was then also put to death.

Three Hundred Christians are Burned.

One of the most dreadful events recorded in the history of Christian martyrdom, both on account of the number of the victims sacrificed and the terrible manner of their deaths, took place at Utica, the greatest city, except Carthage, of ancient Africa.

By the order of the proconsul, three hundred Christians were ranged around a burning limekiln. An altar was also set up near at hand, and the people were commanded either to sacrifice to the heathen gods, or to suffer the terrible penalty of being cast into the burning kiln. Wonderful to relate, the three hundred martyrs not only refused to sacrifice, but with one accord leaped forward to meet the fiery death which their enemies had prepared for them.

Other Martyrs Perish.

Fructuosus, bishop of Tarragon, on the east coast of Spain, and his two deacons, Augurius and Eulogius, for avowing themselves Christians, were burned alive. Malchus, Alexander, and Priscus, three Christians of Palestine, with a woman of the same place, voluntarily confessed that they were Christians; for which they were condemned to be devoured by tigers.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FIFTH GENERAL PERSECUTION UNDER THE ROMAN EMPERORS, A. D. 200.

THE emperor Commodus was succeeded by Pertinax, and he by Julianus, each of whom reigned but a short time. On the death of the last, Severus became emperor. After he had obtained the throne he fell ill, and would have died but for the skill of a Christian physician; so he became a great favorer of Christians in general, and even permitted his son, Caracalla, to be nursed by a Christian woman.

It therefore happened that the Christians had for several years a rest from persecution, and could worship God without fear of being punished for it. But after a time the hatred of the ignorant mob again prevailed, and the old laws were remembered and put in force against them. Fire, sword, wild beasts, and imprisonments, were once more resorted to; and even the dead bodies of Christians were torn from their graves, and subjected to every insult. Yet so greatly did the faithful multiply, in spite of the attacks of their enemies, that Tertullian, who lived in this age, tells us that if the Christians had all gone away from the Roman territories, the empire would have been greatly weakened.

Leonidas, the father of the celebrated Origen, whose story is told further on, was beheaded for being a Christian. Before his execution, the son, in order to encourage his father, wrote to him in these remarkable words: "Do not, dear father, let your care for us change your resolution." Many of Origen's friends likewise suffered martyrdom, among them two brothers, named Plutarchus and Serenus;

two others, named Heron and Heraclides, were beheaded; a woman named Rhais had boiling pitch poured upon her head, and was then burned alive, as was also Marcella her mother.

Conversion of a Roman Officer.

Potamiena, the sister of Rhais, was executed in the same manner as the others. But Basilides, an officer belonging to the army, who had been ordered to attend her execution, became a convert on witnessing her fortitude. When he was required to take a certain oath, he refused, saying that he could no longer swear by the Roman idols, as he was a Christian.

The people could not, at first, believe what they heard; but he had no sooner proved that his words were true, than he was dragged before the judge, committed to prison, and on the next day beheaded.

Irenæus, bishop of Lyons, was born in Greece, and received a Christian education. It is generally supposed that the accounts of the persecutions at Lyons were written by him. He succeeded the martyr Photinus as bishop of Lyons, and ruled his diocese with great ability until he, too, was slain. Irenæus was a zealous opposer of heresies in general, and wrote a celebrated tract against heresy.

The Story of Perpetua.

The persecutions about this time extended to northern Africa, then a Roman province, and many persons were martyred. One of these was Perpetua, a married lady of about twenty-six years of age, with a young child at her breast. She was seized for being a Christian, and her father, who tenderly loved her, went to the prison during her confinement, and attempted to persuade her to renounce Christianity. Perpetua, however, resisted every entreaty. This resolution so much grieved her father, that he did not visit her again for some days, and in the meantime, she and some others who were shut up in the prison were baptized.

On being taken before the proconsul Minutius, Perpetua was commanded to sacrifice to the idols. Refusing to do this, she was put in a dark dungeon, and deprived of her child; but two of the keepers, Tertius and Pomponius, who had the care of persecuted Christians, allowed her some hours daily to breathe the fresh air, during which time she was allowed to nurse her baby. Seeing, however, that she would not long be permitted this privilege, she begged her mother to care for it. Her father at length paid her a second visit, and again entreated her to renounce Christianity. But, firm in her faith, his daughter refused to be persuaded, and said to him, "God's will must be done." He then, with an almost breaking heart, left her.

After a few more days of imprisonment, the Christians were summoned to appear before the judge. One by one they were exhorted to forsake their religion and deny their Lord, but they one and all remained firm. When it came to Perpetua's turn, suddenly her father appeared, carrying her child in his arms; he came near to the young mother, and pointing to the helpless little one, dependent on her for subsistence, entreated her to have compassion on her babe. Even the judge seemed to be moved, and added his persuasions to those of her father. "Spare the gray hairs of your father," he said; "spare your child. Offer sacrifice for the welfare of the emperor." But Perpetua answered, "I will not sacrifice." "Art thou a Christian?" demanded Hilarianus, the magistrate. "I am a Christian," was her answer.

Still her father continued his entreaties, until the judge, tired of his frequent interruptions, ordered him to be removed by the guards. He then passed sentence on the Christians; it was that they should be killed by wild beasts as a spectacle for the people on the next holiday.

While in prison, awaiting their doom, the jailers freely admitted friends of the prisoners to see them, and among these came the

unhappy father of Perpetua, who sat silently in his dumb grief. All this was bitterly hard for Perpetua to bear; but God did not leave his servants comfortless. During those days of awful expectation, they were cheered with many bright rays of consolation. Bright visions of heavenly glory came to many of them, and to Perpetua among the rest. At length the too swift, too tedious days wore away, and the dreaded time arrived.

An attempt was made to dress the Christians in the profane robes of the priests and priestesses of heathen idols. Against this they protested, saying that it was to avoid such superstitions that they were willing to lay down their lives. Their enemies could not but see the justice of this appeal, and they were therefore spared this last insult.

They came forward to the place of execution clad in the simplest robes, Perpetua singing a hymn of triumph. The men were to be torn to pieces by leopards and bears. Perpetua, and a young woman named Felicitas were hung up in nets, at first naked; but even the brutal assembly of spectators, who delighted in scenes of horror and blood, demanded that they should be allowed their garments.

When they were again put into the arena, a bull, goaded into mad fury, was let loose upon them. Felicitas fell mortally wounded. Perpetua was tossed, her loose robe rent, and her hair unbound. Drawing her robe over her once more, she hastened to the side of the dying Felicitas, and gently raised her from the ground. The savage bull made no further attack upon them, and they were dragged out of the arena. But soon the fierce multitude were heard clamoring that they should be brought back to receive their death-blow in public. Having kissed each other, they were led forth into the arena again, to be despatched by the sword. Perpetua fell into the hands of a young gladiator, unused to such scenes, who tremblingly wounded her ineffectually more than once.

PERPETUA AND FELICITAS GORED BY A BULL IN THE ARENA.

When she saw his emotion, she guided his sword with her own hand to a vital part, and so expired.

Martyrs in the Arena.

The names of three young men who were also martyred upon this occasion were Satur, Saturnius, and Secundulus. When their turn came, they were led to the amphitheatre. There, all had the courage to call for God's judgment upon their persecutors; after which they were made to run the gauntlet between the hunters, who had the care of the wild beasts. These men were drawn up in two ranks, and the prisoners ran between; as they passed they were lashed and bruised, and afterward given to the tigers.

False Charges against the Christians.

Some of the crimes and false accusations brought against the Christians at this time were, sedition and rebellion against the emperor, sacrilege, murdering of infants, and eating raw flesh. It was also objected against them that they worshipped the head of an ass; this story being invented by the Jews. They were charged also with worshipping the sun, either because when the sun rose they met together, singing their morning hymns to the Lord, or because they prayed toward the east.

Speratus, and twelve others, were beheaded; as was Androclus, in Gaul. Asclepiades, bishop of Antioch, suffered many tortures, but his life was spared. Cecilia, a young Christian lady of good family in Rome, who was married to a young man named Valerian, succeeded in persuading her husband to become a Christian; and his conversion was followed by that of Tiburtius his brother. This being noised about, drew upon them all the vengeance of the laws. The two brothers were beheaded; and the officer who led them to execution, becoming their convert, suffered a similar death.

The woman, being the leader, was doomed to die in the following

dreadful manner. She was put into a scalding bath, and having remained there a while, her head was struck off with a sword. This took place in the year 222.

Calistus, bishop of Rome, was martyred, but the manner of his death is not recorded; and Urban, bishop of Rome, met the same fate.

Agapetus, a boy of Præneste, in Italy, who was only fifteen years of age, refusing to sacrifice to the idols, was severely scourged, and afterward beheaded. The officer, named Antiochus, who superintended this execution, while it was being done fell suddenly from his judicial seat, crying out in great pain, and so died there.

THE SIXTH GENERAL PERSECUTION UNDER THE ROMAN EMPERORS, A. D. 235.

The emperor Maximinus raised a persecution against the Christians, and ordered them to be hunted down and slain. A Roman soldier, who refused to wear a laurel crown bestowed on him by the emperor, and confessed himself a Christian, was scourged, imprisoned, and put to death.

Pontianus, bishop of Rome, for preaching against idolatry, was banished to Sardinia, and there murdered. Anteros, a Grecian, who succeeded Pontianus as bishop of Rome, gave so much offence to the government by collecting the history of the martyrs, that, after having held his office only forty days, he suffered martyrdom himself.

Pammachius, a Roman senator, with his family, and other Christians to the number of forty-two, were, on account of their religion, all beheaded in one day, and their heads set up on the city gates. Simplicius, another senator, suffered martyrdom in a similar way. Calepodius, a Christian minister, after being cruelly dragged about the streets, was thrown into the river Tiber with a millstone fastened

about his neck. Quiritus, a Roman nobleman, with his family and servants, was barbarously tortured and put to death. Martina, a noble and beautiful virgin, suffered martyrdom by being beheaded; and Hippolitus, a Christian prelate, was tied to a wild horse, and dragged through fields, stony places, and bushes until he died.

Christians Slain Without Trial.

While this persecution continued, many Christians were slain without trial, and buried in heaps sometimes fifty or sixty being cast into a pit together.

Maximinus was succeeded by Gordian, during whose reign, and that of his successor, Philip, the church was free from persecution for the space of more than six years. But in the year 249 a violent persecution broke out in Alexandria. It is, however, worthy of note that this was begun at the command of a pagan priest, without the emperor's knowledge. At this time, the fury of the people being great against the Christians, the mob broke open their houses, carried away the most valuable part of their property, and destroyed the rest. They murdered the owners in great numbers, the general cry being, "Burn them! kill them! Let not one escape!" The names of these martyrs have not been preserved, with the exception of the three following.

Death of Metrus and Others.

Metrus, an aged and venerable Christian, who refused to worship idols, was beaten with clubs, pricked with sharp reeds, and at last stoned to death. Quinta, a Christian woman, being carried to the temple, and refusing to worship the idols there, was dragged by her feet over sharp flint stones, scourged with whips, and finally despatched in the same manner as Metrus.

Apollonia, an old woman of nearly seventy years, confessed she was a Christian, and the mob threatened to burn her alive. A fire

was accordingly prepared for the purpose, and she was fastened to a stake; but begging to be unloosed, she was set free, as the people thought she meant to recant, but to their astonishment she immediately threw herself back into the flames, and was consumed.

THE SEVENTH GENERAL PERSECUTION UNDER THE ROMAN EMPERORS, A. D. 249.

In the reign of Decius, a dreadful persecution was begun against the Christians. This was caused partly by the hatred Decius bore to the previous emperor, Philip, who was favorable to the Christians, and partly to his jealousy being aroused by the amazing increase of Christianity. The heathen temples were almost forsaken, and the Christian churches crowded with converts. Decius, angered at this, attempted to crush them. Unfortunately for the cause of the gospel, many errors had, about this time, crept into the church. The Christians were at variance with each other, and a number of disputes had arisen among them. The heathen, too, were of course anxious to enforce the imperial decrees, and looked upon the murder of a Christian as a praiseworthy act.

Martyrdom of Fabian and Others.

Fabian, bishop of Rome, was the first person of authority who felt the severity of this persecution. The former emperor, Philip, had committed his treasure to the care of Fabian, on account of his well-known integrity; but Decius, not finding as much in the treasury as his avarice led him to expect, determined to wreak his vengeance on the good bishop. His high position and great reputation did not save him; Fabian was seized, at the emperor's command, and suffered martyrdom by being beheaded.

Abdon and Semen, two Persians, were held as strangers; but

being found Christians, were put to death on account of their faith. Moyses, a priest, was beheaded for the same reason.

Julian, a native of Cilicia, as we are informed by St. Chrysostom, was arrested for being a Christian. He was frequently tortured, but still remained firm; and though often brought from prison for execution, was again sent back, to suffer greater cruelties. At length he was made to travel for twelve whole months, from town to town, in order to be exposed to the insults of the populace. When all endeavors to make him recant his religion were found ineffectual, he was brought before his judge, stripped, and whipped in a dreadful manner. He was then put into a leather bag, together with a number of serpents and scorpions, and, in that condition thrown into the sea.

Broken on the Wheel.

Peter, a young man of superior qualities of body and mind, was seized as a Christian, and carried before Optimus, proconsul of Asia. On being commanded to sacrifice to Venus, he said, "I marvel that you sacrifice to an infamous woman, whose crimes even your own historians tell of, and whose life was filled with such actions as your laws would punish. No! I shall offer only to the true God the sacrifice of prayers and praise."

Optimus, on hearing this, ordered him to be bound upon a wheel which was rolled over stones so that his bones were broken. But his torments only inspired him with fresh courage; he smiled on his executioners, and seemed, by the serenity of his countenance, not to upbraid, but to applaud them. At last the proconsul commanded him to be beheaded; which was immediately done.

Nichomachus, another Christian, on being ordered to sacrifice to the pagan idols, answered, "I shall not pay that respect to devils which is due only to the Almighty." This speech so much enraged Optimus, that Nichomachus was put to the rack. He bore the torments, for some time, with patience and great resolution; but, at

length, when ready to expire with pain, he had the weakness to abjure his faith, and become an apostate. It is related, however, that no sooner had he done this than he fell into the greatest anguish of body and mind, dropped down, and expired immediately.

Two Christians are Stoned.

Andrew and Paul, two companions of Nichomachus, on confessing themselves Christians, were condemned to die, and delivered to the mob. They suffered martyrdom by stoning, and expired calling on their Lord.

Alexander and Epimacus, of Alexandria, were seized for being Christians; and on confessing, were beaten with staves, torn with hooks, and at last burned. We are told by Eusebius that four female martyrs suffered on the same day and at the same place, but not in the same manner, as these were beheaded.

The Story of Lucian and Marcian.

Lucian and Marcian, two magicians, becoming converts to Christianity, and repenting of their former evil lives, lived as hermits in a cave, and ate nothing but bread and water. After spending some time in this way, they reflected that their lives were being wasted, and made up their minds to leave their cave and try to convert others to Christianity.

The persecution, however, raging at this time, they were seized and carried before Sabinus, the governor of Bithynia, in Asia Minor. On being asked by what authority they took it upon themselves to preach, Lucian answered: "The laws of charity and humanity oblige all men to try to convert their fellows, and to do everything in their power to rescue them from the snares of the devil."

Marcian said their change of heart was by the same grace given to St. Paul, who from a zealous persecutor of the church, became a preacher of the gospel. When the proconsul found that

he could not prevail on them to renounce their faith, he condemned them to be burned alive, which sentence was soon after carried out.

Trypho and Respicius, two eminent men, were seized as Christians, and imprisoned at Nice. They were soon after put to the rack, which they bore with admirable patience for three hours, uttering praises to the Almighty the whole time; they were then exposed naked in the chill air, which benumbed all their limbs. When taken back to prison, they remained there for a considerable time; after which the cruelties of their persecutors were further exercised upon them. Their feet were pierced with nails; they were dragged through the streets by a mob of angry men who clamored for their lives; then scourged, scorched with lighted torches, and at last beheaded.

Sufferings of Agatha, a Lady of Sicily.

Agatha, a Sicilian lady, was noted for her beauty and accomplishments; her charms of person were indeed so great, that Quintain, governor of Sicily, became enamoured of her. The governor being notorious as an evil liver, the lady thought it prudent to leave the town, but was discovered in her retreat, and brought to Catana. Finding herself in the power of her enemy, she recommended herself to the protection of the Almighty, and prayed for death. As Agatha continued firm in her refusal to listen to him, the cruel governor's desire changed to hate; and, on her confessing that she was a Christian, he determined to gratify his revenge.

Quintain, therefore, commanded that Agatha should be cruelly scourged. Having borne this torment with wonderful courage, she was then burned to death in a great fire.

Martyrdom of Cyril.

Cyril, bishop of Gortyna, in the island of Crete, was seized by the order of Lucius, the governor of that place. The governor advised him to obey the imperial command, perform the sacrifices,

and save his venerable person from the fire; for he was then eighty-four years of age.

The good bishop replied that he could not agree to any such requirements, and that he who had so long taught others to save their souls could not throw away his own salvation. When the governor found all his persuasions were in vain, he pronounced sentence against the venerable Christian, in these words: "I order that Cyril, who has lost his reason, and is a declared enemy of our gods, shall be burned alive." The good man heard this sentence without fear, walked to the place of execution, and bore his sufferings with great courage.

Other Persecutions in Crete.

In the island of Crete the persecution raged with fury; the governor being exceedingly active in carrying out the imperial decrees, the place streamed with the blood of many Christians. The principal martyrs whose names have come down to us are as follows: Theodulus, Saturnius, and Europus; these were citizens of Gortyna, who had been grounded in their faith by Cyril, bishop of that city. Eunicianus, Zeticus, Cleomenes, Agathopas, Bastides, and Euaristus, were brought from different parts of the island on accusations of professing Christianity.

At the time of their trial they were commanded to sacrifice to Jupiter; refusing to do this, the judge threatened them with the severest tortures. They bravely answered, that to suffer for the sake of the Supreme Being would, to them, be the sublimest of pleasures. The judge then attempted to gain their respect for the heathen gods, by recounting their merits, and telling of some of their imaginary virtues. This gave the prisoners an opportunity of showing the absurdity of such stories, and of pointing out the folly of paying adoration to senseless statues.

Provoked to hear his favorite idols ridiculed, the governor ordered them all to be put to the rack; the pains of which they sustained

with surprising fortitude. They at length suffered martyrdom, being all beheaded at the same time.

Babylas, Bishop of Antioch, and Others.

Babylas, a Christian of excellent education, became bishop of Antioch in the year 237, on the death of Zebinus. He governed the church during those troublous times with admirable zeal and prudence. The first misfortune that happened to Antioch during his mission was the siege of the city by Sapor, king of Persia; who, having overrun all Syria, took and plundered this place among others, and tortured the Christians in all the horrible ways known to Eastern nations. His triumph, however, was not to last long. Gordian, the emperor, at the head of a powerful army, appeared and retook Antioch. The Persians were driven entirely out of Syria, pursued into their own country, and several cities in Persia fell into the hands of the Romans.

After Gordian's death, in the reign of Decius, that emperor came to Antioch, where, having a desire to visit an assembly of Christians, Babylas opposed him, and refused to let him come in. The emperor hid his anger at the time; but soon sending for the bishop, he sharply reproved him for his insolence, and then ordered him, as a punishment, to sacrifice to the heathen gods.

Refusing to do this, Babylas was committed to prison, loaded with chains, treated with great cruelty, and then beheaded. Three young men, who had been his pupils, were slain at the same time and with the same sword. On going to the place of execution, the bishop exclaimed, "Behold me and the children that the Lord hath given me." The chains worn by the bishop in prison were buried with him.

Execution of Alexander and Others.

Alexander, bishop of Jerusalem, about this time was cast into prison, where he died through the severity of his confinement; or,

THE PERSIANS TAKE ANTIOCH AND CRUELLY TORTURE THE CHRISTIANS.

as some historians say, was burned to death with several other Christians in a furnace.

Serapion, a Christian, was seized at Alexandria. He had his bones broken, and was then thrown from the roof of a high building, and killed by the fall.

Julianus, an old man, lame with the gout; and Cronion, another Christian, were bound on the backs of camels, severely scourged, and then thrown into a fire and consumed. A spectator who seemed to pity them was ordered to be beheaded, as a punishment. Macar, a Libyan Christian, was burned. Horon-Ater and Isodorus, Egyptians, with Dioschorus, a boy of fifteen, after suffering many other torments, met with a similar fate; and Nemesion, another Egyptian, was first tried as a thief, but being acquitted, was accused of Christianity. Confessing this, he was scourged, tortured, and finally burned. Ischyrian, the Christian servant of an Egyptian nobleman, was run through with a spear by his own master, for refusing to sacrifice to idols. Venatius, a youth of fifteen, was martyred in Italy; and forty virgins, at Antioch, after being imprisoned and scourged, were destroyed by fire.

The Emperor causes Seven Soldiers to be Starved.

The emperor Decius, having erected a pagan temple at Ephesus, commanded all who were in that city to sacrifice to the idols. This order was nobly refused by seven of his own soldiers, Maximianus, Martianus, Joannes, Malchus, Dionysius, Constantinus, and Seraion. The emperor, wishing first to try persuasion, gave them time to consider till he returned from a journey. But in the absence of the emperor they escaped, and hid themselves in a cavern. Decius was told of this on his return, and the mouth of the cavern was closed up, so the seven soldiers all starved to death there.

Fate of a Lady of Antioch.

Theodora, a beautiful young lady of Antioch, on refusing to sacri-

fice to the Roman idols, was condemned to prison. Didymus, her lover, a Christian, then disguised himself in the habit of a Roman soldier, went to the cell in which Theodora had been confined, and persuaded her to make her escape in his armor. Didymus being found in the dungeon, instead of the lady, was taken before the governor, to whom he confessed the truth, and sentence of death was immediately pronounced against him. In the meantime, Theodora, hearing that her deliverer was likely to suffer, came to the judge, threw herself at his feet, and begged that the sentence might fall only upon her as the guilty person, and not upon her lover. But the inhuman tyrant condemned them both, and they were executed accordingly, being first beheaded and their bodies afterward burned.

Secundianus having been accused as a Christian, was conveyed to prison by some soldiers. On the way, Verianus and Marcellinus said, "Where are you taking the innocent?" This question caused them to be seized, and all three, after having been tortured, were hanged. After they were dead their heads were cut off.

Origen's Narrow Escape from Death.

Origen, the celebrated author and teacher of Alexandria, at the age of sixty-four, was seized, thrown into a loathsome prison, loaded with chains, and his feet placed in the stocks, which held his legs stretched widely apart.

Although Origen is said by historians to have been learned, ingenious, temperate, and charitable, no mercy was shown him on that account. According to Jerome the books he had written amounted to an almost incredible number. Their sale, added to what he had gained by the instruction of boys, enabled him to support his mother and six brethren after the martyrdom of his father Leonidas. His great work called the *Hexapla*, from its presenting six versions of the sacred text in as many columns, gave the first hint for Polyglot Bibles.

Origen was threatened by fire, and tormented by every means that the most cruel men could suggest. His Christian fortitude bore him through all; though such was the rigor of his judge, that his tortures were ordered to be lingering, that death might not too soon put an end to his miseries.

During the torture, however, the emperor Decius died, and Gallus, who succeeded him, engaging in a war with the Goths, the Christians met with a respite; thus Origen obtained his freedom, and going to Tyre, he there remained till his death, which took place in the sixty-ninth year of his age.

The Christians are Accused.

After the emperor Gallus had ended the war with the Goths, a plague broke out in the empire; and sacrifices to the heathen gods were ordered, to appease their wrath. On the Christians refusing to join in these rites, they were charged with being the authors of the calamity. The persecution spread from the interior to the extreme parts of the empire, and many fell victims to the rabble.

Cornelius, the Christian bishop of Rome, was, among others, seized during this persecution. He was first cruelly scourged, and then beheaded, after having been bishop for only fifteen months and ten days.

Lucius, who succeeded Cornelius as bishop of Rome, was the son of Porphyrius, and a Roman by birth. His earnest zeal in the ministry made him hated by the foes of Christianity; he was therefore taken and beheaded. This bishop was succeeded by Stephanus, a man of fiery eloquence, who held the office a few years, and who would probably have fallen a martyr also, had not the emperor been murdered by his general Æmilian. This act of violence was followed by a profound peace throughout the whole empire, and the persecution came to an end.

CHAPTER VII.

THE EIGHTH GENERAL PERSECUTION UNDER THE ROMAN EMPERORS, A. D. 257.

After the death of Gallus, Æmilian, the general, was slain by his enemies in the army, and Valerian was raised to the throne. This emperor, for the space of four years, governed with moderation and treated the Christians kindly. But after a time an Egyptian magician, named Macrianus, gained great influence over him, and persuaded him to persecute them. Laws were accordingly made, and the persecution continued for three years and six months.

During this time the martyrs who suffered were many, and their tortures various and terrible.

Two Roman Ladies are Condemned.

Rufina and Secunda, two beautiful and accomplished young women, were the daughters of a rich citizen of Rome, named Asterius. Rufina, the elder, was engaged to be married to a young nobleman, named Armentarius; and Secunda, the younger, to Verinus, who was also a man of rank.

Both these young men called themselves Christians, but when the persecution began they renounced their faith and returned to the worship of the ancient gods. More courageous than their suitors, the young women firmly refused to renounce their faith, though urged to do so by all their acquaintances; at last, however, as a measure of safety, they were prevailed upon to leave the city and to take refuge in a country house some distance from Rome. But this did not save them, for they were soon found out and

brought before the governor. After several trials, and cruel tortures, which they bore with unflinching heroism, the two young women were martyred, by being beheaded with the sword.

Martyrdom of Stephen, Bishop of Rome.

About this time Stephen, bishop of Rome, was beheaded, and Saturnius, bishop of Toulouse, was attacked and seized by the rabble of that place, for preventing, as they thought, their oracles from speaking. On refusing to sacrifice to the idols, he was treated with great barbarity, and finally fastened by the feet to the tail of a bull. At a signal being given the enraged animal was driven down the steps of the temple, and the martyr's brains dashed out.

Among all the Christians who lived at Toulouse not one had the courage to carry away the dead body. At last two women took it up and buried it in a ditch. This martyr was a very learned man, and his writings were held in high esteem.

Sextus, Bishop of Rome.

Stephen was succeeded by Sextus as bishop of Rome. He is supposed to have been a Greek by birth. He served for some time in the capacity of a deacon under Stephen. His great fidelity, singular wisdom, and courage, distinguished him upon many occasions; and the successful termination of a bitter controversy with some heretics was due to his prudence.

Macrianus, who at this time had the management of the Roman government, procured an order from the emperor Valerian to put to death all the Christian clergy at Rome, and the senate having approved, Sextus was one of the first to fall a victim; he was beheaded, and six of his deacons suffered with him.

The Story of St. Laurence.

Laurentius, usually called St. Laurence, was archdeacon under

Sextus, and when that bishop was led out to execution, Laurence accompanied and comforted him. As they parted from each other for the last time, Sextus warned his faithful follower that his martyrdom would come soon after his own: that this prophecy was true is indicated by the tradition that has been handed down to us telling of his subsequent seizure and cruel death.

The Christian church of Rome, even at this early period, had in its treasury considerable riches—both in money, and in gold and silver vessels used at the services of the church. All these treasures were under the watchful eye of Laurence, the archdeacon. Besides maintaining its clergy, the church supported many poor widows and orphans; nearly fifteen hundred of these poor people, whose names Laurence kept upon his list, lived upon the charity of the church. Sums of money were also constantly needed to help struggling churches which had been newly established in distant parts of the world.

Macrianus, governor of Rome under the emperor Valerian, had heard of these riches, and longed to seize them; he therefore sent soldiers to arrest Laurence, who was soon taken and dragged before the governor. As soon as Macrianus' pitiless eyes rested upon the prisoner, he said harshly:

I hear that you who call yourselves Christians possess treasures of gold and silver, and that your priests use golden vessels at your services. Is this true?

Laurence answered: The church, indeed, has great treasures.

Then bring those treasures forth, said Macrianus. Do not your sacred books tell you to render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's? The emperor has need of those riches for the defence of the empire; therefore you must render them up.

After reflecting deeply for a few moments, Laurence replied: In three days I will bring before you the greatest treasures of the church.

This answer satisfied the governor; so Laurence was set free, and Macrianus impatiently awaited the time when the expected stores of gold and silver should be placed before him.

On the appointed day Macrianus, attended by his officers, came to the place where the Christians usually assembled. They were calmly received by Laurence at the entrance, and invited to pass into an inner room.

Are the treasures collected? was the first question of Macrianus.

They are, my lord, replied Laurence; will you enter and view them?

With these words he opened a door and displayed to the astounded gaze of the governor, the poor pensioners of the church, a chosen number—a row of the lame, a row of the blind, orphans and widows, the helpless and the weak. Astonished by the sight, the governor turned fiercely upon Laurence, saying: "What mean you by this mockery? Where are the treasures of gold and silver you promised to deliver up?"

These that you see before you, replied the undaunted Laurence, are the true treasures of the church. In the widows and orphans you behold her gold and her silver, her pearls and precious stones. These are her real riches. Make use of them by asking for their prayers; they will prove your best weapons against your foes.

Enraged and disappointed at not securing the hoped-for gold (which had been carried to a place of safety during the three days that had elapsed), the governor furiously commanded his guards to seize Laurence and take him to a dungeon. There, terrible to relate, a great fire was built upon the stone floor, and a huge gridiron placed upon it; then the martyr was stripped of his clothing and thrown upon this fiery bed, to slowly perish in the scorching heat.

The cruel tyrant gazed down upon this dreadful sight to gratify his hatred and revenge; but the martyr had strength and spirit to triumph over him even to the last. Not a murmur escaped him, but with his dying breath he prayed for the Christian church at

MARTYRDOM OF ST. LAWRENCE

Rome, and for the conversion of the entire empire to God; and so, lifting up his eyes to heaven, he gave up the ghost.

A Roman soldier, named Romanus, who looked on at the sufferings of St. Laurence, was so much affected by the martyr's courage and faith that he became a convert to Christianity. As soon as this was known the soldier was severely scourged, and afterward beheaded.

The Story of Cyprian.

For years the persecution of the Christians had raged in Africa, and many thousands of innocent persons had been slain. One of the most distinguished of the martyrs was Cyprian, bishop of Carthage.

Cyprian belonged to a noble and wealthy family. He had been brought up from a child to believe in the ancient gods of heathen Rome. His talents were so great, he was so eloquent a speaker, and so practised in philosophy, that he was admired by all, and hundreds gladly listened to him whenever he chose to speak in public.

Being very rich, Cyprian lived in great splendor. He dressed magnificently, feasted luxuriously, and he was vain of his position and fond of every kind of fashionable pleasure and parade. He appeared, indeed, to think that man was born only to gratify his appetites, and created to enjoy pleasures alone. But all this was to be changed; and from the proud, self-indulgent pagan, Cyprian was to become the humble follower of Christ.

A man named Cœcilius, a Christian of Carthage, was the means of Cyprian's conversion. Owing to this, and to the great affection the distinguished convert afterward showed for his adviser, Cyprian came to be called Cœcilius Cyprian.

Before Cyprian's baptism he studied the Scriptures with care, and being greatly impressed by their beauty and truth, determined to live the rest of his life in accordance with their precepts. He there-

fore sold his estate, distributed the money among the poor, clothed himself plainly, and commenced a life of austerity and solitude. Soon after his baptism he was made a presbyter; and being greatly admired for his virtue and ability, he was, on the death of Donatus, elected bishop of Carthage. The care of Cyprian extended not only over Carthage, but to Numidia and Mauritania. It was Cyprian's custom, before deciding upon any important action, to ask the advice of his clergy. He made it one of his maxims, that unity could only be preserved in the church by a close communion between the pastor and his flock.

But at last, in spite of his useful and holy life, Cyprian was pointed out by his heathen enemies as a leader of the hated Christian band. Then followed demands for his arrest and trial; and soon he was publicly charged with offences against the laws. A decree was issued against him by the emperor Decius, in which he was called Cœcilius Cyprian, bishop of the Christians; and then there began to be heard in the city which once heaped honors upon him, the terrible cry of "Cyprian to the lions! Cyprian to the beasts!"

Urged by his friends to save himself by flight, before it was too late, Cyprian left the city and took up his abode in the desert, where he gathered about him a little company of Christians who had fled, like himself, from the fury of their enemies. Here they passed the tedious hours of exile in cultivating the barren soil of their place of refuge, and in praying for a better time for the church which they loved.

After two years spent in this way, word was brought to them from Carthage that a terrible plague had broken out in the city, and that thousands of people were dying of the disease. A council was held, and it was decided that it was the duty of the little band to go to the aid of those who had used them so cruelly.

At Carthage the plague advanced from house to house; terror reigned, kindness and compassion were unknown. The plague-

stricken were thrown out into the streets to die, and the city was filled with groans and lamentations, and appeals for help which fell unheeded upon the ears of those whose fears rendered them merciless and almost savage.

In the midst of this terrible scene Cyprian appeared. He called around him his band of Christians—many of them bearing in their distorted limbs the tokens of their fellow-citizens' hate—he exhorted them to remember whose they were, and whose example they should follow, and who it was that had commanded them to "do good to them that persecute you." They then divided the city into districts; each member of the Christian church of Carthage was assigned his work. The rich contributed money, others served as nurses; and the followers of Christ became indeed the salt of the city—light and life in the midst of darkness and death.

But soon the hatred of the hardened enemies of Christ broke out afresh. They accused the Christians of being the cause of the plague, and persecution began again. Cyprian was therefore arrested, brought to trial, and sentenced to banishment. After nearly twelve months a new proconsul was appointed to Africa, and Cyprian returned from his exile. The persecution had not yet abated, and he soon received a summons to appear before the proconsul. The news spread like wildfire, and crowds of both Christians and heathen assembled in order to be present at his trial.

The proconsul said, Art thou Cyprian, the bishop of so many impious and unruly men? The most sacred emperor commands thee to sacrifice!

Cyprian replied, I will not sacrifice!

Take time to consider, before refusing to obey, said the proconsul; why should you throw away your life?

Do not waste time in questioning me, but inflict whatever punishment you may consider just, answered Cyprian; the case admits of no argument.

The proconsul then pronounced sentence against him, that he must die by the sword.

On hearing this the only words that fell from Cyprian's lips were, "God be thanked!" He was conducted into a neighboring field which was thickly surrounded by trees. Into the branches of these the eager multitude climbed, to see the last scene of all. In the open part of the field Cyprian knelt down, covering his eyes with his hands, and as the sword descended the Christians pressed forward, eager to steep their handkerchiefs in his blood, to preserve them as precious tokens in remembrance of their beloved leader.

So died Cyprian, a man transformed by the true spirit of Christianity; the most eminent bishop of his time, a loving friend and faithful minister.

The Strange Trial of Eugenia.

Philippus, governor of Alexandria, had a daughter named Eugenia, who was very beautiful, and to whom he was tenderly attached. Now it happened that a Christian slave-girl in the household of the governor often talked to her young mistress about the joys of believing, and so Eugenia herself became a convert to the faith.

Not daring to make her conversion known, on account of the punishments that she feared would follow, Eugenia fled from her father's house and took refuge with Helenus, an aged bishop of the church. To aid in her concealment she called herself Eugenius, dressed in the robes usually worn by young men, and was admitted into the monastery of a Christian society in Alexandria, without her sex or identity being suspected.

After some years spent in this manner the head of the society died, and the supposed Eugenius, who had by this time grown to be much loved and respected, was chosen to fill his place. After becoming the head of the monastery she was often asked to cure the sick, and was supposed to work many miracles of healing.

Among others who were cured by her was a woman of Alexandria, named Melancia, who, it seems, fell in love with her, supposing her to be a man. Eugenia refused to listen to, or even see, her too susceptible patient, after she had learned of her infatuation for herself. Angered by such treatment, Melancia's love turned to hate, and desiring to be revenged against one who thus spurned her advances, she charged Eugenia, as well as the other inmates of the monastery, with the grossest crimes.

The accused members of the society were brought before the governor, Philippus, Eugenia's father, for trial. As the prisoners were Christians, they were believed to be guilty before any proof had been brought; for in the opinion of the ignorant mob Christians were capable of any crime.

Eugenia saw the danger, and knowing that she could save both herself and her companions by telling the governor that she was his daughter, asked him to allow her time and place to make manifest the truth.

This being granted, she disclosed to him that she was his daughter Eugenia, and that her only companions were Protheus and Hiacinthus, two Christian men. By this confession the judge was convinced of her innocence, and her false accuser was utterly confounded. Philippus himself was afterward converted to Christianity, made bishop of Alexandria, and suffered martyrdom.

Eugenia, after the death of her father, returned to Rome with Protheus and Hiacinthus, and having there converted Basilla (a lady who was to have been married to a heathen, but then refused), she was tortured in various ways and finally thrown into the river Tiber, fastened to a heavy stone, and thus drowned.

Dreadful Fate of the Emperor Valerian.

This tyrant, who had persecuted the Christians for more than three years, was taken prisoner by Sapor, king of Persia, who carried

THE EMPEROR VALERIAN FLAYED BY ORDER OF SAPOR, KING OF PERSIA.

him into his own country, and there treated him with the utmost cruelty. Sapor made him kneel down before him as if he were his meanest slave, and used him as a footstool when he mounted his horse, saying in a tone of taunting contempt, "This crouching form of him who was once an emperor, shows which way the victory went, better than all the pictures the Roman artists can draw."

Having kept Valerian for the space of seven years in this pitiful state of slavery, Sapor then ordered his eyes to be put out. Valerian was now blind as well as a captive, but his cruel master's revenge was far from being satisfied even then; for soon after he ordered the unfortunate emperor to be flayed alive, under which torments he expired.

Gallienus, the son of Valerian, succeeded him, and during his reign the empire suffered many commotions, particularly earthquakes, pestilence, inundations, and attacks of barbarians. This emperor, reflecting that when his father favored the Christians he prospered, and that when he persecuted them he was unsuccessful, determined to stop the persecution. Therefore, except for a few outrages, the church enjoyed peace for some years. The chief of those who suffered was Marnius, a centurion, who was arrested as a Christian, and given but three hours in which to choose whether he would sacrifice to the heathen gods, or die. Wavering during this interval, a Christian companion placed the gospel and a sword before him, and asked which he would choose. Marnius took the sword without hesitation. On coming again before the governor, he made a noble confession of his faith, and was soon after beheaded.

THE NINTH GENERAL PERSECUTION UNDER THE ROMAN EMPERORS, A. D. 270.

The emperor who next began a persecution against the Christians was Aurelian. Among those who suffered during this time

was Felix, bishop of Rome, who was beheaded. Agapetus, a young Roman, who sold his estate and gave the money to the poor, was seized as a Christian, tortured, and then brought to Præneste, a city within a day's journey of Rome, where he was beheaded. These are the only martyrs whose names are recorded during this reign; as the persecution was soon stopped, owing to the emperor being murdered by his own soldiers, at Byzantium.

Aurelian was succeeded by Tacitus, who was followed by Probus, and he by Carus: this emperor being killed by a thunder-storm, his sons, Carinus and Numerianus, succeeded him; and during all these reigns the church enjoyed rest.

Rome under Diocletian.

Diocletian became emperor in the year 284. He at first showed favor to the Christians, but when he appointed Maximian, a fellow-soldier, to rule jointly with him, a dreadful persecution was begun.

Felician and Primus, two brothers, were seized by an order from the imperial court: owning themselves Christians, they were scourged, tortured, and finally beheaded.

Marcus and Marcellianus were twins, natives of Rome, and of noble descent. Their parents were heathens, but the tutors to whom the education of the children was entrusted, brought them up as Christians. Being arrested on account of their faith, they were tortured, and then sentenced to be beheaded. A delay of a month was obtained by their friends, during which their father, mother, and other near relatives, attempted to bring them back to heathenism, but in vain. At last their constancy converted even those who would have persuaded them, and their parents and whole family became converts to a faith they had just before condemned.

When the month had passed, Tranquillinus, the father of the two young men, was sent for by the prefect, to give him an account of his endeavors. He then confessed, that so far from having persuaded

his sons to forsake the faith, he had become a Christian himself. He then stood silent till the judge had recovered from his surprise. Resuming his discourse, he used such powerful arguments that he made a convert of the magistrate also, who soon after sold his estate, resigned his command, and spent the remainder of his days in pious retirement.

The judge who succeeded the above-mentioned convert had nothing of the disposition of his predecessor. He was a cruel and bloody-minded man, who seized every Christian he could lay his hands on. Some were martyred by being tied to posts, and having their hands and feet pierced with nails; after remaining in this dreadful condition for a day and night, their sufferings were ended by lances being thrust through their bodies.

Zoe, the wife of the jailer who had charge of these martyrs, being greatly interested in their conversation, expressed a desire to become a Christian. As she was speechless with palsy, she could only express herself by signs. They gave her instructions in the faith, and told her to pray in her heart to God to cure her of her disease. She did so, and was at length relieved. Her paralytic disorder by degrees left her, and her speech returned again. This strengthened her faith, and she was confirmed as a Christian. Her husband, finding his wife had been made well, became a convert himself. These conversions made a great talk, and the two were arrested and brought before the judge for trial.

Zoe was commanded to sacrifice to Mars, and upon refusing, she was hanged upon a tree, and a fire of straw lighted under her. When her charred and lifeless body was taken down, it was thrown into a river, and sunk to the bottom by being tied to a great stone.

Tibertius, a native of Rome, was of a family of rank and distinction. It is related by one historian, that being accused as a Christian, he was commanded either to sacrifice to idols, or to walk upon burning coals. He chose the latter, and passed over them without

ZOE IS CRUELLY PUT TO DEATH FOR REFUSING TO WORSHIP MARS.

damage. Fabian then passed sentence upon him that he should be beheaded; this was done, and his body was afterward buried by some Christian friends.

Massacre of a Whole Legion of Christian Soldiers.

A legion of soldiers, consisting of about 6000 men, were all Christians. It was called the Theban legion, and had been quartered in the East till the emperor Maximian ordered them to march to Gaul, to assist in fighting against the rebels of Aquitania. Passing the Alps under the command of their captain, they at length joined the emperor. Before engaging with the enemy Maximian ordered a general sacrifice, at which the whole army was to assist. He commanded that the men should also take oaths of allegiance, and swear to assist him in driving Christianity out of Gaul.

Deeply concerned at these orders, each man of the Theban legion resolutely refused either to sacrifice or take the oaths prescribed. This so greatly enraged Maximian that he ordered the legion to be decimated, that is, every tenth man to be selected from the rest, and put to the sword. This cruel order was at once carried out, but those who remained were still firm. A second decimation then took place, and every tenth man of those living was killed.

But this second slaughter made no more impression than the first. By the advice of their officers the remnant of the legion drew up a remonstrance to the emperor, in which the men said, they were his subjects and his soldiers, but could not forget the Almighty. They received their pay from the emperor, but their lives were given them by God.

They said: "Our arms are devoted to the emperor's use, and shall be directed against his enemies; but we cannot stain our hands with Christian blood; and how, indeed, could you, O emperor! be sure of our fidelity, should we violate our obligation to our God, in whose service we solemnly engaged before we entered the army? You

command us to search out and to destroy the Christians; it is not necessary to look any farther than ourselves; we ourselves are Christians, and we glory in the name. We saw our companions fall without the least complaint, and thought them happy in dying for the sake of Christ. But nothing shall make us lift up our hands against our sovereign; we would rather die wrongfully, and by that means preserve our innocence, than live under a load of guilt. Whatever you command, we are ready to suffer: we confess ourselves to be Christians, and therefore cannot persecute our brothers nor sacrifice to idols."

Such a noble reply, it might be supposed, would have moved the emperor to mercy; but it had a contrary effect. Enraged at their continued refusal to obey, he commanded the whole legion to be put to death, which order was at once carried out by the other troops, who cut them to pieces with their swords.

Indeed, it is related, such was the cruelty of Maximian, that he even sent to destroy every man of a few companies which had been drafted from the Theban legion and sent to Italy.

A veteran soldier of another legion, whose name was Victor, met these murderers as they returned from their bloody work. As they seemed to be making merry over something, he inquired into the cause, and being told of the whole affair, he denounced them for their cruelty. This excited their curiosity to ask him if he was of the same faith as those who had suffered. On his admitting that he was, the soldiers at once attacked and killed him.

St. Alban, the First British Martyr.

Alban, commonly called St. Alban, was the first British martyr. He was brought up to believe in the ancient gods of heathen Rome; but being of a very kindly disposition, he sheltered a Christian, named Amphibalus, who was pursued on account of his religion. The conversation of his guest made a great impression on the mind of Alban; he longed to know more of a religion which had such

power to touch his heart. The fugitive took advantage of the opportunity, and instructed Alban in the principles of the Christian faith, and soon completed his conversion.

Alban now took a firm resolution to preserve the faith of a Christian or to die the death of a martyr. The enemies of Amphibalus having at last found out the place where he was hidden, came to the house of Alban, to take him away. The noble host, desirous of protecting his guest, changed clothes with him, in order that he might escape; and when the soldiers came, gave himself up as the person for whom they were seeking.

Alban was taken before the governor, where the deceit was immediately discovered; and Amphibalus being gone, that officer determined to wreak his vengeance upon Alban. Pointing to an altar which stood before a statue, he commanded the prisoner to advance and sacrifice to Jupiter. The brave Alban refused, and cried out, I am a Christian! The governor then ordered him to be dragged to the foot of the statue, but failing to make him kneel before it he furiously commanded that he should be scourged. This punishment Alban bore with great courage, seeming to acquire new resolution from his sufferings. After scourging him, the governor commanded that his head should be cut off with a sword.

The historian, Bede, has narrated that, when Alban was led out to die, the executioner himself suddenly became converted to Christianity, and begged permission either to die for Alban or with him. Being granted the latter request, they were both beheaded with the same sword.

This martyrdom took place in England, then a Roman province, at the town of Verulam, now St. Albans, in Hertfordshire. A magnificent church was afterward erected there to St. Alban's memory, during the time of Constantine the Great. This church was destroyed in the Saxon wars, but was rebuilt by Offa, king of Mercia. Some of its ruins still remain.

ST. ALBAN REFUSES TO KNEEL TO THE STATUE OF JUPITER.

Martyrdom of St. Faith, and Others.

Faith, a Christian woman of Aquitania, in Gaul, being told that an order had gone forth to seize her, surrendered herself a prisoner. Being firm in her faith, she was beheaded, and her body afterward burned.

Capercius, a Christian, concealed himself from the persecutors, but being told of the courage of Faith he openly avowed his religion, and delivered himself up to the governor, who had him first tortured and then beheaded.

Quintin, a Christian and a native of Rome, determined to preach the gospel in Gaul. He accordingly went to that province, attended by one Lucian, and they preached there together; after which Lucian went to Avaricum, where he suffered martyrdom. Quintin, however, escaped for a time, and was very active in the ministry. His continual prayers to the Almighty were to increase his faith, and strengthen his faculties to spread the gospel.

After a time he was seized upon as a Christian, and was stretched with pulleys till his joints were dislocated, and his body was torn with scourges. After he had been thus tortured, he was taken back to prison. Varus, the governor, being obliged to go on a journey, ordered Quintin to be carried before him by his guard, and he soon died of the wounds he had received.

Donatilla, Maxima, and Others.

Donatilla, Maxima, and Secunda, three virgins of Tuburga, were scourged, tormented on a gallows, and at last beheaded.

Pontius, a native of the city of Simela, near the Alps, being seized as a Christian, was worried by wild beasts, then beheaded, and his body thrown into the river.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE TENTH GENERAL PERSECUTION UNDER THE ROMAN EMPERORS, A. D. 303.

In spite of all the efforts made to destroy them by their heathen foes, the Christians increased greatly in numbers and in wealth. As they became stronger they threw off much of that humility and care to avoid notice which had distinguished them in the earlier ages. They began to build churches and to assemble in them for worship. This excited the envy of the heathen, and the emperor, Diocletian, was persuaded to begin a persecution against them.

Nicomedia, a city of Asia Minor, was the place where the Christians were first attacked. The prefect, or governor of the city, marched with a number of soldiers to the Christian church, and forced open the doors. They then destroyed all the books and sacred vessels they found there, and afterward levelled the building to the ground. The emperor then issued an edict, commanding the destruction of all the other Christian churches and their contents. Another law followed, making Christians incapable of holding any place of trust, profit, or dignity, or of receiving any protection from the courts of the empire. One martyrdom was the immediate result of the publication of this edict; for a bold Christian not only tore it down from the place where it was put up, but reviled the name of the emperor for his injustice and cruelty. He was in consequence seized, severely tortured, and then burned alive. The Christian ministers were likewise taken and imprisoned, and it was even claimed that the emperor privately ordered the imperial palace to be set on fire, so that the Christians might be charged with the crime, and a pretext given for carrying on the persecution with greater severity.

A General Sacrifice to Idols Commanded.

A general sacrifice was then commanded, which caused many martyrdoms. Among others, a Christian named Peter was tortured and then burned. Several deacons and presbyters were dragged from their homes, and killed in various ways. The bishop of Nicomedia, named Anthimus, was beheaded.

Such was the cruelty of their enemies, that no mercy was shown to age or sex, but women and children alike were slain. Many houses were set on fire, and whole Christian families perished in the flames. Others had stones fastened about their necks, and were driven into the sea. The persecution became general in all the Roman provinces; and as it lasted ten years, it is impossible to know how many were martyred, or to tell how they died.

Some were beheaded in Arabia; others devoured by wild beasts in Phœnicia; numbers were burned in Syria; many had their bones broken, and in that manner were left to expire, in Cappadocia. In Mesopotamia, Christians were hung with their heads downward over a slow fire, and so burned. In Pontus, a variety of tortures were used. In Egypt, some were buried alive in the earth, others were drowned in the Nile, many were hung in the air till they perished, and numbers were thrown into large fires. Scourges, racks, daggers, swords, poison, crosses, and starvation, were made use of in various countries to destroy the Christians; and invention was exhausted in devising tortures for them.

A town of Phrygia, inhabited entirely by Christians, was surrounded by a number of soldiers, in order to prevent any from getting away; the town was then set on fire, and the people perished in the flames or were killed while trying to escape.

Protesting Against the Slaughter.

At last several governors of the provinces represented to the imperial court that it was unwise to pollute the cities with the blood of

the inhabitants, or to defame the government of the emperors with the deaths of so many Roman subjects.

After this many who were held in prisons were saved from execution; but though not put to death, they were subjected to every kind of indignity. Many had their ears cut off, their noses slit, their right eyes put out, their limbs dislocated, and their flesh seared in conspicuous places with hot irons.

St. Sebastian Shot with Arrows.

Among those who lost their lives during this bloody persecution was Sebastian, a holy man who was born at Narbonne in Gaul, instructed in Christianity at Milan, and made an officer of the emperor's guard at Rome.

Sebastian remained a true Christian in the midst of idolatry, unaffected by the splendors of a court, and untainted by evil example. Esteemed by the most eminent, beloved by his equals, and admired by his inferiors, he lived happily, and kept his faith and his place, until the rigors of the persecution deprived him of life. He was informed against, and betrayed to Fabian, the Roman general, by Torquatus, a pretended Christian. Sebastian was of too high rank to be put to death without the emperor's express command, so an appeal was made to Diocletian.

The emperor, on hearing the accusation, sent for Sebastian, and charged him with ungratefully betraying the confidence he had placed in him, by being, at heart, an enemy to the gods of the empire and to himself.

To this charge Sebastian answered, that his religion was of a good, not an evil tendency, that it did not influence him to do anything against the welfare of the empire; and that the greatest proof he could give of his good will, was by praying to the only true God for the health and prosperity of the emperor.

Angered at this reply, the emperor ordered him to be taken to a

field near the city, called the Campus Martius, there to be shot with arrows; and this cruel sentence was immediately carried out.

But a few Christian friends, who came to the place of execution to bury Sebastian's body, perceived signs of life in him, and moving him to a place of safety, he in a short time recovered.

This, however, only prepared him for a second martyrdom; for as soon as he was able to walk, he placed himself in the emperor's way as he was going to the temple. The unexpected appearance of a man supposed to be dead, naturally startled the emperor, nor did his words less astonish him; for Sebastian sternly reproved the tyrant for his various cruelties, and for his unreasonable hatred of Christianity.

As soon as Diocletian had recovered from his surprise, he ordered Sebastian to be seized, carried to a place near the palace, and beaten to death; and in order that the Christians should not again help him back to life, or even bury his dead body, he ordered that it should be thrown into a deep ditch. Nevertheless, a Christian lady, named Lucina, found a way to remove his remains, and bury them in the catacombs.

Christians Refuse to Bear Arms.

Many of the Christians thought it wrong to bear arms under a heathen emperor; because they were obliged, with the rest of the army, to be present at idolatrous sacrifices before the idols, and were compelled to follow the imperial standards, which were dedicated to the heathen deities. Such reasons caused many to refuse to enter the imperial army, when called upon to do so; for the Roman law obliged all young men, above a certain stature, to make several campaigns.

Maximilian, the son of Fabius Victor, being pointed out as a proper person to bear arms, was ordered by Dion, the proconsul, to be measured, that he might be enlisted in the service. Maximilian,

SEBASTIAN SHOT WITH ARROWS.

however, boldly declared himself a Christian, and refused to do military duty. Being found of the required height, Dion gave directions that he should be marked as a soldier, according to the usual custom.

Maximilian, however, boldly opposed this order, and told Dion, that he would not engage in the service. The proconsul instantly replied, that he should either serve as a soldier, or die for disobedience. Do as you please with me, replied Maximilian; behead me, if you will; I am already a soldier of Christ, and cannot serve any other power.

Dion, wishing to save the young man's life, advised his father to use his authority over him, in order to make him obey; but the father replied, "My son knoweth that which is right for him to do." Dion then demanded of Maximilian, if he was yet disposed to receive the mark. To this the young man replied, he had already received the mark of Christ. Have you? exclaimed the proconsul furiously, then I shall quickly send you to your master; and calling a guard he ordered them to take Maximilian and cut off his head.

At the place of execution, the young martyr exhorted those who were Christians to remain so; and such as were not, to embrace a faith which led to eternal salvation. Then addressing his father with a cheerful countenance, he asked that the armor intended for himself might be given to the executioner: and, after taking leave of him, said he hoped they should meet again in the other world, and be happy to all eternity. Then with patience he received the stroke which ended his life.

A Father Sacrifices His Own Son.

Vitus, a young Sicilian of good family, became a Christian through the teaching of a nurse who took care of him when a child. The young man's father, whose name was Hylas, used every effort to make his son return to the worship of the heathen gods. Failing

in this, the father seemed to lose all the natural affection of a parent, and informed against his son to Valerian, governor of Sicily, who was very active in persecuting the Christians at this time.

Valerian sentenced the young man to be scourged, and after this had been done with great severity, sent him back to his father, thinking that what he had suffered would make him change his faith. But in this he was mistaken; and Hylas, finding his son still holding the same opinions, sacrificed the human instincts of a father to his heathen superstitions, and prepared to send his son back to the governor. On being warned of this, Vitus escaped to Lucania, where he was seized, by order of Valerian, and put to death. His nurse, Crescentia, through whose teaching it was that he had become a Christian, and Modestus, a man who escaped with him, were martyred at the same time.

Victor, a Christian of Massilia.

Victor, a young man of Massilia, a city of southern Gaul, was a devout Christian. Much of his time was spent in the work of the church, and in assisting its poorer members. He was at last charged with offending against the superstitions of the pagan priests, seized by the emperor's order, and brought before the judge for trial.

The magistrate examined the prisoner, and after he had finished questioning him, advised him strongly to return to the worship of the heathen gods, and not to lose all the advantages he might enjoy by gaining the emperor's favor. Victor replied that he was a servant of Christ, and that no position offered to him by an earthly prince should interfere with his duty to the King of Heaven.

For this bold reply, Victor was sent to the emperor to receive his final sentence. When the young man was brought before him, Maximian commanded him, under the severest penalties, to sacrifice to the Roman idols. On his refusal, he was ordered to be bound and dragged through the streets. During the execution of this sentence, he was treated by the brutal mob with great cruelty.

Remaining firm in his belief in spite of the violence of the crowd, the young man was next ordered to be put upon the rack.

Victor heard his dreadful doom with a shudder, but turning his eyes toward heaven, prayed to God to give him courage; after which he bore the tortures with wonderful patience. When the executioners became tired he was taken from the rack and carried to a dungeon. During his confinement, he converted the jailers, named Alexander, Felician, and Longinus; this coming to the knowledge of the emperor, he ordered them immediately to be put to death, and they were beheaded accordingly.

Victor was afterward again put to the rack, beaten with clubs, and then sent back to his dungeon. Being a third time examined concerning his religion, he made the same answers. A small altar was then brought, and he was commanded to offer incense upon it; but instead of doing this he boldly stepped forward, and with his foot overset both altar and idol.

The emperor Maximian, who was present, was so enraged at this, that he ordered the foot with which he had kicked the altar, to be immediately cut off; and Victor himself to be thrown into a mill, and crushed to pieces with the stones. This horrid sentence was put into execution; but part of the mill breaking, he was drawn from it, terribly bruised but still alive. The emperor not having patience to stay till it was mended, ordered the martyr's head to be struck off, which was accordingly done.

Wonderful Courage of Three Christian Friends.

While Maximus, governor of Cilicia, was at the city of Tarsus, three Christians were brought before him by Demetrius, a military officer.

Tarachus, the eldest of the prisoners, and the highest in rank, was addressed by Maximus, who asked him what he was? The prisoner replied, A Christian. This reply offending the governor,

he again asked the same question, and was answered in a similar manner. The governor then began to argue the case, and told Tarachus that he ought to sacrifice to the gods, as that was the only way to get riches and honors; and that even the emperors themselves did so.

Tarachus replied, that avarice was a sin, and gold itself an idol as hurtful as any other; for it brought about frauds, treacheries, robberies, and murders; it induced men to deceive each other, by which in time they deceived themselves, and bribed the weak to their own eternal destruction. As for promotion, he said he wanted it not, as he could not in conscience accept of any place which would require him to pay adoration to idols. And as to honors, he desired none greater than the noble name of Christian. As to the emperors themselves being pagans, he added with the same undaunted and determined spirit, that they deceived themselves in adoring senseless idols, and were evidently being led to destruction by the devil himself.

For the boldness of this speech, Tarachus was struck violently with a staff, breaking his jaw. He was then stripped, scourged, loaded with chains, and thrown into a dismal dungeon, to remain there till after the trials of the other two prisoners.

Probus was next brought before Maximus, who asked him his name. Bravely the prisoner replied, that the best name he could boast of was that of a Christian. To this Maximus replied, Your name of Christian will be of little service to you unless you sacrifice to the gods, and seek the favor of the emperor.

Probus answered, that as he had already given up a considerable fortune to become a soldier of Christ, it might be evident that he cared little for the favor of the emperor. He was then scourged; and Demetrius, the officer, telling him how his blood flowed, advised him to comply; but his only answer was a shake of the head. "What!" cried Maximus, "does he still persist in his mad-

ness? Turn his face toward us that we may see how he takes his punishment!" The body of the unfortunate Probus was then turned about and he was scourged on the breast. He bore this with as much courage as he had shown while being beaten on the back; and only said, The more my body suffers and loses blood, the more my soul will grow vigorous and strong. He was then committed to jail, loaded with irons, and his hands and feet stretched upon the stocks.

Andronicus was next brought up, and upon being asked the usual questions, said, I am a Christian, a native of Ephesus, and decended from one of the first families of that city. He was then sentenced to undergo punishments similar to those of Tarachus and Probus, and sent to prison.

Having been confined some days, the three prisoners were again brought before Maximus, who began first to reason with Tarachus, saying, he supposed the punishments he had already suffered had caused him to change. Finding himself, however, mistaken, he ordered Tarachus to be tortured by various means. Fire was placed in the palms of his hands; he was hung up by his feet and smoked with wet straw; and he was sent back again to his dungeon.

Probus being then called, and asked if he would sacrifice, replied, "I come better prepared than before; for what I have already suffered has only confirmed and strengthened me in my resolution. Employ your whole power upon me, and you will find, that neither you, nor the emperor, nor the idols you serve, shall oblige me to adore gods whom I know not."

The governor attempted to reason with him, and praised the heathen gods, and urged him to sacrifice to Jupiter. Probus refused, and said, "Why should I pay divine honors to Jupiter, an infamous character, as is even acknowledged by your own priests and poets?" Enraged at this speech, the governor ordered Probus to be struck upon the mouth, for uttering what he called blasphemy; his body

was then seared with hot irons, and after these terrible tortures, he was sent back to prison.

When Andronicus was next brought before Maximus, the governor tried to deceive him by pretending that Tarachus and Probus had renounced their faith, and turned to the gods of the empire.

To this the prisoner answered, "Lay not, O governor, such a weakness to the charge of those who have appeared here before me in this cause, nor imagine it to be in your power to shake my fixed resolution with artful speeches. I cannot believe that they have disobeyed the laws of their God: nor will I ever fall behind them in faith and dependence upon our common Saviour. I neither know your gods, nor fear your authority; fulfil your threats, execute your most bloody inventions, and employ every cruel art in your power on me. I am prepared to bear it for the sake of Christ."

For this answer Andronicus was cruelly scourged; but recovering from his wounds in a short time, the governor accused the jailer of having let some physician attend him. The jailer declared that no person whatever had been near him or the other prisoners, and that he would willingly lose his head if anything of the kind could be proved against him. Andronicus said the jailer spoke truly, and added, that the God whom he served was the most powerful of physicians.

The three Christians were after a time brought to a third examination. They were again tortured, and at last sentenced for execution. Being brought to the circus or amphitheatre, several beasts were let loose upon them; but it is related that none of the animals would touch them. Maximus was so much disappointed and angered at this, that he severely reproved the keeper, and ordered him to produce a beast that would do the bloody work.

The keeper then brought out a large bear, which had that day destroyed three men. But, wonderful to relate! this creature, and a fierce lioness also, refused to touch the Christians. Finding it im-

possible to destroy them by means of wild beasts, Maximus ordered them to be slain by the sword. This was accordingly done; they all declaring, previous to their martyrdom, that as death was the common lot of all men, they would rather meet it for the sake of Christ, than suffer it by mortal disease.

Dreadful Martyrdom of Romanus.

Romanus, a native of Palestine, was deacon of the church of Cæsarea, at the time of the commencement of Diocletian's persecution. He was at Antioch when the imperial order came for sacrificing to idols, and was much grieved to see many Christians, through fear, submit to the idolatrous command, and deny their faith in order to preserve their lives.

While reproving some of them for their weakness, Romanus was informed against, and soon after arrested. Being brought to the tribunal, he confessed himself a Christian, and said he was willing to suffer anything they could inflict upon him for his confession. When condemned, he was scourged, put to the rack, and his body torn with hooks. While thus cruelly mangled, he turned to the governor, and thanked him for having opened for him so many mouths with which to preach Christianity; for, said he, every wound is a mouth to sing the praises of the Lord. He was soon after slain by being strangled.

A Roman Officer, a Spanish Lady, and Others.

Sergius was an officer in the Roman army, and accompanied the emperor Maximian into Syria. Being accused as a Christian he was ordered to sacrifice to Jupiter. Refusing to do this, he was stripped of his armor, and in derision dressed in woman's clothes. He then was forced to march a considerable distance with nails in his sandals. At last an end was put to his sufferings by his being beheaded.

A Spanish lady, named Eulalia, of a Christian family, who was

EULALIA GIVEN TO THE SOLDIERS.

remarkable for sweetness of temper and excellence of understanding, was informed against, as a Christian, and carried before the judge for trial.

The magistrate at first attempted by mild means to win her over, but she answered his arguments so skilfully and spoke of the pagan gods with such contempt, that, enraged at her words, he ordered the court to be cleared, and the prisoner disposed of as her accusers might see fit.

Eulalia was accordingly hurried to the door and handed over to some brutal soldiers who stood near. These took her, pierced her tender flesh with their spears, and afterward burned her body to ashes.

The emperor Diocletian falling ill, the persecution was carried on by Galerius, and by the governors of the several provinces.

The Story of St. Vincent.

Vincent was a Spanish Christian, who had been educated by Valerius, bishop of Saragossa. On account of his great merits he was made a deacon. When the persecution reached Spain, Dacian, the governor of Tarragona, ordered Valerius the bishop, and Vincent the deacon, to be seized, loaded with irons, and imprisoned.

Some time after, Dacian examined them and threatened them with death, unless they renounced their faith. Vincent, undertaking to speak for both, avowed their full determination to persist in the faith. Hereupon Dacian, in a rage at his boldness of speech, declared that unless he immediately consented to burn incense to the gods, he should himself fall a sacrifice.

Both the prisoners resolutely refused to obey the governor. Valerius was banished, but the whole of Dacian's rage was exhausted on Vincent; he was racked, had his limbs dislocated, and his flesh torn with hooks.

These horrid torments neither putting an end to his life nor changing his faith, he was sent back to prison, and confined in a dark dun-

geon. Orders were also given not to let him have any food whatever, and that the news of his death should be carried to Dacian as soon as it took place. When the keepers thought him starved, they entered the dungeon; but, instead of finding a corpse as they expected, they beheld Vincent engaged in prayer, his wounds healed, and his body in a good state of health.

This speedy recovery, and preservation, had such an effect upon the keepers that it became the means of their conversion. Dacian, however, instead of being impressed by so wonderful a cure, was enraged at the triumph of Vincent over his persecutors, and gave orders for new tortures to be prepared for him, of so severe a nature as to make his death seem certain. But his malice was again disappointed; for before the instruments could be prepared, God took Vincent to himself, and he died with as much calmness as if he had only sunk into a gentle sleep.

Dacian then ordered that Vincent's body should be exposed in the fields to the vultures; but they would not touch it, so he commanded that it should be thrown into the river, which was accordingly done.

The Torture of Saturninus.

The persecution of Diocletian was carried into Africa, and many of the Christians were put to cruel tortures and painful deaths. The most eminent of these was Saturninus, a citizen of Abyla, a town on the sea coast. Being informed against, Saturninus, with four of his children, and several other persons, were arrested, and to make their punishment the more public, they were sent to Carthage, where they were examined by Anulinus, the proconsul.

Saturninus, at his examination, gave spirited answers, and upheld the Christian religion with great eloquence. Anulinus, enraged at his boldness, ordered him to be silenced by being put to a variety of tortures, such as scourging, and burning with hot irons. Having been thus dreadfully treated, he was sent back to prison, and there

starved to death. His four young children were also cruelly tormented, but they all remained firm in their faith. They were then sent back to the dungeon in which their father was confined, and starved to death there with him.

There were eight other Christians tortured on the same day as Saturninus, and in much the same manner. Two expired on the spot, through the severity of their sufferings; and the other six being sent back to prison, were suffocated by the heat and stifling air of their dungeon. Thelico, a pious Christian; Dativus, a noble Roman senator; Victoria, a young lady of good family and fortune; with some others of lower station, who had been hearers of Saturninus, were seized at the same time, tortured in a similar manner, and at last starved to death.

Martyrdom of Three Sisters.

Three sisters, Chionia, Agape, and Irene, were imprisoned at Thessalonica. They had been educated in the Christian faith, but had taken great care to remain undiscovered, and had retired to a lonely place. When at last found out and seized, they seemed to lose their timidity, blamed themselves for being so fearful, and prayed to God to strengthen them for the great trial they had to undergo.

When Agape was examined before Dulcatius, the governor, she was asked whether or not she was disposed to obey the laws? She answered that she was a Christian, and could not comply with any laws which required the worship of idols; that her resolution was fixed, and nothing should deter her from continuing in it. Her sister Chionia replied in the same manner. Then the governor, not being able to make them swerve from their faith, pronounced sentence of condemnation against them, and the two were taken out and burned to death.

Irene, the youngest of the three sisters, was a beautiful girl, only about eighteen years of age. She had been forced to witness the fate

IRENE BURNED AT THESSALONICA

of her two sisters in the hope of arousing her fears and breaking her spirit. But when she had been taken away from the dreadful scene and brought before the governor, she replied to his questions as fearlessly as her sisters had done. In vain Dulcatius urged the girl to return to the worship of the heathen gods, and to take part in the feasts held in their honor. She refused utterly to have anything to do with them, and boldly declared that she would rather follow her sisters to the fire than abandon the true faith.

When the governor found that he could not influence the girl, he ordered her to be exposed in the streets, to the insults of the soldiery. This shameful order having been carried out, wood was brought, and a fire kindled near the city wall, amidst the flames of which the young martyr's heroic spirit ascended beyond the reach of man's cruelty.

Martyrdom of Theodotus and Others.

Theotecnus, the governor of Dalmatia, on the eastern shore of the Adriatic Sea, received with great pleasure the order to begin persecuting the Christians. He at once wrote the emperor that he would do his utmost to root out Christianity from every place under his rule. Urged on by the governor, the people began to inform against, abuse, and persecute the Christians. Great numbers were seized and imprisoned; their goods were destroyed, and their houses taken away from them.

Many of the poor people fled into the woods, or lived in caves, where some supported themselves by feeding upon roots, and others perished by famine. Some were also starved in the city, by means of the following singular stratagem. The governor gave strict orders, that no provisions whatever should be exposed for sale in the markets without having first been consecrated to the idols. The Christians were therefore compelled to eat what had been offered to the gods, or to go without food and starve. The latter dreadful

fate was actually suffered by some, who in order to preserve their faith were willing to give up their lives.

In these dreadful times, Theodotus, a Christian innkeeper, did all he could to comfort the afflicted. He buried the bodies of several who had been martyred, though this was forbidden on pain of death. He likewise privately furnished many with food; and having laid in a great stock of grain, he sold it at its mere cost.

But not all who called themselves Christians could brave the terrors of a cruel death. One named Polychronichus, upon being seized not only renounced his faith in order to preserve his life, but informed against his friend Theodotus, who hearing of his treachery, surrendered himself to the governor of his own accord.

On his arrival in the court, Theodotus looked at the instruments of torture with a smile, and seemed not to care for their effects. When placed on trial, the governor informed him that it was still in his power to save his life, by sacrificing to the gods of the empire; and more than that, said he, if you will give up your faith in Christ, I promise you that through my friendship and the emperor's protection, you may become one of the chief men of the city.

Theodotus displayed great courage and eloquence in his answer to this appeal. He absolutely refused to renounce his faith, declined the friendship of the governor, or protection of the emperor, and treated the idols with the greatest contempt. At this the bystanders cried out against the prisoner, and demanded that he be immediately punished. The heathen priests in particular rent their clothes, and threw down the badges of their office, through rage. The governor therefore consented to their demands, and directed the executioners to take the prisoner and torture him to the last extremity.

Theodotus was then scourged, and next placed upon the rack. After this, his flesh was seared with burning torches, and he was then sent back to prison. As he went, pointing to his mangled body, he said to the people, "It is but just that a Christian should suffer for

Him who suffered for us all." Five days after he was brought from prison, tortured again, and then beheaded.

Seven Aged Women are Drowned.

Seven aged women of Ancyra were about this time arrested for their faith. They were examined before the governor, who reviled their belief, ridiculed their age, and ordered them to assist in the idolatrous rites of washing the goddesses Minerva and Diana: for in Ancyra it was the custom every year to cleanse the images of those goddesses. This was considered an important ceremony.

Accordingly, they were forced to the temple; but absolutely refusing to wash the idols, the governor was so enraged, that he ordered them to have stones tied about their necks, and to be pushed into the water intended for the washing. This was immediately done, and the seven aged women were all drowned.

Wonderful Courage of Philip, Bishop of Heraclea.

Philip, bishop of Heraclea, in Asia Minor, had in almost every act of his life shown himself to be a good Christian.

An officer, named Aristomachus, being sent to shut up the Christian church in Heraclea, Philip told him that the shutting up of buildings made by hands could not destroy Christianity; for the true faith dwelt not in the places where God is adored, but in the hearts of his people.

Being denied entrance to the church in which he used to preach, Philip took up his station at the door, and there exhorted the people to patience, perseverance and godliness. For this he was seized and carried before the governor, who severely reproved him, and then said: Bring all the vessels used in your worship, and the Scriptures which you read and teach the people, and surrender them to me, before you are forced to do so by tortures. Philip listened unmoved to this harsh command, and then replied, If you take any pleasure in

seeing us suffer, we are prepared for the worst you can do. This infirm body is in your power; use it as you please. The vessels you demand shall be delivered up, for God is not honored by gold and silver, but by faith in his name. As to the sacred books, it is neither proper for me to part with them, nor for you to receive them. This answer so much enraged the governor, that he ordered the venerable bishop to be put to the torture.

The crowd then ran to the place where the Scriptures and the church plate were kept. They broke down the doors, stole the plate, and burned the books; after this they wrecked the church.

When Philip was taken to the market-place, he was ordered to sacrifice to the Roman gods. In answer to this command, he made a spirited address on the real nature of the Deity; and said it appeared that the heathens worshipped that which might lawfully be trodden under foot, and made gods of such things as Providence had designed for their common use.

Philip was then dragged by the mob through the streets, severely scourged, and brought again to the governor; who charged him with obstinate rashness, in continuing disobedient to the emperor's command. To this he boldly replied, that he thought it wise to prefer heaven to earth, and to obey God rather than man. The governor then sentenced him to be burned, which was done accordingly, and he expired singing praises to God in the midst of the fire.

Agricola, and Other Martyrs in Italy.

Agricola was a Christian of so amiable a disposition, that he even gained the good will of the heathen among whom he lived. But he was at last seized, and sentenced to die the terrible death by crucifixion. This martyr was so much beloved by his friends that they took his body, together with the cross upon which he perished and buried both, with reverent care, in one grave.

Vitalis, the servant and convert of Agricola, was seized upon the

same account as his master, and being put to the torture, died under the hands of his executioners.

Timothy, of Mauritania.

Timothy, a deacon of Mauritania, in northern Africa, and Maura his wife, had been married but three weeks, when they were separated from each other by the persecution. Timothy was carried before Arrianus the governor, who did all in his power to induce him to worship the heathen gods. But his efforts being vain, and knowing that Timothy had the keeping of the sacred writings used in Christian worship, the governor commanded him to deliver them up, that they might be burned. Timothy answered, "Had I children, I would rather deliver them up to be burned, than the word of God."

The governor, much enraged at this reply, ordered the prisoner's eyes to be put out, saying to him, The books shall at least be useless to you, for now you cannot see to read them. Timothy endured this punishment with such patience that the governor grew more furious, and ordered him to be hung up by the feet, with a weight tied about his neck, and a gag in his mouth.

This barbarous treatment Timothy bore with the greatest courage. Then some person told the governor that he had been but newly married to a wife of whom he was very fond. Arrianus accordingly had Maura sent for, and promised her a handsome reward, with the life of her husband, if she would prevail upon him to sacrifice to the idols. Maura, wavering in her faith, tempted by the bribe, and impelled by an unbounded affection for her husband, undertook to persuade him; and when taken to him, she assailed his constancy with all the moving eloquence of affection.

As soon as the gag was taken out of Timothy's mouth, in order to give him an opportunity to speak, instead of consenting to his wife's entreaties, as they expected, he blamed her mistaken love, and declared his resolution of dying for the faith. Maura continued to

beseech him, till, at last, her husband reproached her so bitterly for her weakness that she returned to his way of thinking, and resolved to imitate his courage.

Timothy advised her to repair her fault by declaring that resolution to the governor. Being strengthened by his words, and the grace of God, she went to Arrianus, and told him, that she was united to her husband in faith as well as love, and was ready to suffer for her wicked conduct, in trying to make him an apostate. The governor immediately ordered her to be tortured, which was done with great severity. After this Timothy and Maura were crucified side by side.

The Emperors Constantius and Galerius.

In the year 305, Diocletian and Maximian gave up their imperial crowns and were succeeded by Constantius and Galerius. The former was a man of the most mild and humane disposition; the latter remarkable for his tyranny and cruelty.

The empire was now divided into two equal governments; Galerius ruling in the East, and Constantius in the West, which included Spain, Gaul, and Britain. The people in the two parts felt the effects of the different dispositions of the emperors; for those in the West were governed in the mildest manner, while those in the East felt all the miseries of cruelty and oppression.

Dreadful Persecutions by Galerius.

As Galerius hated the Christians, we are told by ancient writers, that "he not only condemned them to the ordinary tortures, but to be burned in slow fires."

A Christian named Amphianus, who lived at Lycia, saw a proclamation being read. Approaching nearer, he heard that all persons were commanded to sacrifice to the heathen idols. Pressing through the crowd, he caught the governor, Urbianus, by the hand, and reproached

him for his superstition. Incensed at this, the governor ordered him to be put to the torture, and then thrown into the sea.

Julitta, a lady of rank, was a Christian, and when the edict for sacrificing to idols was published at Iconium, she fled from that city, taking her young son, Cyricus, and two female servants with her. She was, however, seized at the city of Tarsus, and being carried before Alexander, the governor, acknowledged that she was a Christian. For this bold confession of her faith, her little son was taken from her arms and she was put to the rack, and tortured with great severity, which she bore with quiet resignation. The child cried bitterly to get to his mother, and the governor, observing his beauty, was moved by the tears of the infant, so he took him up, and endeavored to pacify him. Nothing, however, would quiet the child; he still called upon his mother, and at length, in imitation of her confession, lisped out, "I am a Christian." The governor's compassion turned into rage upon hearing these hated words, and throwing the child furiously against the pavement, he dashed out his brains. The mother, from the rack, beheld the dreadful deed and was soon afterward slain by having her head cut off with a sword.

Death of Pantaleon, the Physician.

Pantaleon, a young man who lived at the city of Nicomedia, was instructed by his father in the learning of the pagans, but was taught from the Scriptures by his mother, who was a Christian. Taking up the study of medicine, he became eminent in that profession, and was appointed physician to the emperor Galerius. Pantaleon, in Greek, signifies *humane*, and the name well suited his nature, for he was one of the most benevolent men of his time. But his extraordinary reputation for skill in the cure of diseases, roused the jealousy of his fellow physicians, who accused him to the emperor. Galerius, on finding him a Christian, ordered him to be tortured and then beheaded, which sentence was carried out.

Two officers in the Roman army, Nicander and Marcian, were seized as Christians. They were both warriors of great skill and courage, and the utmost endeavors were made to induce them to renounce Christianity; but this being without effect, they were sentenced to be beheaded. The execution was attended by vast crowds of people, among whom were the wives of the two sufferers. The wife of Nicander was a Christian, and encouraged her husband to meet his death bravely; but the wife of Marcian, being a heathen, entreated her husband to save himself, for the sake of his wife and child. Marcian, while reproving her for this advice, tenderly embraced her and the infant. Nicander likewise took leave of his wife in the most loving manner, and then both, with great resolution, received the crown of martyrdom. Besides these there were many others slain at this time, whose names are not recorded.

A Roman Governor's Mistake.

Five Egyptian Christians who had come to Cæsarea, were arrested and taken before Firmilian, the governor of Palestine. On questioning them, he was answered by one who spoke for all, and said they were Christians, and belonged to the glorious city of Jerusalem, meaning the heavenly Jerusalem. The governor was surprised at this answer, for he knew that Vespasian and his son Titus had destroyed the ancient Jerusalem, and nothing but an unimportant town existed on its site. He therefore inquired more particularly about it.

The Christian who had spoken before, again replied, pursuing the allegory, and describing with great force of imagination, the beauty, riches, and glory of the place. Firmilian still mistaking his meaning, became much alarmed. Not knowing that a heavenly city was alluded to, he thought the Christians was strengthening and fortifying some place, in order to revolt from their allegiance to the emperor. Acting upon this supposition, and enraged at their supposed disloyalty, he

condemned the five prisoners to be cruelly tormented, and then beheaded.

St. George.

George, commonly called St. George, and adopted by England as her patron saint, was born in Cappadocia. His parents were Christians, of high station, and their son received careful religious training. His father dying, his mother went to live in Palestine, her native country, where she had inherited a considerable estate.

George, being of an active and adventurous disposition, enlisted as a soldier in the Roman army and soon became known as a brave and skilful warrior. Having gained the favor of the emperor, Diocletian, by some act of gallantry, George was made an officer, and being frequently promoted attained high military rank. But when Diocletian began to persecute the Christians, George cast aside all his hopes of fame and fortune, and at once boldly presented himself before the astonished emperor. He declared himself a Christian, refused to carry out the imperial command, and called Heaven to witness that he would take no part in the slaughter of his brethren. Surprised and indignant at being thus defied by one whom he had greatly favored, Diocletian instantly ordered his arrest.

George was soon after brought to trial and given a last opportunity to yield to the emperor's wishes. Instead of doing so, however, he repeated his refusal to serve in the army if it was to be used as a means of persecuting men of his own faith.

This bold avowal caused George to be instantly condemned to torture and death; he was scourged, cruelly mangled, and at last beheaded. The legend of the dragon, which is associated with this martyr, is usually illustrated by representing St. George seated upon a charging horse and transfixing the monster with his spear. This fiery dragon symbolizes the devil, who was vanquished by St. George's steadfast faith in Christ, which remained unshaken in spite of torture and death.

CHAPTER IX.

CONSTANTINE, THE FIRST CHRISTIAN EMPEROR OF ROME, A. D. 306.

CONSTANTINE I., called "the Great," was the first Roman emperor to become a convert to the Christian faith. He was the eldest son of the emperor Constantius, and from his boyhood had been accustomed to the life of camps, as he accompanied his father on many campaigns. Constantine was thus trained early to arms, and during his after life, throughout the greater part of his reign, he was engaged in warfare with the enemies of Rome, and led her victorious standard to remote parts of the world. Constantine defeated the barbarians of the north in many bloody battles, and built a line of forts on the Rhine, to hold them in check.

Constantine was first made emperor of those countries only which lay beyond the Alps, and began his reign at the death of his father. Some years after he had become master of this part of the empire, Maxentius, who ruled over the southern part, including Italy and the city of Rome itself, became jealous of Constantine's growing power and made ready to lead an army against him. Constantine, hearing of these preparations, immediately set out for Rome at the head of his trained veterans, and defeated Maxentius, who was drowned in the Tiber while trying to escape into the capital. His rival having perished, Constantine became master of Italy, and he soon after led his army against Licinius, a general who had made himself ruler over the eastern provinces. This war ended in the defeat of Licinius also, and Constantine thus became sole emperor

of the whole Roman world. He afterward removed the capital from Rome to Byzantium, and dedicated the city, with splendid ceremony, to the Virgin Mary. Christian priests led the procession around the walls, and an imperial edict proclaimed that no pagan temple should be built in New Rome. In after years, the city was called Constantinople in honor of the first Christian emperor. This name it has always since retained, and for a thousand years after the death of Constantine it remained the capital of the Roman empire, until taken by the Turks.

It was early in the reign of Constantine, while his throne was in danger from Maxentius, that the celebrated event took place which led to his conversion, and which is known in history as "The Vision of Constantine." The following is the story as it is told by the ancient historian, Eusebius, who also stated that he would have thought it impossible had he not heard it from the emperor's own lips, and been present when he publicly acknowledged it to be true.

The Vision of Constantine.

The army of Constantine was advancing upon Rome. It was the 27th of October, in the year 312, about three o'clock in the afternoon, when the sun was beginning to lower in the heavens. The emperor was leading his veteran soldiers to a battle against Maxentius, which would either bring him death or establish him undisputed sovereign over the greater part of the known world.

Suddenly there appeared a radiant light in the sky, which took the form of a cross, with this inscription plainly written upon it, in Greek, BY THIS SIGN CONQUER.

Constantine, as well as his soldiers—for the light dazzled the eyes of the whole army—wondered greatly at the strange sight. The officers consulted the heathen soothsayers and wise men to find out what it might mean, and these were inclined to regard it as an omen of disaster and defeat in the coming battle.

The emperor himself, not understanding what this strange sign in the heavens could be, was also much cast down because of it, for he, too, thought it was a sign of coming evil. But that night, while sleeping, he saw another vision. In this the figure of Christ appeared to him, holding the cross, and commanding the emperor to make a royal standard or banner, like that he had seen in the heavens, and cause it to be continually carried before his army, as an emblem of faith and ensign of victory.

Early the next morning, Constantine told his officers what he had seen in the night, and sending for proper workmen, sat down by them and described to them the form of the standard, which he ordered them to make at once of the richest materials and finest workmanship. Accordingly they made a long spear, plated with gold, with a traverse bar at the top, in the form of a cross; to this was fastened a four-square purple banner, embroidered with gold, and beset with precious stones, which reflected a dazzling lustre. Upon this purple banner there were also pictures of the emperor and his two sons. At the top of the spear-shaft, above the cross, was fixed a crown, overlaid with gold and jewels. Inside of this golden crown was placed the sacred symbol, namely, the two first letters of Christ in Greek, X and P, struck one through the other. This device Constantine afterward bore not only upon his standard, but also upon his coins, many of which are still in existence.

PERSECUTION OF THE CHRISTIANS IN PERSIA.

In consequence of the gospel having been carried into Persia, the pagan priests of that country, whose livelihood depended upon the continuance of heathen worship, became greatly alarmed. They therefore complained to the king, saying that the Christians were traitors, and were friendly to Persia's greatest enemy, the emperor of Rome. The king, being himself opposed to Christianity, be-

lieved their accusations, and issued orders for the persecution of the Christians throughout the Persian empire.

Martrydom of Simeon and Others.

In consequence of this command, Simeon, archbishop of Seleucia, with many other Christians, to the number of 128, were arrested and accused of having betrayed the affairs of Persia to the Romans. The emperor being greatly angered against them, ordered Simeon, with his fellow-prisoners, to be examined as to their faith, and compelled to worship the sun, as the Persians did. As they refused to do this, the emperor sentenced them to be beheaded, which was at once done.

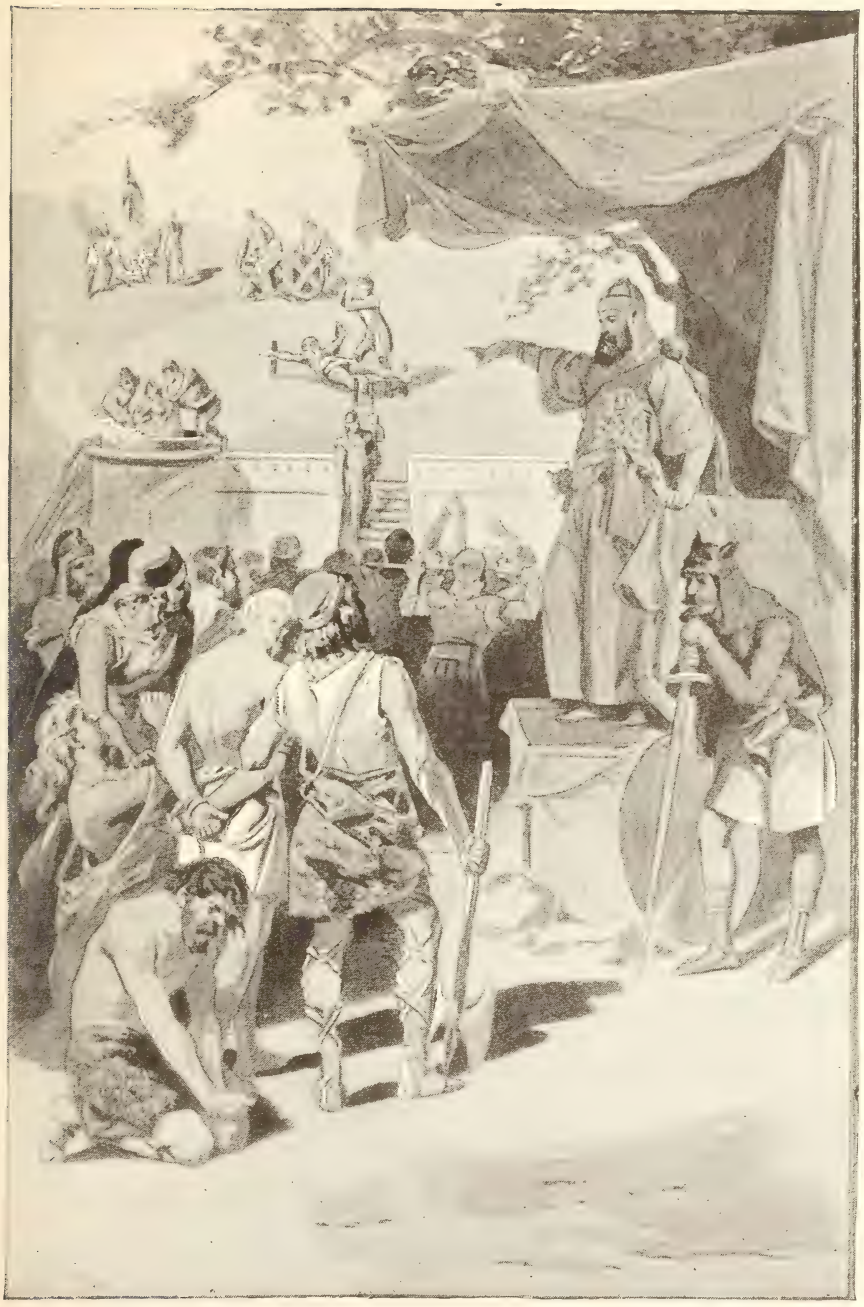
Dreadful Tortures by the Persians.

The king of Persia then issued an edict that all who confessed themselves Christians should be put to death. This order caused the destruction of multitudes, who were tortured and slain in many horrible ways. A circumstance which at this time increased the hatred against the Christians, was the strange illness of the queen. This was said by some to be caused by poison, and the sisters of Simeon, the archbishop, were accused. After a hasty trial they were adjudged guilty, sentenced to be sawn asunder, and their mangled remains were fixed upon poles, between which the sick queen was carried by her physicians, as a means of curing her.

Acepsimus, a leader among the Christians of Persia, and many other persons were seized, and commanded to worship the sun. Refusing to do this, they were scourged, and tormented to death, or kept in prison till they died. Athalas, a missionary, though not put to death, was so cruelly racked that his arms were made useless, and during the rest of his life he had to be fed like a child.

Constantine Appeals to the King of Persia.

When Constantine heard of the persecutions in Persia, he was



TERRIBLE PERSECUTION OF THE CHRISTIANS BY THE KING OF PERSIA.

much concerned, and began to consider how he could help the Christians. Just at this time an ambassador arrived from the Persian emperor upon some business of state; Constantine received him courteously, granted his requests, and when he departed sent a letter by him to the Persian monarch asking favor for the Christians. In this he pointed out that misfortune had always overtaken their persecutors in former days, while success and prosperity had attended those who refrained from harming them.

Speaking of his victories over rival emperors of his own time, he said, "I subdued these solely by faith in Christ; for which God was my helper, who gave me victory in battle, and made me triumph over my enemies. He hath likewise so enlarged to me the bounds of the Roman empire, that it extends from the Western Ocean almost to the uttermost parts of the East: for this domain I neither offered sacrifices to the ancient deities, nor made use of charm or divination; but only offered up prayers to the Almighty God, and followed the cross of Christ. Rejoiced should I be if the throne of Persia found glory also, by embracing the Christians: that so you with me, and they with you, may enjoy all happiness."

In consequence of this appeal, the persecution ended for the time, but it was renewed in later years when another king succeeded to the throne of Persia.

THE HERESY OF ARIUS, A. D. 319.

Up to this time the Christian church had been united in doctrine and belief; its only enemies were from without. The persecutions of heathen nations alone were to be feared, and these, though at times widespread and bloody, had seemed powerless to stop its advance. But with increase in wealth and numbers came dissension.

The first open contest over questions of doctrine, within the church itself, was brought about by Arius, who had fallen away from the true

faith in Jesus Christ, and taught the people that Christ was not one and equal with God the Father. This heresy led away great numbers of the half-converted heathen, who did not like to humble their souls by confessing that Jesus Christ is God.

The birthplace and early history of Arius is not certainly known; he is first heard of as a presbyter, as priests were then called, engaged in a dispute with the bishop of Alexandria. It is recorded that the bishop summoned this unruly presbyter to appear before him, and after hearing his views gave judgment against him. Arius was then expelled from the city, with others of the clergy who upheld him.

Great Disturbances Caused by Arius.

As Arius had a great many followers, the result of his condemnation was widespread disorder and commotion among the churches. Bishops argued against bishops, and congregations were greatly excited. The mysteries of the Christian faith became a subject of irreverent controversy among men, women, and children. Even the heathen joined in the profane uproar.

This difference of opinion between Christians who believed Arius to be right and those who knew him to be wrong, caused Constantine to call the first great council of the church. It was held at the city of Nicæa, in the year 325, and its decision was against Arius. The creed adopted at this council, which is known as the Nicene creed, was subscribed to by all the members of the council except Arius himself, and two bishops, who for their heresy were excommunicated and banished.

This decision did not put an end to Arianism, nor did the death of Arius himself, which took place ten years later. The Arians continued as a distinct religious sect, outside of the church, until about 650; finding many believers in Africa, Spain, and France. It then disappeared as a distinct national type of Christianity before the growth of Catholicism.

Arians Upheld by Constantius.

To return to the events following the council of Nicæa: Constantius, son and successor of Constantine the Great, when he came to the throne showed some favor to the Arians, and they were emboldened to raise a persecution against the orthodox bishops and clergy. Athanasius, the most able defender of the Nicene doctrine, and some other bishops, were banished to Gaul, and their places filled with Arians.

In Egypt and Libya, some prelates were martyred and many Christian people cruelly abused. George, the Arian bishop of Alexandria, under the authority of the emperor, began a persecution in that city, which was continued with great severity. Indeed, so fierce was this persecution, that the clergy were driven from Alexandria, their churches were closed, and the cruelties practised by the Arian heretics resembled those of the pagan idolaters of former times.

Persecution by the Arians.

The orthodox Christians, being deprived of all places of public worship in the city of Alexandria, used to meet in a desert place to escape the mob. Hearing of this, George, the Arian bishop, engaged Sebastian, the general, to fall upon them with his soldiers, on Sunday while they were at prayers; and many were sacrificed to the fury of the troops, while others suffered more cruel and lingering deaths, being lashed with twigs of palm-trees, with such violence that they expired under the blows or by the mortification of their wounds. Several of the Christians, whose lives had been spared, were banished to the deserts of Africa.

At this time, not satisfied with the cruelties practised upon the Christians in Alexandria, the principal persecutors applied to the emperor for an order to banish them from Egypt and Libya, and to give up their churches to the Arians. This request Constantius granted, and an order was sent to Sebastian, who carried the em-

peror's command to all the sub-governors and officers. Hence a great number of the clergy were seized and imprisoned; and as they all held to the opinions of Athanasius, an order was signed for their banishment into the desert. While the clergy were being thus abused, many of the people who held to their faith in its purity, were condemned to the mines, or compelled to work in the quarries. Some few, indeed, escaped to other countries, and several were weak enough to renounce their faith in order to avoid the severities of this persecution.

Violence of the Arians.

Growing stronger, the Arians made Gregory of Cappadocia, a man of but moderate abilities, bishop of Alexandria, after having deposed Athanasius. In this they were assisted by Philagerius, the governor of Egypt, an apostate, who permitted them to commit every outrage. Thus encouraged, the mob armed themselves with swords and clubs, and broke into one of the principal churches of Alexandria, where a great many orthodox Christians were assembled; and falling upon them, without showing any mercy to age or sex, butchered the greater number.

Potamo, a venerable bishop of Heraclea, who had formerly lost one of his eyes in Diocletian's persecution, fell a martyr upon this occasion; being so cruelly scourged and beaten, that he died of his wounds. The Arians also broke into buildings, both public and private, under a pretense of searching for Athanasius, and committed many outrages.

It is indeed disheartening to see, in this early age of the church, men calling themselves Christians, many of whom had but lately escaped from the hands of their heathen enemies, persecuting each other with all the violence and ferocity of the pagans under whom they had themselves suffered. But the great principle of religious toleration had yet to become known, and many centuries were to pass

away before men should learn the folly of trying to enforce religious belief with the sword—and unnumbered thousands of human lives were to be sacrificed before this great principle should prevail.

Successors of Constantine the Great.

Constantine the Great left three sons, Constantinus, Constans, and Constantius, among whom he divided his empire. The first two died violent deaths after reigning over their portions for only a few years, and Constantius, the last surviving and most worthless of the brothers, became sole emperor. His reign was also short, and although he called himself a Christian, it was marred by cruelty and oppression. He died while preparing to go to war with Julian, who had established himself, with the aid of his army, as emperor of Rome.

PERSECUTIONS UNDER JULIAN, CALLED THE APOSTATE, A. D. 361.

Julian became sole emperor at the death of Constantius. He was the son of Julius Constantius, and the nephew of Constantine the Great. Although educated by his father in the Christian faith, he was at heart a pagan, and no sooner was he seated upon the throne than he made a public avowal of his belief and trust in the ancient gods of the heathen; therefore he is known to history as Julian the Apostate.

Julian again restored idolatrous worship, by opening the temples that had been shut up, rebuilding such as were destroyed, and ordering the magistrates and people to follow his example; but he did not make any laws against Christianity. On the contrary, he allowed the free exercise of religion to every sect. Nevertheless, he deprived many Christians of their civil and military offices, and took from the clergy privileges granted them by Constantine the Great. Although a heathen, Julian was able, temperate, and brave. These

very qualities, however, enabled him to exert a greater influence against the spread of Christianity than some of the cruel emperors before him had done by violence and oppression. In Julian's army the symbols of paganism and the imperial standards were artfully mingled, so that soldiers could not pay the customary homage to their emperor without seeming to worship the heathen gods. Also, when the men came forward to make any request, or to offer gifts to their officers, they were required to throw incense on the altar of the heathen gods before being heard. Thus, although the emperor, in person, entered upon no general and widespread persecution of the Christians, he exerted all his pressure and influence to restore the old faith.

After Julian had reigned three years, he crossed the river Tigris, and marched against the king of Persia, but was obliged to go back before encountering him, because of the sufferings of his army from want of water and provisions. While thus retreating, Julian was attacked by the Persians, his forces routed, and himself slain.

Although no violent deaths of Christians are recorded as being inflicted by the direct command of Julian during his brief reign, there were, nevertheless, several executions in different parts of the empire ordered by heathen governors and officers.

The Story of Basil.

Basil lived in Galatia, a country of Asia Minor. His eloquence in preaching the gospel of Christ brought down upon him the anger of the Arian bishop of Constantinople, who issued an order to prevent him from preaching. In spite of this Basil continued to preach, until his enemies accused him of being a disturber of the public peace and caused charges to be laid before the emperor. Julian was too busy preparing for his Persian expedition to take notice of the accusation, and Basil's enemies were disappointed in bringing him to trial, so he continued to preach against the idolatry of paganism on the one

hand, and the errors of Arianism on the other; earnestly exhorting the people to serve Christ only, in the purity of the faith.

One day Basil met a number of men and women going in procession to sacrifice to some heathen god. He boldly chided them for such idolatry, and pointed out to them the folly of such ceremonies. This caused the people to seize him and carry him before Saturninus, the governor, where they accused him of reviling the gods, abusing the emperor, and disturbing the peace of the city. Having heard these accusations, Saturninus questioned Basil, and finding that he was a Christian, he ordered him to be put to the rack, and then sent him to prison, at Ancyra.

After a time the emperor chanced to come to Ancyra, and the people welcomed him with loyal greetings. Julian was soon told of Basil's imprisonment, and made up his mind to examine him. The prisoner was therefore brought from his dungeon and the emperor tried to persuade him to give up his faith; but Basil continued firm, and with prophetic spirit foretold the early death of the emperor, and defeat of his army. Julian, upon hearing this, forgot his usual clemency, and told Basil, in great anger, that although he had been at first inclined to pardon him, he now determined to let him remain in prison for the remainder of his life. The prisoner was therefore carried back to his cell. It is told of him, however, that after Julian's death he was released, and continued as long as he lived a fearless upholder of the Christian faith.

Severus Denounces the Worship of Venus.

Venus, goddess of love, was revered by the Romans as queen of the human heart. Emperors joined in worshipping her, held feasts in her honor, and the ablest of them, Julius Cæsar, proudly claimed descent from her, and from Mars, the god of war. The month of April, as the beginning of spring, was held to be the appropriate season in which to celebrate the triumphs of this god-

SEVERUS IS SCOURGED FOR REFUSING TO WORSHIP VENUS.

dess. Her temples were then thronged with worshippers, and marble statues, representing her in all the glory of perfect womanhood, lovely in form and feature, were decked with flowers.

It was against this popular idol that Severus, a Christian centurion in the Roman army, dared to raise his voice. Urged to join in a feast to be held in her honor, he not only refused to take any part in the heathen ceremony, but denounced Venus herself as representing all that was sensual and base in the human heart. Enraged to hear their favorite deity thus reviled, the populace seized Severus and dragged him before the magistrate. Upon being questioned the prisoner repeated the words he had previously spoken, and was at once condemned to be taken before the temple of the goddess he had insulted, stripped, and scourged with the *plumbetæ*, a whip made of many leathern thongs, each ending in a little ball of lead.

This sentence was at once carried out, and Severus was cruelly beaten by two strong men who were chosen to inflict the dreadful punishment. After this had been done in the presence of the angry crowd, he was delivered over to the public executioner, who cut off his head.

Donatus, Bishop of Arezzo, and Others.

About this time, Donatus, bishop of Arezzo, and Hilarinus, a hermit, suffered for the faith; the first being beheaded, and the latter scourged to death. Gordian, a Roman magistrate, having a Christian before him for examination, was so affected by his confession of faith, that he not only discharged the prisoner, but became a Christian himself. This so enraged the Roman prefect, who governed the province, under the emperor, that he ordered the magistrate to be scourged and beheaded.

Two brothers, named John and Paul, of noble family, and holding high offices under the emperor, were accused of being Christians. They were deprived of their positions, and given ten days in which

to consider whether they would renounce their faith, or suffer martyrdom. Choosing the latter, they were both beheaded.

A Schoolmaster Strangely Sentenced.

Cassian, a schoolmaster of a town not far from Rome, was arrested for refusing to sacrifice to the idols. The judge, hearing that the prisoner kept a school for boys, and that many of the scholars disliked their teacher on account of his strictness in keeping them to their studies, thought he could safely entrust the punishment of the prisoner to the hands of the boys themselves.

Cassian was accordingly bound and delivered over to his former scholars, who fell upon him fiercely with their styles (sharp-pointed irons, used as pens in writing upon wax-covered tablets), and stabbed him to death.

Theodorus, a Christian, was seized and put to the torture. After being taken from the rack, he was asked how he could so patiently endure such pains; to which question he made this remarkable reply: "At first I felt some pain, but afterward there appeared to stand by me a young man, who wiped the sweat from my face, and frequently refreshed me with cold water, which so delighted me, that I regretted being let down." Theodorus was afterward released.

Christians Fined for Refusing to Sacrifice to Idols.

When Julian made ready to fight against the Persians, he fined every one who refused to sacrifice to the idols, and by this means got a great sum from the Christians to help pay the costs of the war.

Many of the officers in collecting these fines, exacted more than their due, and some of them tortured the Christians to make them pay what they demanded, at the same time telling them in derision, that when they were injured, they ought to take it patiently, for so their God had commanded them. The Christians of Cæsarea were fined an immense sum, and several of the most prominent

persons among them were obliged to serve in the wars, as a punishment for having overthrown the temples of Jupiter, Fortune, and Apollo.

The governor of Phrygia, having cleansed and opened a pagan temple, the Christians in the night broke in, and demolished the idols. Next day the governor ordered the arrest of all persons known to be Christians, that he might make examples of them. By this means he would have taken several innocent persons; but those who really broke the idols, being too just to see others suffer, voluntarily delivered themselves up; and were severely scourged.

Marcus Stung to Death by Wasps.

Marcus, the bishop of Arethusa, a town of Thrace, destroyed a heathen temple and had a Christian church built up in its place. This caused him to be much hated by the heathen, who awaiting an opportunity, seized him while separated from his friends, stripped him of his clothing, and beat him cruelly with sticks. After they had thus revenged themselves upon him, they asked him whether he would rebuild their temple which he had torn down. Marcus not only refused to rebuild it, but threatened to have it again destroyed should they restore it themselves. Enraged at this defiant answer, his persecutors cast about for some way of punishing him, and finally hit upon a plan as cruel as it was singular. They bound Marcus with cords and placed him in a large basket, which they hung in a tree, after first smearing the poor prisoner's body over with honey, to attract the wasps, which were very numerous in that country. After being thus hung up in the tree, Marcus was asked for the last time whether he would restore the temple; he again refused, and his tormentors left him to perish by the stings of the venomous insects.

Death of Julian the Apostate.

Julian the Apostate, dying of a wound which he received in bat-

MARCUS IS HUNG IN A TREE AND STUNG TO DEATH BY WASPS.

tle with the Persians, was succeeded by Jovian, who restored peace to the church. After the death of Jovian, Valentinian became emperor with his brother Valens, who had the command in the East. The latter was a great favorer of Arianism. It is even recorded of him that he once ordered his soldiers to slay all the Christians in the city of Edessa, in Mesopotamia, while they were in the churches. The officers, however, being more merciful than the emperor, gave warning to the Christians not to assemble on the day appointed, so that they might escape death.

The Christians thanked the officers for the advice, but resolved to go to church as usual; accordingly the troops were put in motion to destroy them. As they marched along, a woman, with a child in her arms, ran through the ranks; seeing this, the officer ordered her be brought before him, and asked her where she was going. She replied, to the church. But have you not heard, said the officer, of the emperor's order, to put to death all who are found there? I have, said she, and for that cause I make the more haste. And whither, said the officer, do you take that child? "I take him," replied she, "with me, that he also may be reckoned among the martyrs."

Upon this the humane officer returned to the emperor, and telling him that all the Christians were prepared to die in defence of their faith, begged him not to murder so great a multitude. The emperor, therefore, abandoned his cruel design.

PERSECUTION OF THE CHRISTIANS BY THE GOTHS.

During the reign of Constantine the Great, the light of the gospel penetrated even to the country of the barbarians. In north-eastern Europe, then called Scythia, some of the Goths, who lived in that land, were converted, but most of them continued to be pagans.

Fritegern, king of the Western Goths, was a friend of the Romans; but Athanaric, king of the Eastern Goths, was at war with them. The

Christians in the dominions of Fritegern, lived in peace; but Athanaric having been defeated by the Romans, revenged himself on his Christian subjects.

Sabas, a Christian, was the first to feel the king's anger. Sabas was humble and modest, yet ambitious for the advancement of the church; indeed, the sanctity of his life and the purity of his morals gave the greatest force to his doctrines. Athanaric at last gave orders, that all persons in his dominions should sacrifice to the heathen gods, and eat the meat which had been offered to the idols, or be put to death for disobedience. Some humane persons among the heathen, who had Christian relatives, endeavored to save them by offering them meat which had not been offered to the idols, while the magistrates were made to believe that all had been done according to their direction. But Sabas well knew that the sin lay not merely in eating; he knew that giving the enemies of the faith the advantage of seeming to yield to them was what made the action wrong. He, therefore, not only refused to comply, but publicly declared that those who sheltered themselves under that deception were not true Christians.

Sabas was soon after seized and carried before a magistrate, who inquired into his fortune and circumstances. Finding that he was poor and of lowly station, he dismissed him as unworthy of notice.

Soon after this Sabas went to visit Sansala, a Christian missionary: but on the third night after his arrival they were both seized by a party of soldiers. Sansala was permitted to dress himself and to ride, but Sabas was obliged to leave his clothes behind him, and to walk. All through the long journey they drove him among thorns and briers, beating him at almost every step. In the evening they stretched him between two beams, fastening his legs to the one and his arms to the other; and in that painful position left him for the night. A woman who pitied his sufferings released him; but although he was now at liberty, he did not try to escape.

In the morning the soldiers began to persuade him and his fellow-prisoner to renounce their religion, and eat the meat consecrated to the idols. They, however, firmly declared that they were ready to suffer the most cruel death rather than comply. Sansala was at length discharged, but Sabas was ordered to be drowned; which sentence was at once carried out.

Nicetas, who was also a Goth, lived near the Danube with his parents, and though he had long been a Christian, remained unharmed. One day Athanaric commanded that an idol should be drawn about on a chariot, in all the towns of his dominions inhabited by Christians. Every one was ordered, when the procession stopped at their door, to worship the pretended god. Nicetas firmly refused to come out when the idol passed by, and his house was therefore immediately set on fire, and every person in it perished.

How a Heathen Temple was Destroyed.

At the town of Apamea, in the country of the Scythians, a Christian missionary preached the gospel and endeavored to put down the worship of idols. He was therefore in great danger from the heathen; but one day a Roman general, at the head of a large number of soldiers came to Apamea, and as he was a favorer of the Christians, he determined to help the missionary in his work by ordering his soldiers to destroy the temple of Jupiter, which stood in the centre of the town.

The general found, however, that tearing down this temple was a more difficult task than he had supposed. It was built of great blocks of stone, and he feared that if he threw down one part the rest might suddenly fall and crush the workmen. He was therefore about to give up the undertaking, when a poor laborer, who was a Christian, came to him and showed him a way to accomplish the work. He pointed out that it would be better first to weaken the foundations, by digging under the pillars which supported the roof;

after doing this he shored them up with wooden beams. After a number of the pillars had been thus undermined, the wooden beams were set on fire, the pillars came down with a great crash, and the whole building fell with them.

After this the missionary and the general destroyed other temples, until, upon going to a place called Aulo, the inhabitants seized the missionary, while the soldiers were absent on an expedition to a neighboring town, and burned him alive.

PERSECUTIONS BY THE ARIAN VANDALS, A. D. 429.

A barbarous people called Vandals crossed over from Spain to the north coast of Africa, and under their great leader, Genseric, defeated the Roman army and conquered the whole country. As the Vandals were Arians they abused the Christians wherever they found them, laying waste all the cities they passed through, and inflicting such havoc and ruin upon every object of beauty and value, that the name of Vandal has ever since been a proverb for ruthless destruction.

They even burned the fields of grain so that as many of the people as escaped the sword might perish by famine. They plundered the churches, and murdered the bishops and ministers in many cruel ways. In particular, they poured rancid and filthy oil and liquids down the throats of some till they were suffocated. Others they martyred by stretching their limbs with cords till the veins and sinews burst. They compelled the chief men among their prisoners to carry their baggage; and if they did not travel fast enough, they pricked them on with sharp goads, so that several died under their burdens. Old men found no mercy, and even innocent babes felt the rage of their barbarity. Stately buildings were destroyed; and all the principal churches in Carthage were used for their barbarous worship. When a town held out against them, they brought great numbers of Christians and slew them, leaving their bodies under the

walls, so that the beseiged might be forced to surrender on account of the pestilence.

When the Vandals took the city of Carthage, they put the bishop, with many Christians, into a leaky ship, and committed it to the mercy of the waves, thinking that they must all perish; but the vessel arrived safe at another port. Several Christians were beaten, scourged, and banished to the desert, where it pleased God to make them the means of converting many of the Moors to Christianity; but this coming to the knowledge of Genseric, he sent orders that they and their converts should be tied by the feet to chariots, and dragged till they were dashed to pieces.

The Bishop of Urice and Others are Slain.

The bishop of Urice was burned; and the bishop of Habensa was banished, for refusing to deliver up the sacred books. A whole congregation which had assembled together in a church, together with the minister who was preaching to them, were murdered by the Vandals, who broke in without warning.

Archinimus, a devout Christian, was brought before Genseric himself for trial. The king finding him firm in his faith, ordered him to be beheaded. He, however, privately said to the executioner, "If the prisoner is courageous, and willing to die, strike not, for I do not intend that he shall have the honor of being deemed a martyr." The executioner, finding Archinimus happy in the thought of dying for the sake of Christ, brought him back to prison again; from which he was soon after missing, and never heard of more, being, it was said by some, privately murdered by the king's order.

Five Thousand Christians Banished.

Eugenius, bishop of Carthage, was eminent for his learning and piety, which brought upon him the hatred of the Arians. They took great pains to stir up the anger of the king against him and

others of the orthodox Christians. Consequently, Genseric banished more than five thousand persons to a desert in the south, where many of them perished. He also wrote a letter to Eugenius, in which he commanded that he should send out an order to all the churches in Africa, calling the orthodox bishops to meet at Carthage for the purpose of disputing with the Arians. Knowing they would not have a fair hearing, the bishop sent a petition to the king asking that the dispute might not take place, unless representatives from churches in Europe and Asia could be present. But the king paid no heed to this reasonable request; and even banished several of the most learned orthodox prelates before the council took place, so that the Arians might have the advantage.

At the appointed time for the council, the orthodox clergy chose ten of their number to act in the name of the rest. On the other side Cyrilla, an Arian, took the title of patriarch upon the occasion, and was seated on a magnificent throne. The Arian prelates were allowed to sit near him, but the orthodox bishops were obliged to stand. After much disorder the othodox party was refused all privileges, its churches were shut up, and the revenues confiscated. Then the clergy themselves were compelled to leave Carthage.

Persecution by an Arian Bishop.

Cyrilla, the Arian bishop of Carthage, was a great enemy to those Christians who professed the faith in its purity. He persuaded the king that he could never prosper in his undertakings, or enjoy his kingdom in peace, while he permitted so many of his subjects to practise that form of worship. He therefore attempted to draw them from their faith by flattery, and to bribe them by the promise of immediate worldly rewards. But against this temptation they were firm and constant, declaring resolutely against Arianism, and saying, We acknowledge but one Lord, and one faith; you may therefore do whatever you please with our bodies, for it is better

that we should suffer a few temporary pains, than endure everlasting misery. The governor being greatly angered by this, sent them to prison under sentence of death. The keeper, however, permitted their friends to see them; by which they were more confirmed in their resolution of dying for the true faith.

A Ship-load of Christians Burned.

When the governor heard of the favor they had received, he was very angry, and sent orders that they should be closely confined, and loaded with fetters. He then began to consider by what means he should put them to death, and at length ordered them to be put on a ship filled with wood and straw. The vessel was then set on fire, and all who were aboard of her were either drowned, or perished in the flames. The names of the chief men among these Christians were Rusticus, Liberatus, Rogatus, Servus, Septimus, and Boniface.

CHAPTER X.

ROME AND THE EMPIRE OF THE WEST, A. D. 375–400.

ALTHOUGH the Christian church continued to grow in power, under the guidance of able bishops, Rome herself, and the old cities of the empire, began to decline. There was to be seen in them a strange mingling of Christian ceremonial and heathen vice. The people were so idle and pleasure-loving that scarcely one Roman citizen had any longer the courage to fight in battle; but as they still had a great deal of money, they hired Goths, Germans, or Gauls—hardy barbarians from the wild countries of the North—to come and fight for them.

In Rome little was cared for but feasting and display, or looking on at the games in the Colosseum. The pleasure-loving Romans rushed in thousands to the great circular building to see chariot races, fights of armed gladiators, and combats between men and wild beasts. Christianity had not yet put an end to these cruel pastimes, although they were being continually preached against by the clergy.

Much time was also idled away by the Romans at the public baths, which were the places for social meeting and gossip as well as bathing. The soft, steamy air and warm waters of these baths, which were usually placed in beautiful and richly decorated marble buildings, helped to take away from these once brave and warlike people their ancient valor and resolution. The clothing of the Roman ladies was of the most gorgeous description, and the whole manner of life in the city was as wasteful and self-indulgent as it is possible to imagine. Good and religious people tried to escape from the evil life of the capital;

many of the men became hermits and monks, and went to live in wild and desolate places, far from the licentious crowd.

At this time a terrible, wild tribe, called Huns, drove the Goths across the Danube into Roman territory, and while trying to force them back again, Valens, the Roman emperor, was killed.

Theodosius, a brave and able general who succeeded Valens, made peace with the Goths, gained great victories over heathen nations in the East, and at last succeeded in uniting the empires of the East and West, and ruled over both as sole emperor. He was a good ruler and a friend to the Christians. He died at Milan, in the fiftieth year of his age, being the last to occupy the throne who really deserved the name of a Roman emperor—though the title was kept up for years by unworthy rulers, under whom Rome suffered all the horrors of defeat and pillage.

First Invasion of Alaric the Goth.

The two sons of Theodosius succeeded him, and soon after they had taken the throne the Goths rose again, crossed the Danube under their great leader Alaric, and spread over Greece. In religion the Goths were Arians, and called themselves Christians; therefore they destroyed all the statues and temples of the heathen gods, but did no harm to the orthodox Christian churches. Alaric had all the qualities of a great general. To the wild bravery of the Gothic barbarian he added the courage and skill of the Roman soldier. He led his forces across the Alps into Italy, and although driven back for the time, returned afterward with an irresistible force.

The Last Roman "Triumph."

After this fortunate victory over the Goths a "triumph," as it was called, was celebrated at Rome. For hundreds of years successful generals had been awarded this great honor on their return from a victorious campaign. Upon such occasions the city was given up

for days to the marching of troops laden with spoils, and who dragged after them prisoners of war, among whom were often captive kings and conquered generals. This was to be the last Roman triumph, for it celebrated the last Roman victory. Although it had been won by Stilicho, the general, it was the boy emperor, Honorius, who took the credit, entering Rome in the car of victory, and driving to the Capitol amid the shouts of the populace. Afterward, as was customary on such occasions, there were bloody combats in the Colosseum, where gladiators, armed with swords and spears, fought as furiously as if they were on the field of battle.

The Story of Telemachus.

The first part of the bloody entertainment was finished; the bodies of the dead were dragged off with hooks, and the reddened sand covered with a fresh clean layer. After this had been done the gates in the wall of the arena were thrown open, and a number of tall, well-formed men in the prime of youth and strength came forward. Some carried swords, others three-pronged spears and nets. They marched once around the walls, and stopping before the emperor, held up their weapons at arm's length, and with one voice sounded out their greeting, *Ave, Cæsar, morituri te salutant!* "Hail, Cæsar, those about to die salute thee!"

The combats now began again; the gladiators with nets tried to entangle those with swords, and when they succeeded mercilessly stabbed their antagonists to death with the three-pronged spear. When a gladiator had wounded his adversary, and had him lying helpless at his feet, he looked up at the eager faces of the spectators, and cried out, *Hoc habet!* "He has it!" and awaited the pleasure of the audience to kill or spare.

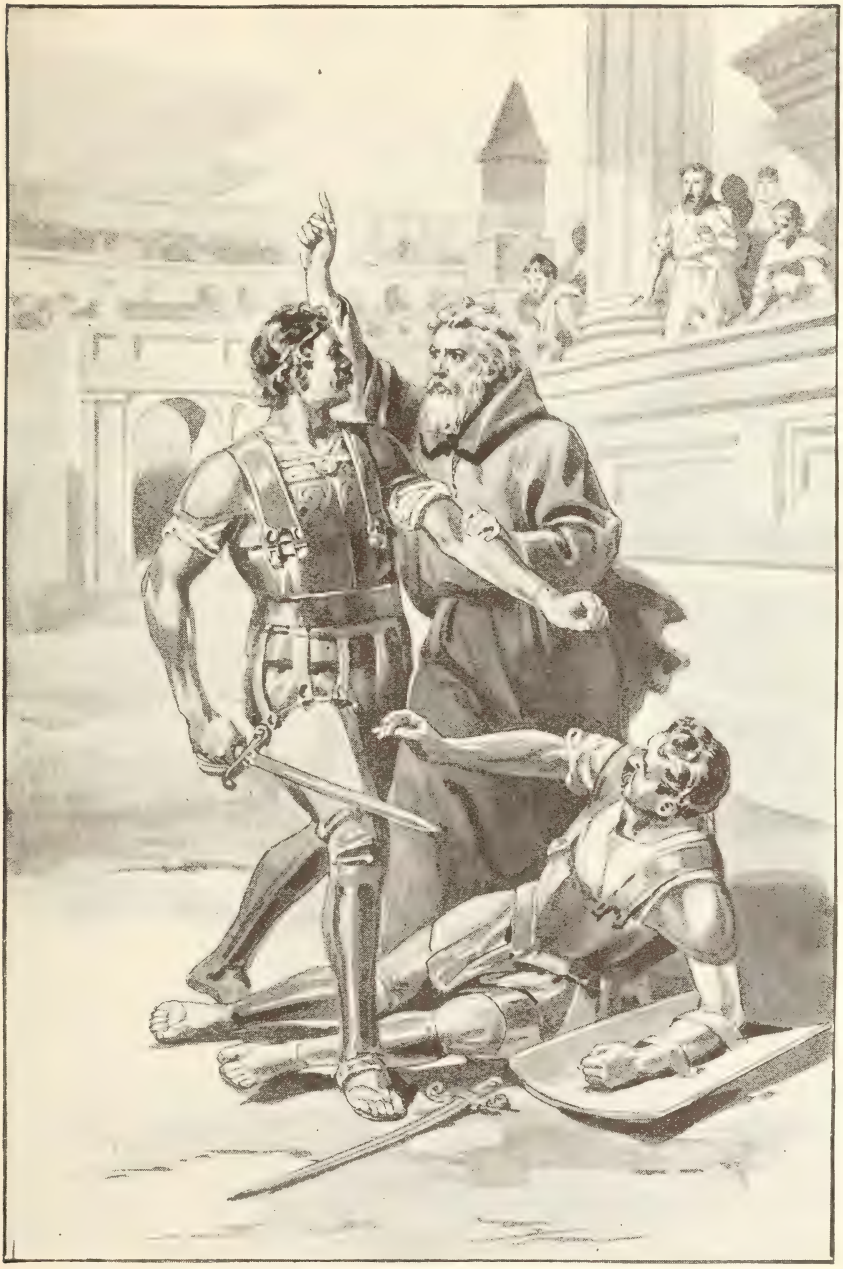
If the spectators held out their hands toward him, with thumbs upward, the defeated man was taken away, to recover if possible from his wounds. But if the fatal signal of "thumbs down" was

given, the conquered was to be slain; and if he showed any reluctance to present his neck for the death-blow, there was a scornful shout from the galleries, *Recipe ferrum!* "Receive the steel!" Privileged persons among the audience would even descend into the arena, to better witness the death-agonies of some unusually brave victim, before his corpse was dragged out at the death-gate.

The show went on; many had been slain, and the people, madly excited by the desperate bravery of those who continued to fight, shouted their applause. But suddenly there was an interruption. A rudely clad, robed figure appeared for a moment among the audience, and then boldly leaped down into the arena. He was seen to be a man of rough but imposing presence, bareheaded and with sun-browned face. Without hesitating an instant he advanced upon two gladiators engaged in a life-and-death struggle, and laying his hand upon one of them sternly reproved him for shedding innocent blood, and then, turning toward the thousands of angry faces ranged around him, called upon them in a solemn, deep-toned voice which resounded through the great enclosure. These were his words: Do not, said he, requite God's mercy in turning away the swords of your enemies by murdering each other!

Angry shouts and cries at once drowned his voice: This is no place for preaching!—the old customs of Rome must be observed! —On, gladiators! Thrusting aside the stranger, the gladiators would have again attacked each other, but the man stood between, holding them apart, and trying in vain to be heard. Sedition! sedition! down with him! was then the cry; and the gladiators, enraged at the interference of an outsider with their chosen vocation, at once stabbed him to death. Stones, or whatever missiles came to hand, also rained down upon him from the furious people, and thus he perished, in the midst of the arena.

His dress showed him to be one of the hermits who vowed themselves to a holy life of prayer and self-denial, and who were rever-



TELEMACHUS SEPARATES THE GLADIATORS AND LOSES HIS OWN LIFE.

enced by even the thoughtless and combat-loving Romans. The few who knew him told how he had come from the wilds of Asia on a pilgrimage, to visit the churches and keep his Christmas at Rome; they knew he was a holy man, and that his name was Telemachus—no more. His spirit had been stirred by the sight of thousands flocking to see men slaughter one another, and in his simple-hearted zeal he had tried to convince them of the cruelty and wickedness of their conduct. He had died, but not in vain. His work was accomplished at the moment he was struck down, for the shock of such a death before their eyes turned the hearts of the people: they saw the hideous aspects of the favorite vice to which they had blindly surrendered themselves; and from the day Telemachus fell dead in the Colosseum, no other fight of gladiators was ever held there.

Conquest of Rome by the Goths, A. D. 410.

Although the Goths had been driven back for a while, they soon came down from the North in greater numbers than before. And this time there was no Roman general able to oppose Alaric. Stilicho, the former conqueror, had been killed by jealous rivals. Honorius, the young and almost idiotic emperor, fled to the city of Ravenna, and, safe behind its walls and marshes, thought of nothing but feeding and caring for a favorite flock of chickens. Alaric encamped outside the walls of Rome, thus cutting off all supplies of food, and calmly waited for starvation to bring the people to terms. When the food was all gone, and after hunger had caused the death of thousands, the citizens sent out a company of the chief men of Rome to the Gothic chieftain, to offer him money to spare the city. But Alaric demanded such an enormous sum that even the starving Romans were aghast, and refused at first to pay it. They said, "There are yet many of us left, and we can fight." To this idle threat the Goth contemptuously replied, "The closer the grass stands, the quicker it is mown." What will you leave remaining to us, if we consent to

open the gates? asked the Romans. "Your lives," was the hard answer of the stern Goth.

At last not a particle of food remained in the once luxurious city, and the people had either to die or yield. They chose the latter and agreed to pay their enemy the ransom he had asked, which was: Five thousand pounds of gold; thirty thousand pounds of silver; four thousand silk robes; three thousand pieces of scarlet cloth; and three thousand pounds of pepper.

Thus Rome for the time escaped the hands of the destroyer; but it was only for a time. Alaric soon returned and entered the gates with his whole army. He did not wish, however, to utterly ruin and throw down the grand old capital, nor to butcher the inhabitants; but his soldiers were greedy for plunder, and he gave them permission for six days to despoil the city, but ordered them not to kill the people nor to injure churches. The wild and furious band could not, however, be entirely controlled, and terrible hardships were suffered by the people of Rome; but on the whole the damage done to the city was less than might have been expected, and the principal churches were left unharmed.

One of the stories of this time which has come down to us is the following: An old woman had been cruelly beaten to make her reveal the hiding-place of her money; but when at last her tormentors came to believe that she had none, but had spent it all in charity during the hardships of the siege, they repented of having used her so cruelly, and gently led her to the shelter of the church, where, however, she soon died of her injuries.

Death of Alaric.

After twelve days Alaric left Rome and continued to march south with all his forces, plundering the beautiful country houses of the Roman nobles on the way. At Cosenza, in the extreme south, he fell ill of a fever, and died. At his burial his warriors turned the

waters of the river Bionzo aside, dug his grave in the bed of the stream, and turned the river back again to its course, so that no man might know where they had laid the body of the great Goth.

One good thing came of the Gothic conquest—the pagans were put down for ever by the Arian conquerors. Their temples were utterly destroyed by the Goths, and the heathen idols broken in pieces. The weak and cowardly emperor, Honorius, remained in his refuge at Ravenna, but the bishop of Rome—or, as the Romans had begun to call him, *Papa*, father, or Pope—came back and put the churches in order.

Constantinople, and the Eastern part of the empire was better off than Italy, being not so exposed to the incursions of barbarians, yet it too was tormented by the Persians on the East, and by the Goths on the North. Owing, however, to brave and able rulers the Eastern empire yet stood, while the West was fast crumbling to pieces.

The Invasion of the Huns, A. D. 453.

And now a terrible enemy came against Rome. The Huns, a wild and savage people of Asia, came swarming southward, led by their great chief Attila, leaving every country through which they passed streaming with blood and lurid with flames. Attila led his host into Italy and destroyed all the beautiful cities of the North. Advancing to Rome, no soldiers were there to defend it, but the brave pope, Leo I., went out at the head of his clergy to meet the barbarian, and solemnly threatened him with the wrath of Heaven if he let loose his cruel followers upon the city.

Attila, heathen though he was, felt awed by the majestic presence and solemn warning of the head of the Christian church, and contenting himself with a heavy ransom, returned to the Danube.

Rome Sacked by the Vandals, A. D. 455.

Genseric, with his horde of Vandals, fresh from the conquest of the Roman provinces in Africa, was the next assailant of the doomed

city. He would take no ransom, but turned his wild followers loose to plunder for themselves. For fourteen days they pillaged Rome, stripping churches and palaces alike, and putting all their booty on ships, to be carried back to Africa.

The golden candlestick, and table for shewbread, from the temple at Jerusalem were among the priceless treasures lost through these barbarous and greedy destroyers. No less than sixty thousand captives were also carried away into dreadful bondage. This was the most terrible calamity that Rome, once the queen of cities, had ever suffered from, and a few years later she fell, with the whole empire of the West, and became subject to successive kings or emperors who were merely the victorious leaders of invading armies of Germans, Goths, or Gauls.

This dark age for the great empire which had once ruled the world, lasted over three centuries. But in the year 800, Charles the Great, of France, was chosen emperor according to the old form, and from that time there arose again the Empire of the West.

But it was no longer as an imperial city, but as the home and central state of the Christian church, that Rome was again to dominate the world. The time was to come when the bishops of Rome, or popes, would direct from the papal palace all the affairs of the church in every part of the world. For centuries they were a power for good, directing with matchless ability noble bands of missionaries who carried Christianity to every country in the known world. But with increased strength came worldly pomp. They lived like princes, and came at last to claim not only control over the souls and consciences of men, but authority to rule their every act as well. They sought not only to direct the affairs of the church, but they governed the nations of the earth.

The popes who came to wield this enormous power were, naturally, no longer holy men, self-denying, poor, and persecuted; but were rich, arrogant nobles. Many of them were cruel, greedy of gain, and lux-

urious; hurling against rebellious sovereigns the awful curse of Rome, and dooming thousands of better men than themselves to the rack or the flames.

But it is not yet time to leave the history of the early pagan persecution, in the age when heathen foes without and fervent faith within kept the Christian ranks filled with an earnest band of workers. Men and women there were, pure in doctrine and in morals, who were ready —even eager—to endure any hardship, or, if need be, to suffer martyrdom for the faith they loved.

HEATHEN PERSECUTIONS IN VARIOUS COUNTRIES, A. D. 500–800.

The Story of Julia of Carthage.

When the Vandals sacked Carthage, a young woman named Julia was taken prisoner, and after being sold and resold as a slave, she became the property of a Syrian, named Eusebius. Julia's master frequently took her with him upon his voyages: in one of these they landed upon the island of Corsica, where Eusebius took part in an idolatrous feast, but Julia remained away from it. The heathen complained of her absence as disrespectful to their gods, and told the governor Felix of it, who sent for Eusebius, and demanded of him what young woman it was who had refused to join in worshipping their gods.

Eusebius replied that the young woman was a Christian, and that all his authority over her could not induce her to renounce her religion; but in spite of that she was a very diligent and faithful attendant.

Felix urged him to compel her to worship the gods, or to part with her; and offered to give him his own price, or four of his best female slaves in exchange for her; but this offer Eusebius refused. When Felix found he could not persuade him, he determined to get Julia into his power by strategy; so he invited Eusebius to a supper, and having plied him with wine, sent for the slave in the name of her master.

Julia, not suspecting the danger, immediately obeyed. As soon as she appeared the governor told her that he would purchase her liberty, if she would sacrifice to the heathen gods; but not being able to prevail, he ordered her to be severely beaten, and finding her still resolute, he commanded that the hair of her head should be pulled out by the roots. This cruel treatment having no effect, he sentenced her to be hanged.

Scarcely was Julia dead when Eusebius recovered from his stupor, and hearing what had passed, he, in the first transports of his rage, thought of complaining to the emperor, who would have punished the governor. But after a time he reflected that this would put an end to his trade in that port; and also, that Felix had only tried to get converts to the gods he himself believed in; so he determined to put up with the loss, and sailed away.

Account of Anastasius.

Anastasius, a Persian, was brought up a heathen, and bore arms as a soldier under Chosroes, the king of Persia, at the time that monarch plundered Jerusalem. Among the spoils carried away was a cross, said to be the very one upon which Christ was crucified.

Anastasius could not understand why the Christians had such veneration for one who had died so mean a death as that of crucifixion; for death on the cross was despised by the Persians. At length some Christian captives instructed him in the faith, and being struck by its truths, he left the army, resolving to follow peaceful employments. After a time he went to Jerusalem, where he carried on the trade of a goldsmith. He was baptized by Modestus, vicar-general of Jerusalem, and stayed a week with his godfather Elias. When that time was over, and he had changed the white clothes which he wore at his baptism, according to the practice of the church, he begged to be allowed to study for the priesthood.

Elias recommended him to Justin, abbot of a seminary four miles

from Jerusalem, who engaged a preceptor to instruct him in the Greek tongue, and teach him the Psalms; and afterward admitted him into his community. Anastasius passed seven years in that house, dividing his time between humble domestic employments and study of the Scriptures.

Going to Cæsarea, which was then in the hands of the Persians, Anastasius was arrested as a spy, and brought before Marzabanes, the governor, for trial. He freely admitted that he was a Christian, and was sent to prison. Many attempts were made to bring him back to heathenism, and at length Justin, being told of his sufferings, recommended him to the prayers of the whole community, and sent two of his people to encourage him to persevere.

The governor at length wrote to the king concerning Anastasius, and the sovereign did all in his power to make him renounce his religion, but finding his efforts of no avail, he ordered him to be tortured and slain, which was done in this manner. He was placed upon his back, with a beam across his legs, and this was pressed down with the entire weight of two strong men; he was then scourged, hung up by one hand, with a heavy stone fastened to his foot; and at last his head was cut off, and sent to the king.

The Story of Kilien.

The native country of Kilien was Ireland. His parents had been converted by one of the many missionaries from Rome, who travelled to almost every land to tell the people of Christ.

After Kilien had reached manhood he became himself a missionary, and crossed the sea, with eleven others, to preach the gospel in Germany. When they had come to the country near the mouth of the river Rhine, they found the people heathens, but they received the missionaries kindly, and Kilien journeyed on to Rome to get authority from the pope to build churches, and preach to them. The pope, after asking him some questions about his faith and doctrine, conse-

crated him bishop, with full permission to establish churches, and to preach to the heathen, wherever he might find them.

Kilien at once returned to Germany, where he opened his mission; but he had not taught the people long, before their king sent for him to ask about this new religion which he preached so boldly. The bishop then put forth all his powers to influence the king, and God gave such a blessing to his efforts that he was converted to the faith, and gave the faithful missionary full authority to preach in all parts of his dominions. The king also commanded the attention of his subjects to Kilien's teaching, and thus encouraged, the greater part of them became Christians.

But as the king was unlawfully married to a wife who had another husband, he was rebuked by Kilien, who entreated him, as the last proof of his conversion, to put away that woman whom he called his wife, as to live with her was sinful. The king was much cast down at this request, and said to the bishop that it was the hardest thing he had asked of him. But, said he, since I have given up so many of my own inclinations and pleasures for the love of God, I will make the work complete by doing this also.

But the woman who was to be put away was still powerful, and she swore by all her gods that she would be revenged upon the men who sought to bring about her fall. So she sent soldiers who took Kilien and his companions and slew them all, and buried their bodies by night in a lonely place. Some days after, the king being surprised that he had not seen Kilien, ordered diligent search to be made for him. His guilty wife, to stop the inquiry, gave out that he and his companions had left the country without giving any intimation of their intentions. But one of the soldiers, stricken with remorse of conscience, ran about like a madman, and declared that Kilien haunted him. Thus disordered, he was seized, and the king found out what had happened. But in the end his wife won him over, and persuaded him to leave the God of the Christians, and return to his idols.

This the king was weak enough to do, and the murderer was set at liberty. But it is related that the woman was so tortured by remorse that she soon after expired; and the king's own part in the murder was punished by a violent death.

The Story of Boniface, A. D. 685–755.

Boniface was a native of Britain, and when quite young had been taught by missionaries from Rome, and thus learned to be a Christian. The gospel was being preached at this time all through the land, and churches were being built. There had been, however, four persecutions, but they had been powerless in Britain, as elsewhere, to stop the spread of the gospel. The first was under the Roman emperor Diocletian, during which Christians suffered in Britain as they did in all other provinces of the empire. The second was by the Picts, a barbarous race who butchered all who came in their way. The third was by the Saxons, under Hengist; and the fourth by the Saxons again, and other German tribes.

But when Boniface lived there was no persecution to be dreaded in Britain; that had all passed away, and religious houses, or monasteries, where Christian priests lived and labored, were starting up all over the land. Not only the gospel of Christ was taught by the good monks, but knowledge of various kinds—reading and writing, grammar, music, and philosophy—were learned by a few of the brighter minds among the ignorant herdsmen and peasants who formed the people of England at this early time. Among the most promising scholars in the monastery at Exeter was Boniface.

Wolfrad, the abbot, finding that Boniface had uncommon genius, sent him to Nutscelle, a seminary of learning in the diocese of Winchester, where he could have better teachers. The abbot of Nutscelle, who was celebrated for his learning, took great pains with the young pupil, who, in time, became a teacher himself.

The abbot, seeing that Boniface was well qualified for the priest-

hood, influenced him, when he had reached the age of about thirty years, to take holy orders. From this time Boniface labored to convert the heathen and began to show that fearless spirit which afterward qualified him to carry the gospel of Christ to the most savage and distant parts of the world.

Travels of Boniface.

After a time Boniface went to Rome, and was received by pope Gregory II. with great favor. The pope gave him permission to preach the gospel to the heathen, wherever he found them. Leaving Rome, Boniface passed through Lombardy and Bavaria, and came to Thuringia, which country had before received the gospel, but had, up to the time Boniface arrived there, made little progress. His first mission, therefore, was to bring these people back to the purity of the faith; and having completed this work, he went to Utrecht, in Holland, to assist Willebrod, the first bishop of that city, who gladly welcomed one who was so earnest and faithful.

For three years these two good men labored together in putting down idolatry; and so far succeeded, that most of the people received baptism, and many of the heathen temples were changed into Christian churches. Boniface now journeyed eastward, to Hesse, in Germany, where he brought a knowledge of the truth to two noblemen, who, though they called themselves Christians, yet practised many of the rites of heathenism. They, however, became such true converts that they gave an estate to Boniface, who built a religious house upon it. After this he went to Saxony, where he converted some thousands to the Christian faith.

Boniface worked in this new field with great success for a year; he then sent one of his companions to Rome, with an account of what he had done; upon reading which, Gregory II. sent him a letter, desiring him to come to Rome. On his arrival, the pope showed him every mark of esteem and affection, and determined not to let him return to

his missionary labors until he had made him a bishop. He was accordingly consecrated, with the name of Boniface.

On being thus qualified for governing his churches, he left Rome, and after making many converts in different places, he returned to his mission in Germany. Here he was very successful, though he met with many that would willingly have been Christians by halves; they were ready enough to acknowledge Christ, but did not want entirely to let go their heathen customs. In one country people were found who were actually worshipping a large oak tree, which was said by them to be Jupiter himself. This tree Boniface ordered to be cut down. The people, finding that Jupiter did not revenge himself upon those who had destroyed it, owned the weakness of their god and were baptized.

Monasteries Erected by Boniface.

When Gregory III. succeeded to the papal chair, Boniface sent persons to Rome, to acquaint him with the success of his labors, and to ask assistance in some difficulties which occurred in his mission. The pope not only answered the message by assuring him of the communion and friendship of Rome, but granted him the title of archbishop, or metropolitan of all Germany, and empowered him to establish new bishoprics. Boniface did so, and also built several monasteries. He then made a third journey to Rome, and Gregory, who had much affection for him, kept him there the greater part of the year. At length he left Rome, and set out for Bavaria, to reform some abuses introduced by persons who had never received holy orders.

Death of Boniface.

Now Boniface, having reached his seventieth year, was no longer able to work as he had done, so he chose Lullus, his countryman and faithful friend, to be his successor; telling him to build a church at Fuld, and see him buried in it, for his end was near.

But, longing to go once again on a mission to the heathen, Boniface

BISHOP BONIFACE IS SLAIN BY BARBARIANS.

went to the sea coast of Holland, where he converted and baptized many of the natives, destroyed several heathen temples, and raised churches on their ruins. Now, having fixed a day for baptizing a great number of the new converts, he told them to assemble in an open plain near the river Bourde, going there himself the day before, and pitching a tent, intending to remain on the spot all night, so as to be ready in the morning early. But a band of barbarians, having heard of this, poured down upon him and his companions in the night, to kill them. The servants of Boniface would have fought against them, but he told them to put up their weapons, as he wanted to go and speak to the strangers and tell them of his peaceful errand. Boniface, therefore, advanced into the midst of the threatening crowd, but had spoken only a few words to them when they rushed in upon him and murdered him, with fifty-two of his companions.

Invasions of the Saracens.

In Syria and Arabia lived the Saracens. They were a fierce and warlike people, who not only ruled over these countries, but took possession of Palestine also. Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Nazareth, and all the cities of the Holy Land fell into their hands. The Saracens were followers of the false prophet, Mohammed. They worshipped him as a god, and hated the Christians. They overran a great part of the Eastern empire, and gained many victories.

Among other cities attacked by the Saracens was Armauria, in Armenia. It was bravely defended, and the besiegers would have failed to take it, had not a deserter from within the city itself shown them a secret passage through the walls. In the assault that followed most of the inhabitants were put to the sword, but two of the officers, and forty of the chief citizens, were carried away prisoners to Bagdad, where they were loaded with chains, and confined in a dark dungeon. They remained in prison for some months, without seeing any person but their jailer, and having scarcely enough food

given them to maintain life. At last they were told that unless they renounced Christianity they must all die; but instead of being alarmed by this threat, and induced to abandon their faith, they denounced the false prophet, and declared that they would remain Christians to the last. This enraged their persecutors, who kept them some time longer in prison, until one of their holidays, when all of the martyrs, forty-two in number, were taken out and beheaded.

The Story of Perfectus.

Perfectus was a Christian who lived in Corduba, a city of southern Spain. One day, while he was walking in the street, he was approached by two men from Arabia, who were Mahommedans, and who began to talk with him about their respective religions.

Perfectus replied to their questions by telling them of the divinity of Christ, the redemption of mankind, and the principles of the Christian faith. The Arabians then asked him what he had to say of Mohammed, and pressed him to freely speak his thoughts. But Perfectus told them that his belief was not theirs, and declined at first to state his opinion. They entreated him, however, to speak his mind, declaring that they would not be offended at anything he should say. Then Perfectus, believing them sincere, and hoping this might be the favorable time for their conversion, told them that the Christians looked on Mohammed as one of the false prophets foretold in the gospel, who were to seduce and deceive great numbers, to their eternal ruin. To illustrate this, he related some of the actions of that impostor; endeavored to show them the impious doctrines of his book, the Alcoran; and begged them earnestly to abandon their miserable state of unbelief, which would certainly be followed by eternal misery.

The infidels were much enraged to hear their prophet thus spoken of; they thought proper, however, to disguise their anger, but resolved not to let Perfectus escape. So, waiting for a favorable opportunity,

they seized him and hurried him away to one of their chief magistrates, and accused him of blaspheming their great prophet. Upon hearing this the judge ordered him to be put in chains and confined in prison till their yearly fast of Ramadan, during which, for forty days, they fast during the daytime and eat only at night. Perfectus, unmoved, heard the sentence, and calmly prepared for his martyrdom. At the time appointed he was led to the place of execution, where he again made a confession of his faith, declared Mohammed an impostor, and said that the Alcoran was filled with absurdities and blasphemies. In consequence of this he was ordered to be beheaded, which bloody sentence was at once carried out. His body was buried by the Christians of Corduba.

PERSECUTIONS IN VARIOUS COUNTRIES, A. D. 1000–1200.

Alphage of Canterbury.

Alphage, archbishop of Canterbury, came of a family of good estate, living in Gloucestershire, England. His parents were Christians who carefully watched over the education of their children. Alphage showed at an early age that he possessed an unusually bright mind, and made great progress in his favorite studies, which were the holy Scriptures and the history of the church.

When Alphage reached manhood he determined to leave his father's house and enter one of the monasteries, or religious houses, in order to devote his whole time to study; so he went to live in a monastery of Benedictines, at Deerhurst, in Gloucestershire, and soon after took the habit of the order—that is, became a monk. Here he lived quietly for some time, but at length, thinking the rules of this monastery not severe enough, he left it, and took up his abode near the town of Bath.

Here his self-denying life soon became the subject of conversation, and many troubled souls came to him and begged him to teach them.

Gladly consenting to do this, he bent all his energies to the work of founding a monastery for them, which he completed, with the help of his friends, who contributed money for the building. Alphage then formed his new pupils into a community, and placed a prior over them. Having made rules for their daily life, he again retired to his cell, hoping to pass the remainder of his days in quiet.

But the bishopric of Winchester becoming vacant by the death of Ethelwold, Dunstan, archbishop of Canterbury, as primate of all England, selected Alphage to fill the place, thus making him bishop of Winchester. Alphage accepted the high office with some reluctance, but soon showed himself well able to fill it. Churches flourished in his diocese; unity was established among his clergy and people; and the management of the affairs of the church of Winchester caused the new bishop to be revered by the whole kingdom. Dunstan greatly admired and loved him, and some years later, when ill and dying, made it his prayer that Alphage might succeed him as archbishop of Canterbury. After a time this came to pass, though not till eighteen years after Dunstan's death.

Soon after Alphage had become archbishop of Canterbury he went to Rome, and received high honors from pope John XVIII.

The Danes Take Canterbury.

After Alphage had governed the see of Canterbury about four years, the Danes made one of their flying attacks upon the country, and king Ethelred, who then reigned, being afraid to face them, allowed them to ravage his kingdom with impunity.

During this emergency, the archbishop Alphage acted with great resolution. He went boldly to the Danes, bought the freedom of several of his friends whom they had made captives; found means to send food to others, whom he had not money enough to redeem, and even converted some of the wild men of the North who threatened them. This so offended those who remained pagans, that they de-

termined to be revenged on him. The opportunity soon came; Edric, an English traitor, gave the Danes secret information how they might get within the walls of Canterbury, with little risk to themselves.

When the Danes began their march against the city, the richer people who had means to travel fled from it, and would have persuaded Alphage to follow their example; but he refused to go with them, "For," said he, "the shepherd must not abandon his flock when the wolves are near."

While Alphage was thus nobly standing at his post, and encouraging his people, Canterbury was taken. The enemy poured into the town, killing all who opposed them and sparing none but the principal citizens whom they thought it worth while to hold for ransom.

The monks tried to keep the archbishop in the church, where they hoped he might be safe. But his love for his people made him break from them, and run into the midst of the danger. Calling to the Danes, he begged that the lives of the inhabitants might be saved, and that he alone might be their victim. The barbarians then seized him, tied his hands behind his back, insulted and abused him, and forced him to look on while his church was burned and his people murdered. They then carried the archbishop away with them, and marched to attack other places. After a while the Danes grew tired of watching over their captive, and proposed to him that he purchase his liberty with money. They offered to let him go for a sum equal to $15,000; but as Alphage had no way of getting so much money, except by taking it from the treasury of the church, he remained in the hands of his captors. At last they took him to Greenwich, and here he was brought before the Danish chieftain for a final hearing.

Death of Alphage.

Fearless of his own fate, Alphage boldly stood before the savage band whose swords were still red with the blood of his countrymen, and refused to call upon either church or king for money to save his

THE DANES FORCE ALPHAGE TO WITNESS THE BURNING OF HIS CHURCH

own life. Enraged and disappointed, the Danes dragged him about their camp, picking up beef bones, with which they bruised and gashed him at every step.

Alphage bore this dreadful treatment patiently, and even prayed for the conversion of his cruel tormentors. At last one of the Danish soldiers who had been helped, when wounded, by the good archbishop, could not bear to see him suffer; and knowing that in the end his death was certain, smote him on the head with his battle-axe and thus ended his pains.

Stanislaus, Bishop of Cracow.

This eminent man came of a noble family of Poland. He was an only son and his parents spared no pains in providing him with the best teachers, so that his education might be thorough and complete. After pursuing his studies at home for some years he was sent to the university of Paris, at that time the most advanced institution of learning in the world. Stanislaus remained there for several years, and then returned to his own country, where, on the death of his parents, he fell heir to a large estate.

Although now possessing high rank and ample fortune, Stanislaus adhered to a resolution he had previously formed; he determined to forego all worldly pursuits and pleasures and to enter the priesthood. Accordingly, after some time spent under the instruction of Lambert Zula, then bishop of Cracow, he was admitted to holy orders. Ten years passed away and found Stanislaus still laboring at his post. His learning and piety had so impressed Bishop Lambert, then a very old man, that he selected him as his successor; but Stanislaus was reluctant to accept the responsibilities of this high office. He was only thirty-six years of age and thought himself too young and inexperienced to undertake the cares of a diocese. Lambert, however, made him his substitute upon various occasions, and at his death, Stanislaus was chosen to fill his place. He there-

fore accepted the office and devoted himself to the work of the diocese and advancement of the church.

Now Poland at this time was ruled by a king who had earned the title of "the Cruel," owing to his many acts of violence. While the people groaned under his oppression, none had the courage to appeal to him to remedy the abuses under which they were suffering. But Stanislaus had the boldness as well as the authority to tell the king of his faults. He appeared before him and upbraided him for his tryanny, and demanded that injustice and cruelty should cease in Poland. The tyrant was angry at this interference of the church, but being awed by the imposing dignity of the bishop, he concealed his feelings, and even seemed to repent of his deeds; but soon after he again terrified his subjects by new and barbarous punishments. As before, Stanislaus was the first to protest against these acts of tyranny. He put himself at the head of a number of priests, noblemen, and gentlemen, and solemnly charged the king with outrageous cruelty and oppression.

But the nobility and clergy soon found that the words of the bishop had no effect upon the king, and entreated Stanislaus not to further rouse the monarch's ferocious temper; they also tried to soften the king's anger against him. But the tyrant had already determined to get rid of a subject who feared him so little as to denounce him to his very face.

Hearing that the bishop was alone in the chapel of St. Michael, at a small distance from the town, the king sent some of his soldiers to murder him. The men readily undertook the task; but when they came into the presence of Stanislaus, the grave dignity and commanding appearance of the bishop struck them with such awe, that they could not stab him as they had promised. They therefore returned, guiltless of his blood; but the king, finding they had not obeyed his orders, snatched a dagger from one of them, and ran furiously to the chapel; there finding Stanislaus at the altar, he plunged the weapon into his heart.

CHAPTER XI.

BEGINNING OF PERSECUTION BY THE ROMAN CHURCH, A. D. 1200.

THE Christian church had, long before this time, ceased to fear pagan enemies, for it had won in the struggle which had lasted for centuries. The idols were shattered forever throughout Europe, and paganism, except in countries to which the gospel had not yet penetrated, was a thing of the past. Missionaries willing, nay anxious to lay down their lives for the faith, had been sent out by hundreds from Rome and had carried her cross-emblazoned standard to far distant lands. Germany, Britain, France—countries which at that time seemed barbarous compared with the rich, luxurious capital of the ancient Roman empire, now had their churches, their monasteries, bishops and priests. A revolution had taken place in the minds of men, and nearly all the world, within the boundaries of the ancient empire, looked to Rome as the earthly citadel of their faith, and to the pope as the visible arbiter of Heaven.

While this high place given to the church and its ceremonies, its bishops and priests, strengthened its power enormously over its converts, and gave it for centuries a beneficial hold upon the minds, the affections, the fears of mankind, it ended by making tyrants of the men —for they were but men—who occupied the papal throne, and who held the highest church offices. The power of the pope and those appointed by him was too great, too absolute for fallible men to wield without becoming worldly, arbitrary, and cruel. No protest, or change from church law or ceremony instituted by them was tolerated for an instant. Differences in mode of worship or belief practised by people

who were in the main essentials earnest, believing Christians were put down with a merciless hand. "Heretics" they became as soon as they dared to uphold their own opinions against the all-conquering decrees of Rome, and once adjudged heretics they were considered outside the pale of human pity or justice.

These differing sects began to be of enough importance to be mentioned in history about the year 1000. We cannot tell, however, what were their exact beliefs and opinions, nor what caused them to break off their fellowship with the main body of Christians, as but little reliable history on the subject has come down to us. It is probable that advancing education and wealth gave these communities leisure and ability to see how worldly and luxurious the lives of the clergy had become, and how entirely they had taken away from the people themselves the control of public affairs. It is certain they began to cry out for reform in these matters, and zeal, not always accompanied with discretion, brought them often in fierce conflict with the papal forces. Their history, indeed, is written in blood, for most of these early differing sects were utterly stamped out and destroyed by butchery and exile before 1400. Scattered remnants of the Waldenses have, however, under the more modern name of Vaudois, survived to even the present day in the valleys of Piedmont.

THE WALDENSES OF FRANCE.

Account of their Persecution and Great Slaughter.

These people take their name in history from their leader, Peter Waldo, a rich merchant of Lyons, who sold all his goods, gave the money to the poor, and went out to preach the gospel in the way that he believed it should be taught.

Waldo soon had many followers, and it is said he made for their use a translation of the New Testament into the French language. He and his preachers travelled from place to place, exhorting the

people to lead better lives, and telling them to turn to the Scriptures for knowledge to bring them to salvation, rather than to the priests. Word of what was happening soon came to Rome, and the pope sent out an order forbidding any person to preach without first receiving authority from him. Waldo replied with surprising boldness, "That he would obey God rather than man." For this he was at once excommunicated, or cut off from all communion and fellowship with the Roman church.

Waldo, the leader of the sect, having thus become a "heretic," he and his people were considered outlaws, whom it was the duty of the whole body of the Christian church to destroy. But as their numbers continued to increase in spite of the measures that were taken to annoy them, the pope determined to make greater efforts to put them down. Accordingly he issued a dread assortment of anathemas, canons, and decrees, by which the Waldenses were made incapable of holding any places of trust, honor, or profit under the government; their lands were seized, their goods confiscated, and even the bodies of those that died were refused burial in consecrated ground. Some of them having crossed the Pyrenees, to find safety in Spain, the pope commanded the king of Arragon to refuse them all shelter and to kill them wherever found.

Inquisitors First Appointed.

It was the preaching of Waldo and his followers that first brought about the appointment of *inquisitors* (questioners or examiners) by the Roman church. Finding it difficult to obtain information concerning the religious belief of the people in the affected districts, pope Innocent III. made certain monks inquisitors, to find out, and deliver up to the magistrates for conviction and sentence, all persons suspected of heresy. Several learned and eloquent preachers were also sent from Rome to persuade the Waldenses to turn from their belief. Among these was a priest named Dominic, who instituted an order, called the

order of Dominican friars; the members of which community have ever since been the principal inquisitors in every country into which that terrible tribunal has been introduced. Their power was unlimited; they proceeded against whom they pleased, without any regard for age, sex, or rank. However infamous the accusers, the charge was listened to, and even unsigned letters were thought sufficient evidence to occasion arrest. The dearest friends or relatives could not, without danger, serve any one who was imprisoned on account of religion. To carry to those who were confined a little straw, or to give them a cup of water, was called favoring the heretics. No lawyer dared to plead for even his own brother.

The vengeance of this merciless brotherhood pursued its victims beyond the grave, for the very bones of dead Waldenses were dug up and burned. If a man on his death-bed was found to be a follower of Waldo, his estates were taken and the heir defrauded of his inheritance.

The Waldenses of Piedmont.

For more than two hundred years the Waldenses found a refuge and continued to live in the country of Piedmont, on the eastern slope of the Alps. The lofty, snow-covered peaks of the mountains looked down upon the fertile valleys in which the homes and farms of the Waldenses were placed. Owing to the wild and rugged nature of their country these poor people were able for a long time to live undisturbed; but they were at last informed against, and secret plans laid for their destruction.

A body of troops sent from Rome suddenly appeared in the peaceful valley of Piedmont; they burned and plundered the houses of the inhabitants, murdered a great many, and drove the others into the mountains, where most of them perished from the cold, as it was in the depth of winter. Some years later, on the other side of the Alpine range, in Dauphine, now a part of France, a persecution was begun by the archbishop of Ambrune, who employed a monk, named

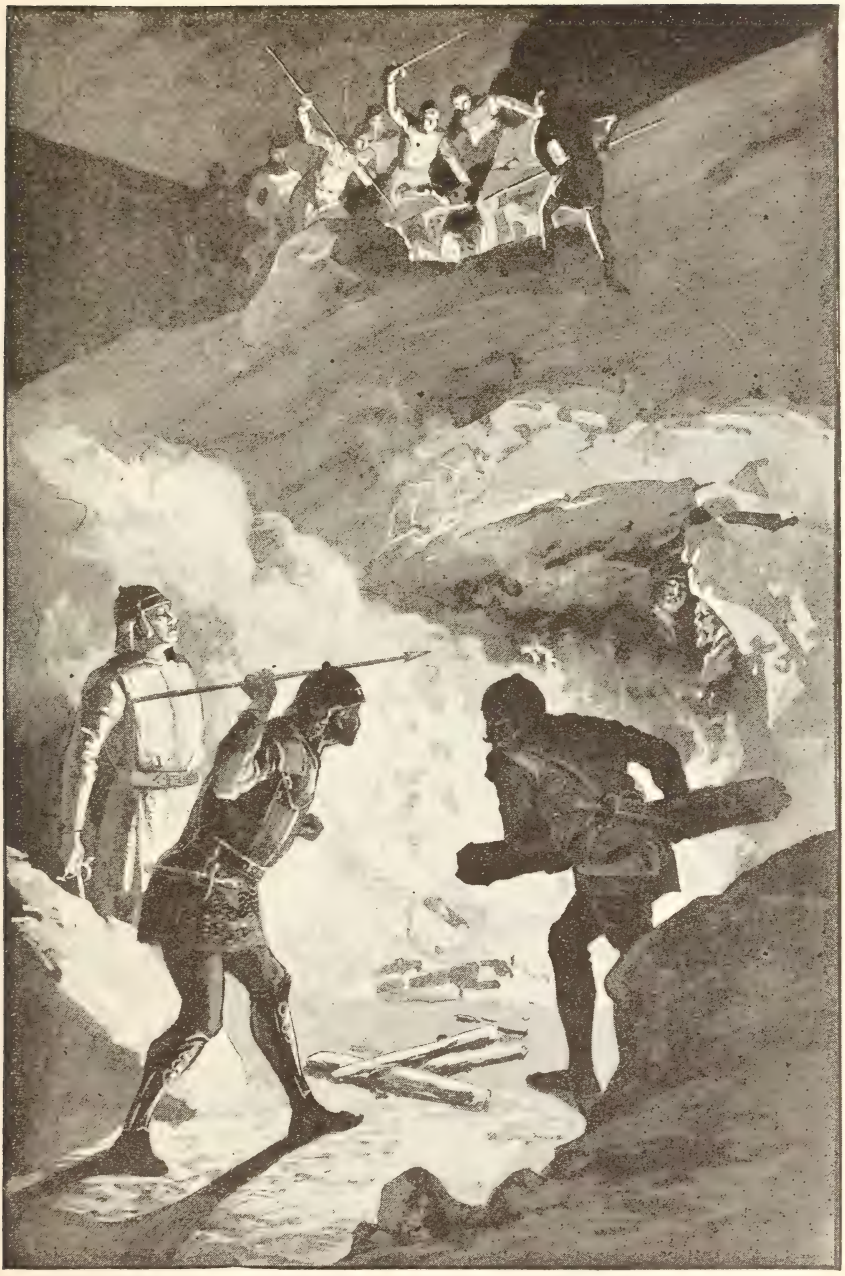
John Veyleti, to lead the attack. This man went to work so savagely that not only many of the Waldenses, but others as well, were slain; for if any man, no matter what his belief, expressed pity for the inoffensive people who were being so cruelly treated, he was accused of favoring the heretics, and made to suffer with them.

Waldenses Smothered in a Cave.

The pope determined at last to take such measures as would crush the Waldenses, and put an end forever to the hated sect which defied the authority of the Roman church. Accordingly he sent Albert de Capitaneis, archdeacon of Cremona, to France; who interested the king's lieutenant, and succeeded in raising a large body of troops for the purpose of driving the Waldenses out of their valleys. But when the soldiers arrived they found the houses empty and the place deserted, for the people had heard of their coming and had fled to the mountains, hiding themselves among the rocks and caves.

The archdeacon and lieutenant followed them, however, with the troops, and taking many prisoners, they dashed them headlong from the precipices. A good many escaped for a time from the hands of the soldiers, and hid in the darkest recesses of rocky caves, for as they knew the secret passage-ways they were able to conceal themselves. The archdeacon and lieutenant being, therefore, unable to seize them, they ordered firewood heaped up at the mouths of the caves. When all was ready the piles were lighted, and the people inside were all smothered to death by the smoke and heat. Upon searching the caves after the fires had gone out, more than 1000 dead bodies were found, many being those of women and children. Altogether 3000 persons were slain during this attack.

After this cruel work, the lieutenant and archdeacon went with the troops to other places in order to attack the Waldenses. But these having heard of the fate of their brethren in the valley, armed themselves; and by fortifying the different passes, and bravely dis-



WALDENSES TAKE REFUGE IN A CAVE AND ARE SMOTHERED TO DEATH

puting the advance of the soldiers, they inflicted such injuries upon them that the lieutenant was compelled to go back without accomplishing anything.

Waldenses Protected by the King of France.

Two soldiers of fortune, named Anthony Fabri and Christopher de Salience, having obtained permission from the pope to plunder the Waldenses, attacked them with a large number of soldiers. They put many of the poor people to death, robbed others of all they possessed, and left hundreds starving and destitute.

The king of France had not consented to this, and to him the Waldenses appealed for justice. In spite of his respect for the pope, the king could not permit his loyal subjects to be slaughtered without any apparent cause. He soon made inquiries, and after hearing the testimony of many witnesses, was satisfied that the people who had been so cruelly persecuted were innocent of any crime. Indeed, the officer he sent to examine into the matter, declared that he wished he himself was as good a Christian as the worst of them.

When this favorable report was made to the king, he immediately gave orders that the Waldenses should have their property restored to them. Now, as the archbishop of Ambrune had in his own possession the greater part of the plunder, it was generally supposed he would be the first to return it; but he would do nothing of the sort. He excused himself by saying the houses and lands had become a part of his bishopric. He, however, with a pretence of generosity, offered to give back some vineyards, provided the soldiers would also return all they had taken. This of course the soldiers refused to do, being as anxious to keep their plunder as the archbishop himself.

The Waldenses, finding that they were not likely to recover any of their property, appealed to the king again, and he wrote to the archbishop. But that artful and avaricious prelate replied, "That at the

commencement of the persecution the Waldenses had been excommunicated, so their goods were all forfeited; therefore, until the sentence of excommunication was taken off, they could not be restored." This plea was allowed to be reasonable, and application was made to the pope to remove the sentence of excommunication; but the archbishop knowing this would be done, prevented the application from succeeding, and so kept all he had taken.

Continued Persecution of the Waldenses.

Many of the Waldenses went to live in the northern part of Italy. Before they came to that country it was barren and desolate, but their industry soon caused it to blossom forth into gardens and vineyards. But they were not permitted long to remain undisturbed; word was carried to Rome of their having settled in this place, and the pope at once commanded that unless they changed their religion they should all be put to death. Accordingly a considerable body of soldiers was soon gathered together; for in that age there were a great number of professional fighting men who were always ready to take part in any enterprise which afforded them an opportunity to rob and kill defenceless people. Among many other acts of violence the following took place, which well shows the merciless character of the persecution which followed.

A band of soldiers was sent to take one of the towns, and began to batter down the frail defences. As there were but sixty poor peasants to defend the place, they quickly sent word to the attacking party that they would surrender if allowed to depart in safety with their families to another country. This was promised them; but the gates were no sooner opened than the captain ordered all the peasants to be cut to pieces; and after this, most of the women and children were confined in a large barn, which was set on fire, and all perished in the flames. Some of them having taken refuge in a church, the captain ordered his men to go in and kill them all. This they at first declined

to do, saying, "Soldiers do not kill women and children." But the captain, enraged at their refusal, called them mutineers and compelled them to do the cruel deed under threats of punishment.

THE ALBIGENSES.

Their Rise and First Persecution.

The Albigenses were people who lived in southern France, near the ancient city of Albiga, or, as it is now called, Alby. They begin to be mentioned in history about the year 1100, and one hundred years later had become very numerous. Like the Waldenses, they had changed their form of religious worship from that of the church of Rome, but they differed also from the Waldenses, who were a separate and distinct sect. It is very difficult, if not impossible, to discover the exact creed of the Albigenses and others of these early sects, as they have left no written records telling of their doctrine or belief. It is supposed they held opinions which bore some resemblance to those of Protestants of a later day, inasmuch as they seem to have refused to acknowledge the authority of Roman priests to stand between them and their God. This was the main point in most of the disputes between the so-called heretical sects and the church of Rome. A refusal to acknowledge the priest to be more than human, to doubt his power to absolve sins, and to intervene between man and God at the altar and the confessional, was to strike at the very foundation of the belief which enabled the Roman church to maintain its tremendous influence over the hearts of men. Any doubt existing upon this point attacked directly the vital principle upon which the vast fabric of the Roman church was raised. All the resources of Rome were therefore exerted to crush the people who dared to deny her supreme powers. A knowledge of this fact is needed to make plain the reason why the church put forth such efforts to destroy seemingly insignificant adversaries.

An Army Sent Against the Albigenses.

Messengers were accordingly sent throughout the whole of Europe by pope Innocent III. to raise a force of soldiers large enough to utterly destroy the Albigenses, for they had increased greatly in numbers and in wealth. Several powerful nobles had also given them their support, among whom were Raymond, count of Toulouse, the count of Foix, and the count of Bezieres.

Promises of pardon for sins of the past, and indulgences to commit others in the future were freely offered by the pope, as bribes, to influential men who would take part in the so-called holy war. The pope likewise directed archbishops, bishops and priests to solemnly excommunicate the count of Toulouse. They were, also, empowered to free all his subjects from their oaths of allegiance to him, and to command them to pursue his person, possess his lands, destroy his property, and murder such of his subjects as continued faithful to him. Soon a formidable army, with nobles and bishops at its head, began to march against the Albigenses.

The count of Toulouse, having no army able to meet such a force, with any hope of victory, immediately came to surrender himself, with a courage inspired by innocence; he supposed that the troops would be recalled from plundering his innocent subjects, as he thought himself a sufficient pledge for their good behavior. The pope's legate, or deputy, told the count that he was very glad he had surrendered; but he would not countermand the orders to the troops unless the count would consent to deliver up seven of his best fortified castles as securities for his future behavior.

On hearing this outrageous demand the count saw too late his error in surrendering, but he was now a helpless prisoner, and could only send an order to give up the castles. The pope's legate had no sooner put soldiers in these places, than he ordered the former governors to appear before him. When they came, he told them that the count of Toulouse had delivered up his castles to the pope, and as

they were now the pope's subjects, they must obey him only. The governors were greatly astonished to see their lord in chains, and themselves forced to act in a manner so contrary to their wishes. The cruel treatment the count had received afflicted them still more; for he was stripped nearly naked, and severely scourged before all the people. Not contented with this, the legate obliged him to swear that he would be obedient to the pope during the rest of his life, conform to the church of Rome, and make war against the Albigenses; and even ordered him to join the troops, and help in the siege of Bezieres. But thinking this too hard a trial of his newly pledged faith, the count managed to escape, and went to Rome to complain to the pope of the ill-usage he had received.

Dreadful Cruelties at the Taking of Bezieres.

The army now besieged Bezieres; and the governor of that city, thinking it impossible to defend the place, came out, and presenting himself before the legate, implored mercy for the inhabitants. As an additional reason, he said that there were almost as many Romans as Albigenses in the city. The legate replied that all excuses were useless; the place must be delivered up without terms, or assault would at once be made.

The governor returned into the city and told the people that he could obtain no mercy unless the Albigenses would give up their religion, and conform to the worship of the church of Rome. He begged the Albigenses to do this; but they answered with one accord that they would not forsake their religion. Said they, "Better to displease the pope, who can but kill our bodies, than God, who can cast both body and soul into hell."

Upon this the church party sent their bishop to the legate, beseeching him not to include them in the slaughter of the Albigenses. They also argued that the best means to win these over to the faith was by gentleness, and not by cruelty. The legate, upon hearing this,

THE CITY OF BEZIERES TAKEN AND THE PEOPLE SLAIN

flew into a violent passion with the bishop, and declared that, "If all the city did not acknowledge their fault, they should fall under one curse without distinction of religion, sex, or age."

The inhabitants refusing to yield upon such terms, a fierce attack was made, and the place taken by storm, when every cruelty that a ruffian soldiery could invent was inflicted upon the unfortunate inhabitants. Then were to be heard the groans of men who lay weltering in their blood, and the wailing of wounded mothers, who saw their children taken from them and mangled before their eyes. The city being fired in various parts, new scenes of horror arose. The flames drove the wretched inhabitants into the streets, which streamed with blood, and those who hid themselves in their houses had only the dreadful choice left them, either to remain and perish in the fire, or rush out and fall by the swords of the soldiers.

The cruel legate, during this horrible scene, enjoyed the carnage and even called out to the troops to encourage them in their dreadful work. When asked by an officer how he should distinguish the innocent from the guilty, he made the infamous reply, since celebrated in history, "Kill all; God will know his own." And this they did, for when the slaughter was done, more than 30,000 corpses lay among the ruins of the once beautiful city of Bezieres.

Escape and Brave Resistance of the Governor of Bezieres.

The count of Bezieres, and a few others, made their escape, and went to a strongly fortified place, Carcasson, which they put into the best condition for defence. The legate at once led his forces against them, thinking that he would have an easy victory and would repeat the cruelties of Bezieres. As soon as the city was surrounded, a furious attack was made, but the besiegers were driven back with great slaughter. The count of Bezieres fought with the foremost of the defenders, calling to his soldiers that it was "better to die fighting, than to fall into the hands of such bloody enemies."

Two miles from the city of Carcasson there was a small town of the same name, which the Albigenses had likewise fortified. The legate, being enraged at the defeat he had met with at the city of Carcasson, determined to wreak his vengeance upon the town. So the next morning he made a fierce attack upon it; and though the place was bravely defended, he took it by storm, put all the people to the sword, and then set fire to the houses.

After this battle, the king of Arragon arrived at the camp, and when he had paid his respects to the legate, he told him that he understood the count of Bezieres, his relative, was in the city of Carcasson. He said if the legate would grant him permission, he would go and try to convince him of the duty he owed to the pope and to the church. The legate agreed to this, so the king went to the count and asked him why he was so foolish as to shut himself up in that city against so great an army. The count answered, that it was to defend his life, goods, and subjects; for he plainly saw the pope had resolved to put to death the count of Toulouse and himself. He said that he had resolved, therefore, to fight as long as life lasted, rather than yield himself or his innocent subjects to such a bloodthirsty band of murderers.

Base Treachery of the Legate.

The king came back and repeated to the legate the count's words. The legate, after considering for a while, said, "For your sake, sir, I will grant the count of Bezieres mercy, and with him twelve others shall be given their lives; but as for the rest, I shall treat them as their offence deserves."

These hard terms angered the count and he refused to listen to them, so the legate commenced another assault, but his troops were again driven back with great slaughter. The dead bodies of the slain lay under the walls of the city until a pestilence was feared from them. The legate, vexed and alarmed at this second repulse,

determined to treacherously seize the count. He therefore sent a messenger, well skilled in deception, to the count of Bezieres, with a seemingly friendly message. The plan was to tempt the count to leave the city under promise of an interview with the legate; and to do this the messenger was empowered to say whatever he thought would gain his end, "for," said the legate, "swear to what falsehoods you will in such a cause, I will give you absolution and forgiveness."

This plot succeeded: for the count, believing the guarantee given him of personal safety, and the solemn promises of the crafty messenger, left the city and went with him. The legate no sooner saw him, than he told him he was a prisoner, and must remain such until Carcasson was surrendered, and the inhabitants taught their duty to the pope. The count, upon hearing this, cried out that he was betrayed, and bitterly reproached the legate for his treachery. But he was dragged away by the guards, and the city summoned to open its gates.

The people, on hearing of the capture of the count, were thrown into the utmost confusion. All despaired of escape; some called out to open the gates, while others said it was better to die in battle than to surrender. Just at this moment when all seemed lost, a very old man came forward and said he remembered there had once been made a secret, underground passage-way which led from the city to the strong castle of Camaret, only a short distance away. If, said the old man, we can find this secret passage, we may all escape by it before the legate suspects our flight.

News of this unlooked-for means of escape was heard with joy by the despairing people, and all who were able began to search for the opening of the tunnel. At last it was found near the southern wall of the city, and in the evening, men, women, and children began their flight along the dark pathway which led to safety. They took with them sufficient food to last a few days, and all succeeded in escaping from the town and reached the castle safely. Finding the place

unguarded they then scattered and found their way to the mountains, where they were safe from their enemies.

Next morning, the troops were put in motion to make a last assault upon the city, encouraged by the thought that their treacherous seizure of the count would deprive the citizens of his bold leadership. As they drew near the walls the soldiers were astonished that no noise was to be heard, nor a man to be seen in any part of the defences. Yet they approached with caution, lest this should be but a ruse to lead them on. The nearer they came to the city, however, the more silent it seemed.

At last the soldiers began to scale the wall, and the first to reach the top looked down with surprise upon the deserted city, and called out that the Albigenses were fled and the place was theirs. The soldiers immediately took possession of the abandoned town and carried away every article of value that they could find; soon after, the unfortunate count of Bezieres was locked up in a dungeon, under the city wall, where he presently died.

The Pope's Legate appoints Simon of Montfort, General.

The legate now called the bishops, nobles, and captains together and told them that, while it was proper for a legate to accompany the army, as the pope's representative, the actual leadership should be in the hands of a brave and experienced general, who knew the art of war and could lead his soldiers to victory. Accordingly, Simon of Montfort, a noble of high rank, and a very wicked and cruel man, was chosen general of the pope's army. He began by ordering a part of his force to remain as a guard in the captured city of Carcasson, while the rest marched eastward to take another city, Montpelier. But not succeeding in taking that place, on account of the desperate resistance of the Albigenses, who well knew that no mercy was to be expected from the savage count Simon, he grew impatient and wrote to every prince in Europe to send him help,

and said that unless more men were given him he would be unable to make headway against the Albigenses.

Simon soon received some reinforcements, with which he attacked the castle of Beron, and making himself master of it, ordered the eyes put out, and the nose cut off, of every man in the place, one soldier alone excepted,—who was blinded of one eye only, so that he might lead the rest outside the walls, where they were left to wander where they would, and many of them perished. Simon then undertook the siege of the castle of Menerbe, which, on account of the want of water, was obliged to yield to him. The governor was put in prison, where he died; and his wife, sister, daughter, and more than one hundred other persons, were burned alive. Many other castles surrendered to this monster, and the garrisons were butchered in ways equally barbarous.

Raymond, Count of Toulouse.

The pope's legate having excommunicated the count of Toulouse for having helped the Waldenses, thus caused him to become his bitter enemy. Excommunication was a terrible weapon in those days, when used by a church which ruled civil as well as religious life. In an instant the church could deprive any man, against whom its awful curse was pronounced, of the means of worship, of marriage, of baptism—in fact, of every religious rite and privilege during life, and even of Christian burial after death.

To impress the count with the gravity of his offence, and to acquaint him with the feelings of the clergy, the bishop of Toulouse, in obedience to the legate's secret orders, with all the priests of the cathedral church, marched out of the city in solemn procession, barefooted and bareheaded, taking with them the cross, banner, and host. They went in that manner to the legate's army, where they were received with great respect as persecuted saints. The legate next attempted, by a stratagem, to get the count of Toulouse in his power,

but failing in this he waited until joined by the army of count Simon of Montfort, and then laid siege to Toulouse.

Bravery of the Albigenses in the City of Toulouse.

In spite of the strong force arrayed against him, and the ferocious cruelty of its leaders, the count of Toulouse tried to break the siege by fierce attacks from the gates. In the first attempt he met with a severe repulse; but in the second he took Simon's son prisoner, and in the third, unhorsed Simon himself. At last, after several furious assaults by the besiegers and some successful sallies of the Albigenses, the count of Toulouse compelled his enemies to raise the siege. In their retreat, they did much mischief to the countries through which they passed, and put many defenceless Albigenses to death.

The count of Toulouse now did all he could to get help from the king of Arragon. This neighboring ruler was easily persuaded to form a league with the principal Albigenses, and to put himself at the head of their united forces, consisting of his own people, and of the troops of the counts of Toulouse, Foix, and Comminges. The army of Rome was greatly alarmed at this reinforcement of its enemies. Simon sent to all parts of Europe to get more soldiers, and the pope's legate began hostilities by entering the territory of the count of Foix, and committing the most cruel outrages.

As soon as the army of Albigenses was ready, the king of Arragon began by laying siege to Murat, a strongly fortified town near Toulouse. The pitiless Simon, by forced marches, came up with them in the evening, while the king of Arragon, who kept very little discipline in his army, was at supper. Waiting, undiscovered, until night had fallen and the feasting king was making merry with his officers, Simon threw his whole force upon them. Surprised and terror-stricken, the Albigenses made scarcely any defence. The king of Arragon was killed and his army routed. This victory made the commanders of the papal army declare that they would soon wipe out

the whole race of Albigenses, and Simon sent an insolent message to the counts of Toulouse, Foix, and Comminges, to deliver up to him all their castles and fortresses; but instead of answering this haughty demand, the counts shut themselves up in their castles and put them in readiness for defence.

Surrender of the City of Toulouse.

Not caring to attack the counts at this time, Simon marched toward the city of Toulouse. The count of Toulouse had gone to Montalban, and sent word to the citizens to make the best terms they could with the papal army, as he was sure they could not resist a siege; but he asked them to preserve their hearts for him, though they surrendered their town to another.

The citizens of Toulouse, upon receiving this advice, sent messengers to Simon, with offers of immediate surrender, provided the city itself, and the persons and property of its inhabitants, should not be injured. These conditions were agreed to, and Simon, in order to keep himself in favor at court, wrote a letter to prince Louis, the son of Philip, king of France telling him that the city of Toulouse had offered to surrender to him; but Simon, preferring that the prince should have the honor of receiving the keys, begged that he would come to the camp for that purpose. The prince, pleased with the consideration shown him, went directly to the army, and the city of Toulouse was surrendered to him in due form.

The pope's legate, however, was far from being satisfied with the merciful terms granted the people, and insisted, that though the prince might become the ruler of the place, the plunder belonged to the "holy pilgrims" (for so the papal soldiers employed in these expeditions were called), and that the town, as a nest of heretics, ought to be destroyed. The prince in vain begged to uphold the conditions granted at the surrender; but the legate stood firm, and earl Simon and the prince, unwilling to quarrel with him, gave up the point.

Then the legate immediately set his "holy pilgrims" to work, and they soon dismantled the city, robbed the inhabitants of everything they possessed, and killed a great many.

Dispute Between the Legate and the Prince.

Now the legate found that among the Albigenses were many who had held salaried offices under the government. As these places would fall to the prince, the legate determined to deprive him of them. To this end he gave absolution to the Albigenses, which, though they had not in the least changed their religious opinions, he called reconciling them to the church. The prince, not knowing of this stratagem, was about to appoint his officers to these places as a reward for their services; when, to his great astonishment, the legate informed him that he had no power to dispose of them. The prince asked an explanation of his meaning. "My meaning," replied the legate, "is, that the people have received absolution and forgiveness, and being reconciled to the church, all places held by them are under the control of the church alone."

The prince, much offended at this, and highly displeased at the meanness of the trick, nevertheless thought it better to hide his anger. But he determined forthwith to abandon the legate, and so took all the troops under his command, and marched to attack some other fortresses. But he found, wherever he went, that the legate had played the same trick, and plainly perceived, if he continued his military operations, that when unsuccessful, he would bear all the blame, and when successful, the legate would take all the profit; so he left the army in disgust, and returned home.

Retreat of Count Simon.

Simon of Montfort, with his own army, now undertook the siege of the castle of Foix, which stood some miles south of Toulouse. He lay before the place for ten days, during which time he frequently

assaulted it, but was as often driven back. Hearing that an army from Arragon, Spain, had crossed the mountains and was in full march against him, he raised the siege, and went to meet them. The count of Foix immediately sallied out and attacked his rear, and with the help of the army of Arragon in front, gave Simon a total defeat which compelled him to shut himself up in the city of Carcasson.

Soon afterward, the pope's legate called a council at Montpelier, for renewing the war against the Albigenses, and for showing proper honor to count Simon. The count was able to be present upon this occasion; for the Albigenses, not taking advantage of their victory, had neglected to watch Carcasson, and had let Simon escape to Montpelier.

When opening the council, the legate, in the pope's name, paid many compliments to Simon, and declared that he should be prince of all the countries that might in future be taken from the Albigenses. He also, by order of the pope, called him "the active and dexterous soldier of Christ, and the invincible defender of the faith." But just as the count was about to return thanks for these great honors and fine speeches, a messenger brought word that the people, having heard count Simon was in the council, had taken up arms, and were coming to kill him as a common disturber of the peace. This news threw the whole council into great confusion; and count Simon, though he had been so recently entitled an invincible defender of the faith, leaped from a window, and stole away from the city.

A Church Council is Held.

The many disputes arising between the leaders appointed by the church, and the people, caused the pope to call a council. It had long been the custom, whenever there were any questions to be settled of great importance to the church, to call together the archbishops, bishops, and priests to hold a council at the palace of the pope.

The popes had for many years lived in a certain splendid building at Rome, called the palace of the Lateran, after Plantius Lateranus, a

rich citizen of Rome who had once owned the land upon which the building stood. The council now called by pope Innocent III. was the fourth that had been held in this palace, and was in some respects the most important of any that had ever met there. Seventy-one archbishops, 412 bishops, 800 abbots, besides ambassadors from all the Christian kings and emperors of the world, were present. A profession, or plain statement of the principles of the Roman Catholic faith, was presented by the pope, and accepted by all the assembled councillors. In this profession of faith the word transubstantiation is said to have been first used by Roman prelates in connection with that miraculous change into actual flesh and blood which they believed themselves empowered to effect in the bread and wine of the eucharist. At this council, also, bitter condemnation was pronounced against all persons who might persist in holding a contrary belief to this, which was solemnly established as the only true faith. Such offenders were, henceforth, to be shown no mercy; they were to be treated as heretics, and after trial by the church were to be delivered over to the civil authorities for punishment. Not only heretics themselves, but all who aided heretics in any way were to be excommunicated; and upon all kings, emperors, or rulers who did not put forth their utmost endeavors to drive heresy from their dominions the same penalty was pronounced.

The measures which had been taken to put down the Albigenses were also approved, and count Simon was given full authority to raise another army and carry on the war.

Simon Continues the War.

Simon therefore went to the king of France, received his commission, and began to enlist soldiers. Just as he had collected a good force together and was about to assail the unfortunate Albigenses, a messenger brought him news that his wife and household were besieged in the city of Narbonne by the count of Toulouse, and in great dan-

ger of being taken. He at once marched to the relief of his wife and with some difficulty rescued her. This delay enabled the Albigenses to recover themselves somewhat, and to retake Toulouse. Simon soon made a desperate assault upon the city but was driven back with great slaughter.

After this defeat, Simon was much cast down, and it is said that the pope's legate, in order to encourage him to make another attack, then spoke as follows: "Fear nothing, my lord! make another attempt; let us not fail to take the city, and destroy these heretics. Those of our men who are slain in the fight, I assure you shall immediately pass into paradise."

One of the count's principal officers, on hearing this said with a sneer, "Monsieur cardinal, you talk with great assurance; but if the count believes you, he will, as before, suffer for his confidence." But Simon took the legate's advice, made another assault, and was again driven back with greater loss than before.

To complete his misfortunes, before the besiegers could recover from their confusion, the count of Foix appeared at the head of a formidable body of troops, and attacking Simon's already dispirited soldiers, easily put them to rout. The count himself narrowly escaped drowning in the river Garonne, into which he hastily plunged to avoid being captured.

Death of Count Simon of Montfort.

This last disaster almost broke the count's spirit; but the pope's legate continued to encourage him, and offered to raise another army, which with some difficulty, and three years' delay, he finally did, and the count was once more able to take the field. On this occasion he turned his whole force against Toulouse, which he besieged for the space of nine months. In one of the sorties made by the Albigenses, count Simon's horse was wounded. The animal being in great pain ran away with him, and carried him directly under the battlement walls,

DEATH OF COUNT SIMON OF MONTFORT.

which were swarming with his foes. A crossbowman, taking advantage of this unlooked-for opportunity, shot a bolt into his thigh.

But it was, after all, by the hand of a woman, that the Albigenses, like the Israelites of old, were delivered from their great enemy; for the wife of one of the soldiers, seeing Simon beneath her, seized a heavy stone and dropped it upon the head of the already wounded count, striking him from his horse and leaving him dead upon the ground.

Failure of Attempts to Take Toulouse.

The death of count Simon so discouraged the soldiers that they gave up the siege and went home. But the legate, determined not to be disappointed of his prey, interested the king of France in the cause, who sent his son to attack Toulouse. The French prince, with some chosen troops, made a furious assault; but the brave defenders who had succeeded before in beating off the fierce count Simon, won another victory, and the besiegers were driven back with great loss. The French, therefore, gave up the attempt to take Toulouse, and went to attack the city of Mirimande, near by. This place they soon took by storm, and put to the sword all the inhabitants. About 5000 men, women, and children were slain during this merciless butchery.

The pope's legate, whose name was Bertrand, having grown old, became weary of following the wars, so he wrote a letter to the pope, in which he begged to be recalled on account of age and infirmities; but entreated the pontiff to appoint a successor, who would carry on the war, as he had done, with spirit and perseverance. The pope, therefore, recalled Bertrand, and appointed Conrad to be legate in his place.

The King of France Takes the Field.

The new legate persuaded the king of France to undertake the siege of the city of Toulouse in person, in order to make obedient to the

church those obstinate heretics, as he called the brave Albigenses. The count of Toulouse, hearing of the great preparations being made by the king of France, sent the women and children into secret and secure places in the mountains, destroyed the crops upon all the neighboring farms, and drove away the cattle, so that the king's forces should not obtain any food.

Owing to these wise precautions the French army, soon after it came there, suffered all the extremities of famine. The soldiers were compelled to feed on the carcasses of horses and dogs, which unwholesome food caused a sickness to rage among them from which many died. The French king himself fell ill and died before the siege was ended, and his son, who carried on the war, was defeated in two engagements before the walls.

But in spite of these brief successes, the siege went steadily on. The count of Toulouse was taken prisoner during a battle outside the walls, and the city having lost its brave defender, was compelled at last to yield, when a pitiless massacre of the unfortunate people took place. They were hunted through the streets by the brutal soldiers, and no mercy was shown to man, woman, or child. Thousands fell before the swords and spears of these bloodthirsty foes, who revenged themselves for the hardships of the siege by every kind of outrage and cruelty.

LATER PERSECUTIONS OF THE WALDENSES.

It has already been told how some of those people called Waldenses left their native country, France, and went to live in the northern part of Italy, where they were attacked by soldiers sent from Rome, and many of them killed. There were some, however, who escaped to the mountains, and in later years their descendants had become quite numerous. They were industrious tillers of the soil, and were prosperous and content. But unfortunately for them, the watchful eye of the archbishop of Turin was at length directed toward their retreat,

and soon a force of soldiers was sent into the peaceful valleys, which committed many outrages and killed a great number.

At last, made desperate by the cruelty of the troops, the Waldenses turned upon them and fought several bloody battles, in which their knowledge of the steep and rocky mountain passes gave them the advantage.

As these disturbances kept the country in constant turmoil, and were the cause of great loss to all the inhabitants, the duke of Savoy, who was lord of Piedmont, determined to use his authority to restore peace. But, not liking to offend the pope, or the archbishop of Turin, he first sent to them a carefully worded protest against having his dominions overrun with troops, who were commanded by priests instead of generals, and who killed and plundered his subjects without even asking his leave.

The archbishop replied, that enemies of the church were the common foes of all Christian princes, and should be destroyed wherever found. The duke replied to this by saying plainly, that, although not familiar with the religious faith of the persecuted people, he had found them quiet, industrious, and obedient, and therefore would not permit them any longer to be hunted down like dangerous wild beasts. All sorts of accusations were then made against the Waldenses by the archbishop; so in order to learn the real truth of the matter, the duke sent twelve of his officers into the valleys, to find out what was the character of the people who lived there.

After travelling through their towns and villages, and talking with the Waldenses, the twelve examiners returned to the duke, and gave him a most favorable account of them. They reported that the people appeared to be inoffensive, industrious, and pious. As for their children, about whom the most ridiculous stories had been told, they said they had found they were neither born with black throats, nor hair on their bodies, but were as fine children as ever were seen. "And to convince your highness," said they, "we have brought

with us twelve of their chief men who have come to ask pardon in the name of the rest, for having taken up arms without your leave, and also several of their women and children, so that your highness may judge for yourself." The duke of Savoy therefore talked with these people, examined their children, and satisfied himself that the report of the commissioners was true. He then commanded the prelates who had attempted to deceive him, to depart from his court; and gave strict orders, that the persecution should cease throughout his dominions.

Therefore, during the rest of this just ruler's reign, the Waldenses enjoyed peace; but after his death the happy scene was changed, and bloody persecution again raged in the land.

Continued Persecution of the Waldenses.

Emboldened by their fancied security the Waldenses had long ceased to meet in secret places for worship; they assembled openly in their churches. Hearing this, the new duke sent troops into the valleys, and declared that if the people would not change their faith, he would have them driven from the country. But the soldiers soon found the Waldenses too numerous to be safely attacked by the force brought against them, so they returned without accomplishing anything. There was, therefore, peace in the valleys for a few years longer.

At length, Paul III. becoming pope, he gave orders to the council at Turin to send messengers to the Waldenses to offer them the following hard terms, as the price of continued peace: That they must return to the church of Rome; and that to prove their obedience, they must send twelve of their principal men, with all their ministers and schoolmasters, to Turin, to be dealt with as the council saw fit. It was threatened that if they rejected these propositions, persecution and death should be their penalty.

In answer to these demands the Waldenses made the following bold

reply: That no power could force them to renounce their religion. That they would never consent to put their best friends into the hands of their worst enemies. That they valued the approbation of the King who reigns in heaven more than any earthly king; for they considered their souls far more precious than their bodies.

This defiant reply so enraged the council that they seized all the Waldenses who ventured out from their mountain hiding-places, and put them to death in the most cruel ways. Soon after, the king of France was asked to send troops to assist in driving the Waldenses from their strongholds, but just as the army was about to march, the princes of Germany interfered, and threatened to send soldiers to help the Waldenses. Upon this, the king of France, not wishing to go to war with so great a nation, ordered back his troops. This greatly disappointed the council, but for want of a sufficient force of soldiers the persecution gradually ceased. They still continued to put to death such Waldenses as they caught by chance, but owing to their caution, very few were thus taken.

After a few years' peace, the Waldenses were again disturbed; the pope's legate, coming to Turin, told the duke he was astonished that he had not yet rooted out the unbelievers from his dominions, or compelled them to return to the church of Rome. He said that such conduct awakened suspicion that the duke was, himself, a favorer of those heretics, and he would accordingly report him to the pope. Stung by this accusation, and fearful of getting the ill-will of the pope, the duke determined to make a show of energy; so, entering Piedmont with several regiments of soldiers, he began to hang, drown, and burn all the Waldenses who came in his way. Those who fled had their goods plundered and their houses burned. When they caught a minister or a schoolmaster, they put him to such dreadful tortures as made the less hardened among them turn away in horror.

Some of the worst of these ruffians having seized a minister, as he was going to preach, started to take him to their camp to burn

him. His people hearing of this, armed themselves, pursued and attacked the captors; who finding they could not hold their prisoner, stabbed the poor man, and left him weltering in his blood. His rescuers did all they could to save his life, but in vain; for he died as they were carrying him home.

Brave Defence of the Men of Rosa.

Many of the towns and villages of the Waldenses had been destroyed, and their inhabitants killed or driven away; but the village of Rosa had until now escaped, as it was built high up on a steep and rocky mountain. One day the duke of Savoy, hearing that some of the people he had driven from their homes had found refuge at Rosa, determined to destroy the place, so that it could no longer shelter any fugitives. He therefore sent an officer and three hundred men, to take it by surprise.

But the men of Rosa, hearing of the intended attack, appointed one of their number, Joshua Gianavel, an experienced soldier, captain, and made ready to resist the force that had been sent against them. Now, the town could only be approached by a single narrow mountain path, therefore Gianavel and his men hid themselves near this path, and as soon as the enemy appeared, suddenly started up from behind the rocks and bushes, and made so fierce an attack that the soldiers, panic-stricken, turned and fled, leaving many of their number dead upon the ground.

The men of Rosa, after this victory, sent a letter to the marquis of Pianessa, a general officer of the duke, saying, "they were sorry to take up arms, but the secret approach of a body of troops, had greatly offended them; and as it was their custom never to suffer any armed force to enter their little town, they had repelled force by force, and should do so again; but in all other respects they professed themselves dutiful, obedient, and loyal subjects to their sovereign prince, the duke of Savoy."

The marquis, in order to continue the deception, and intending to make another attack, answered, "That he was perfectly satisfied with their behavior, for they had done right, and had even rendered a service to their country, as the men who had attempted to enter the town could not have been his troops, but a band of desperate robbers who lurked in those mountains, and had become a terror to the neighboring country." To give a greater appearance of truth to his words, he published a proclamation, expressing thanks to the citizens of Rosa for their attack upon the soldiers. The very next day, however, he sent a larger force than before to take the town, while the people, as he thought, were lulled into security.

Captain Gianavel, however, was not thus to be deceived; he attacked these new enemies as he had done the others, and forced them to flee down the mountain, leaving, as before, many of their dead and wounded companions lying upon the rocky path.

Failing in these two attempts, the marquis determined on a third, but, still trying to deceive, he published another proclamation, disowning any knowledge of the second attempt. He soon after sent 700 chosen men upon the expedition, who in spite of the brave defence of the inhabitants, entered Rosa and began to murder every man, woman, and child in the place. Captain Gianavel, at the head of his company, though they had been beaten in the fight on the road, took up a strong position behind a wall of stones and wood which they had hurriedly thrown across the single street leading to the interior of the town. Here he succeeded in holding the enemy back.

The commander of the marquis' forces was astonished and dismayed at this new obstacle, as he thought he had at last overcome all difficulties. He tried to force his way into the street, but it was too narrow for more than twelve men at a time, and the men of Rosa being safe behind a breastwork, killed all these before others could advance. Seeing his men falling around him, and fearing dis-

grace if he permitted further slaughter, the commander reluctantly ordered a retreat. Unwilling, however, to withdraw his men by the same road he had entered, on account of its steepness, he undertook to retire toward the town of Villaro, by another path, which, though narrow and difficult, was easier of descent. Here, however, he again suffered from the tireless activity and courage of Gianavel, who having posted his little band upon the rocks, greatly annoyed the troops as they passed, and even pursued them till they entered the open country.

The marquis of Pianessa, finding all his attempts to take Rosa by surprise had failed, resolved to throw off the mask; and publicly announced that every man who would bear arms against the heretics of Rosa would be well rewarded, and that any officer who could take the town itself should have half the booty.

Great Stones are Rolled Down upon the Soldiers.

Captain Mario, a soldier of fortune and desperate ruffian, who would fight for any one who paid him, undertook the enterprise. He raised a force of one thousand men, and with these he attempted to gain the summit of a rock which overlooked the town. But the men of Rosa, aware of his design, hid themselves at the top and let the soldiers ascend without opposition till they had nearly reached the summit, when they made a most furious attack upon them with great stones, which they loosened from the mountain side and rolled down upon the armed band climbing toward their stronghold.

This unexpected attack from above threw the assailants into confusion; some were crushed to death where they stood, and others were hurled down the steep side of the mountain. Many, also, fell victims to their own fears, for while trying to escape down the narrow and dangerous mountain path, they fell upon the cliffs below and were dashed to pieces. Captain Mario himself, having fallen from a craggy place into a river at the foot of the precipice, was

taken up senseless, and after lingering some time, died. Only a small part of the attacking force escaped unhurt to the valley below, and these were so terrified by the crushing rocks hurled down upon them, that they refused to make any further attempt to take the town.

After this, another body of troops from the camp at Villaro made an attempt upon Rosa, but were likewise defeated and compelled to retreat to their camp. Captain Gianavel, after each of these signal victories, knelt down, with his men, and returned thanks to God for His merciful protection of them.

Enraged at being defied by a few poor villagers, the marquis of Pianessa determined to send a force strong enough to destroy them. So he ordered all the army of Piedmont to be called out, and adding to these eight thousand hired soldiers, he attacked Rosa from three sides at once. As might be expected, from the superiority of numbers, the troops took the town, and as soon as they entered it began to murder the inhabitants in all the horrible ways known to them. Men were hanged, burned, or cut to pieces, women drowned or thrown from the precipices, and children were tossed upon spears or had their brains dashed out against the stones. On the first day of their gaining the town, one hundred and twenty-six persons were thus cruelly slaughtered.

According to the orders of the marquis, they likewise plundered and burned the houses of the people. Several, however, made their escape, under the conduct of the brave Gianavel; but his wife and children were unfortunately made prisoners, and sent to Turin under a strong guard.

Gianavel's Wife and Children Slain.

The marquis thinking he now had the means of bringing Gianavel to terms, wrote him a letter, and sent it to him by one of the prisoners whom he released for that purpose. In this letter the marquis called

THE MEN OF ROSA ROLL DOWN STONES UPON THEIR ENEMIES.

upon Gianavel to give himself up; and assured him that unless he did so his wife and children should be put to death, and so large a reward offered for his own seizure, that even some of his friends would be tempted to betray him.

To this, Gianavel returned the following answer:

"My Lord Marquis: There is no torment so great, or death so cruel, that I would not suffer it rather than give up my religion. My wife and my children I dearly love, and would die to save them, but I cannot purchase their lives at the price of my salvation; and they themselves would be the last to wish me to do so. You have them in your power, it is true; but my consolation is, that your power is only for a moment; you may destroy their mortal bodies, but their immortal souls are out of your reach, and will live hereafter, to bear testimony against you for your cruelties.

Joshua Gianavel."

After thus giving up all that made life dear to him, Gianavel with a few companions sought a refuge among the lofty crags of his native Alps. Here they were soon joined by some of the men of Rosa who had escaped the slaughter. Their number gradually increased, and for a long time they defended themselves from the attacks of their foes, and even became bold enough to descend upon hostile towns and villages, making themselves feared and dreaded throughout the wild region in which they lived.

Instances of Cruelty.

The warfare between the Waldenses and the church forces was accompanied by many acts of cruelty. One of the members of this persecuted sect, who had become noted as a preacher, was ordered to be seized. The soldiers who went to take him were guided to his house by one of the Waldenses themselves who had treacherously agreed to betray the minister for money. This base traitor knocked at the door, and upon being asked who was there, answered in his

own name. The minister, expecting no injury from a person whom he had long known, immediately opened the door, but seeing the soldiers, turned and fled. They followed and caught him, however, and carried him off. After being confined a considerable time in prison, the unfortunate man was brought to trial and sentenced to be burned.

The soldiers continued their assaults, murdering and plundering many of the inhabitants. The Waldenses of Lucerne and Angrogne sent some armed men to the assistance of their brethren, who succeeded for a time in driving away their tormentors and restoring some degree of order to the dismantled towns.

The duke of Savoy, not finding himself as successful as he had expected to be, tried to increase the number of his soldiers, and even ordered a general release of criminals in the prisons, provided the convicts thus set at liberty would bear arms against the Waldenses. When the Waldenses heard this they secured as much of their property as they could, and leaving the valleys, sought shelter among the rocks and caves of the Alps.

The army no sooner reached the deserted villages than they began to plunder and burn them. They were not able, however, to force the passes of the Alps, gallantly defended by the Waldenses; but if any of them fell into the hands of the troops, they were treated in the most barbarous manner. On one of the mountain roads some of the soldiers found an old man, upwards of eighty years of age, being helped along by his grand-daughter to a place of safety. The soldiers inhumanly murdered the poor old man, and then attempted to take the girl, when she broke away, threw herself from a precipice, and was dashed to pieces on the rocks below.

Determined, if possible, to drive away their invaders, the Waldenses entered into a league with Germany to force the duke's army to leave their native valleys, and resolved to forsake the mountains, where they soon must have perished, as the winter was coming on.

But the duke of Savoy himself was tired of the war, it having cost him great fatigue and anxiety of mind, a vast number of men, and very considerable sums of money. It had been much more tedious and bloody than he expected, as well as more expensive, for the plunder did not pay the costs of the expedition, as he thought it would have done. For these reasons, and fearing that the Waldenses, by the treaties they had entered into, would become too powerful for him, he made an agreement to keep peace with them, and returned to Turin with his army.

Last Persecution of the Waldenses.

This treaty of peace between the Waldenses and the duke of Savoy was made in 1561, and remained unbroken for nearly one hundred years. During all this time, however, the Waldenses suffered from petty insults and annoyances on account of their faith.

In the year 1650, a jubilee was held at Rome, and it was, as usual, a season for exciting renewed activity against all who opposed Romish doctrines. At that time, the council "for spreading the faith, and destroying heretics," established courts in the principal cities of France and Italy, admitting many females of rank to membership. One of these courts was founded at Turin, over which Andrew Gastaldo presided. After passing various laws, intended to injure and annoy the Waldenses, an order was issued by which, during a winter of uncommon severity, all the inhabitants of Lucerne, and the more open districts, were commanded to leave their homes and to retire to the mountains, within three days, unless they would become Romanists. Wonderful to relate, not one of them hesitated between these conditions. They gave up their dwellings, and wading through the snow, with difficulty crossed the torrents, sheltering themselves in caves and under jutting rocks. But their persecutors, though disappointed of an excuse for murdering them, would not give up their bloody designs. An army of fifteen thousand men was soon sent

into the valleys, and under the pretence of being satisfied with the submission of the inhabitants, gained access to many of the villages and towns. In a few days the signal for a general massacre was given, and the most cruel torments were inflicted upon all who, trusting to the professions of peace, had not hidden themselves in the steepest and loftiest parts of the mountains.

England and the Protestant nations of Europe now interfered, and another brief and troubled interval of repose was granted to the survivors. The English government was particularly distinguished on this occasion for the energy with which it interposed in behalf of the Waldenses, and it sent quite a large sum of money to the sufferers. But peace did not last long. Upon the revocation of the edict of Nantes, and the persecution of the French Protestants by Louis XIV., that tyrant persuaded the duke of Savoy to once more attack the unfortunate people. So the bloody work was begun again; but the Waldenses, being at last worn out, and exhausted by previous sufferings, offered to surrender provided they might be allowed to leave the country. Their proposal was accepted; but instead of being allowed to depart, many who had thus surrendered were barbarously murdered. Those who were left were forced to abandon their native valleys and were imprisoned in different fortresses of Piedmont; much care being taken to separate parents and children and relatives, while the younger children were given for adoption to institutions and families of the Romish faith.

More than twelve thousand men and women were shut up in gloomy dungeons, and experienced the most cruel treatment. They were fed upon bread made of the poorest materials, and given stagnant water to drink. Their only beds were upon the bare stones or on filthy straw, and at the same time they were purposely so crowded together that fevers and other diseases caused the death of a great many. While in this state of privation and suffering, their conversion to Romanism was often attempted. Promises and

threats were employed for this purpose; but with a few exceptions, they continued to hold the faith of their fathers. It is not surprising that, under such treatment, their number was, in a few months, reduced from twelve thousand to three thousand.

The Waldenses go to Switzerland.

At last the duke of Savoy graciously deigned to listen to the appeal of the Swiss Cantons, and allowed the few who remained of this once numerous and happy people to go into exile. But they were compelled to begin their march in the severity of the winter season, and urged forward so cruelly that many perished by the way.

The survivors reached Geneva about the middle of December, in such an exhausted state that several died at the gates of the city. But once within its walls they were received with Christian tenderness, and the Protestants of Geneva contended with each other who should take in, and care for, these worn and weary travellers who had come to them in their distress.

A Few Return to Italy.

When the exiles became finally settled in their new home in Switzerland, most of them chose to live at Berne, and there they might have remained unmolested had not that love of country, always so strong among dwellers in the mountains, caused many to return to their native Alps. After two unsuccessful attempts, about eight hundred of the most determined among them, under the leadership of one of their pastors, named Arnaud, who acted both as their minister and their captain, obtained arms and crossed the Lake of Geneva one night in the year 1689, determined to force their way through the country of their enemies, and re-enter their own valleys, or perish in the attempt.

The duke of Savoy, being told of their return, sent soldiers to attack them. But although greatly overmatched, the little band

WALDENSES DROWNED AT VENICE.

fought bravely for nine months. By that time, much reduced in number, and driven from their last stronghold, their destruction seemed certain, when Providence again interposed in their behalf. War broke out between the duke of Savoy and the king of France, upon which the duke offered peace to his persecuted subjects, and allowed them again to settle in their native valley. It is a remarkable fact that before long the duke's own defeat compelled him to seek a refuge from his enemies among the very people he had formerly persecuted, and that, forgetful of the past, they received him with kindness and loyalty.

Waldenses Drowned at Venice.

Before the persecution had reached the city of Venice, some Waldenses made their homes there. The authorities, as soon as they learned of their presence gave orders for their arrest, and many were martyred for their faith.

Various were the ways by which they suffered death; one in particular, being uncommon and singular, will be described. The prisoner, after being sentenced, was attached by an iron chain to a heavy stone. Both the man and the weight to which he was fastened were then laid upon a plank. The ends of the plank were placed upon two boats, which were rowed out on the sea; then the boats separated and the martyr's weighted form sank to the bottom.

A citizen of Venice, named Anthony Ricetti, was sentenced to be drowned in this manner. A few days before his execution his son went to him, and begged him to recant, that his life might be saved, and himself not left an orphan. To this the father replied, "A true Christian is bound to give up not only goods and children, but life itself, for the glory of his Redeemer." The nobles of Venice offered him his life if he would change his religion; but finding their efforts unavailing, they ordered the execution of his sentence, which took place accordingly.

CHAPTER XII.

THE MOHAMMEDANS, OR SARACENS.

Mohammed, the founder of the religion which takes its name from him, and which is the faith of the Turks and of more than one hundred millions of people in the East, was born at Mecca, in Arabia, about the year 570. His parents were poor, and his education limited; but by his genius and craft he made himself a king during life, and after death was worshipped as a prophet, and almost a god. The followers of Mohammed are called Mohammedans, from his own name; or, Mussulmans and Moslems, from the word Islam, which means submission to God and to his prophet; sometimes they are given the name of Arabs, from their parent country Arabia; and more frequently Saracens, from one of their principal tribes.

Mohammed's book, which is the Mohammedan's bible, is called the Alcoran, or Koran. In this book there are to be found traces of paganism, Judaism, and even Christianity, strangely intermingled; but in the principles which it advocates and the rewards it promises it is well adapted to influence the sensual nature of the people for whom it was written.

Mohammed Calls Himself a Prophet.

At the age of forty, Mohammed proclaimed himself a prophet. Being subject to violent epileptic seizures, or fits, he turned them to his advantage by making his ignorant followers believe they were caused by the visits of an angel, who came to teach him, and whose presence threw him into trances and convulsions. Such was his influence that, during his lifetime almost the whole of Arabia acknow-

ledged Mohammed as the prophet of God, and armies of brave warriors were eager to fight at his command. Mohammed was before everything else a soldier; and as he became more powerful he sought to establish his doctrine by force of arms. The glories of a paradise in which every sense would be gratified were promised to his followers who fell in battle. "The sword," said he "is the key of heaven. He who falls in the fight, his sins are forgiven, his wounds shall be instantly healed, and he shall be borne aloft on the wings of angels." As a consequence of their implicit faith in these promises the soldiers of the false prophet have always been renowned for their bravery. Assured of being instantly translated into an entrancing paradise, if slain in battle, they fling themselves upon their enemies with almost irresistible fury, and seem rather to court than avoid the death which most men fear.

Growth of Mohammedanism.

Mohammed died in 632. So rapid was the spread of the religion which he founded that eighty years after his death the Mohammedans, or Saracens as they were usually called, ruled supreme over Arabia, Syria, Persia, Egypt, the whole of the northern coast of Africa, and over Spain. They had, therefore, in this short space of time, conquered as many nations as the ancient Romans had done during seven centuries of warfare. Although often driven back, and thousands of them slain by the armies of Christendom; as well as being sometimes held in check by strife within their own borders, their gigantic power continued to grow and grow for eight hundred years—until they placed their glittering crescent upon the spires of the Christian churches at Constantinople, and sounded their war-cry before the gates of Vienna.

The Turks Attack Constantinople.

Constantinople, the ancient, imperial city, which for more than eleven hundred years had repelled the attacks of the enemies of

Christianity, was besieged for the last time by the hosts of Islam in the year 1453.

Mohammed II., the fiercest and most terrible of the Turkish sultans, had no sooner taken the sceptre left by his father Amurath, than he resolved to wrest the ancient capital from the hands of the reigning sovereign, Constantine Palæologus, a prince of splendid courage, who nobly redeemed the once glorious title of Roman emperor. Early in the month of April the Turkish hosts appeared before the city. Three hundred thousand men, swept up from all parts of Asia, formed the huge army of Mohammed, while a fleet of three hundred and twenty vessels prepared to attack Constantinople on the side toward the sea.

Defence of Constantinople.

Against this overpowering force Constantine could only bring a few ships and galleys, and about ten thousand soldiers. Although the city contained over one hundred thousand people, much the greater number were unfit to take part in her defence; workers in costly fabrics and jewels, monks, and women were numerous, but of hardy soldiers there were only a few. By the emperor's command a strict search was made through the streets and houses for men able and willing to bear arms against the enemy; some ships which arrived from the Black Sea were held, with their crews, to aid in the defence, and a strong chain was drawn across the mouth of the harbor to keep out the Turkish vessels.

Mohammed's Army Begins the Assault with Cannon.

The Turks began by making a furious attack upon the land side of the city, which was protected by a double wall, and a deep ditch filled with water. Against these strong defences they could have made but little headway had it not been for the destructive force of gunpowder, then just coming into use. Mohammed planted fourteen enormous cannon before the walls, some of which carried stone balls weighing

two hundred pounds. The thunderous reports of these great guns, and the crushing force of the round stones which they hurled against the gates and into the midst of the city, brought the Greeks of Constantinople in haste to the walls, from whence they looked down in dismay at these new and terrible engines of destruction which were directed against them.

Greek Fire is Thrown from the Walls.

While it was true that the besieged were without cannon, yet they were well supplied with machines for throwing darts and stones, and above all, understood the art of making the celebrated "Grecian fire," or Greek fire, an inflammable liquid which blazed with such fierceness that it was believed to consume even iron and stones.

The secret of making and using this flaming substance was said to have been first learned from a Syrian, named Callinicos. Naphtha, sulphur, and pitch seem to have formed its principal ingredients, and when lighted it burned with such fury that water was powerless to extinguish it.

Greek fire could be used against an enemy with equal effect either upon land or sea,—being poured from the walls in great metal holders, or darted in arrows and spears around which were twisted flax and tow. When used on ship-board the Greek fire was blown through long tubes of copper, fixed on prows shaped like savage monsters, which seemed to vomit flames and smoke. The secret of its manufacture had been carefully preserved by the Greeks of Constantinople for over four hundred years, and was rightly regarded by them as their principal means of defence; but being discovered or stolen by the Moslems, it was at last turned against the Greeks themselves. The discovery of gunpowder, however, put an end to its use, and it is little heard of after the fall of Constantinople.

But during this siege it is certain that Greek fire was used with dreadful effect upon the Turks, driving them back with its fierce

flame and suffocating smoke as they attempted to cross the ditch and scale the walls, destroying their platforms and ladders, and consuming even the bodies of the dead. War in those days, especially between the hosts of the infidel and the armies of Christendom, was a series of desperate hand-to-hand struggles in which neither side gave or expected quarter. The ditches before the walls were nearly filled in some places by the wounded and the slain; and over their heaving bodies new ranks were forced onward by the impatient hordes behind.

The heroic defence of Constantinople against such an overwhelming host of enemies was due to the courageous leadership of the emperor, Constantine, and his faithful general, Justiniani, whose courage and enthusiasm seemed to transform his little band of followers into a great army of defenders.

But the ceaseless hammering of the great stone cannon-balls soon made a hole in the outer wall; upon seeing which Mohammed ordered his forces to prepare for another assault. One of the means by which he expected to force an entrance was a great wooden tower, or movable fort, several stories high, and filled with armed men; this he had rolled close to the ruined wall, to protect the advance of the warriors he intended to throw into the city. A fierce battle was waged for two days during which every attempt of the Moslems to force their way through the broken wall was repelled by the bravery of the besieged. At length the Turks were driven back, and Mohammed suffered the mortification of seeing his wooden tower overthrown and set on fire. This unexpected defeat greatly enraged the fierce sultan, who exclaimed that, had thirty thousand prophets foretold such a calamity, he should not have believed it.

Mohammed's Fleet is Partly Destroyed.

A few weeks after this reverse to his land forces a great disaster befell his fleet in the harbor. Four Christian vessels, filled with sol-

diers, and carrying supplies for the relief of the city, forced their way through the Turkish ships, sinking a great many of them and slaughtering their crews. Mohammed, who was watching the battle from the top of a neighboring hill, descended, foaming with rage, and furiously spurring his horse into the sea, met his defeated galleys as they returned to shore, and bitterly charged the captains with cowardice. So far did his rage carry him that he ordered the admiral to be deprived of his rank and publicly beaten. But fury and punishments were alike useless; the four Christian ships continued on their course, driving the remaining Turkish galleys before them, and at last anchored in triumph beneath the city walls.

The possession of the harbor was of great importance to the Greeks, as it not only made them safe from attacks on that side, but kept the way open to receive supplies of food, and reinforcements of men, which began to be sorely needed. But to the lasting disgrace of all Christian nations, no further aid was sent the beleaguered city, beyond the four vessels whose entrance into the blockaded harbor has just been described.

But in spite of failing resources, the Greeks continued to defend themselves with undiminished bravery, until Mohammed himself began to feel uneasy as to the result of the siege. The wild and barbarous hordes which had followed him to the walls of the imperial city, made up of men who have been aptly described as the scum of Asia, were disheartened by the slaughter of so many of their comrades and called loudly for a cessation of so bloody and perilous a siege. The fierce sultan, however, revived their drooping spirits by promising them that all the treasures of the rich city should be theirs if they would but make one more assault.

Mohammed Leads the Final Assault.

Accordingly, at evening on the 29th of May, the Moslem hosts assembled for a final attack. Mohammed himself rode through their

ranks, renewing his promises of booty and of slaves to all who should follow him into the city. The shouts of the warriors as they crowded around their leader were heard with alarm by the defenders on the ramparts, and their terror was increased by the sudden silence which ensued, and by the light from innumerable signal torches which suddenly blazed forth from the camp of the enemy. Seeing that the final struggle was near at hand, the emperor Constantine called together his captains, and in a moving speech begged them not to surrender their homes to the infidel, but rather to die in defence of them. His words brought tears to the eyes of his armed hearers, who embraced each other, as if for the last time, and afterward separated to take their stations upon the ramparts. The emperor then visited the imperial palace, gave his final directions, and asked pardon of his people for whatever wrongs might have occurred under his government; lastly he went to the church of St. Sophia, where he prayed, and received the communion, after which he resumed his place at the defences.

At midnight Mohammed gave the signal for the assault, and immediately his whole force was hurled against the city. The Turks fought with the wild frenzy for which they were noted. Excited by the promise of unlimited plunder, they rushed to the breach in the wall, and undismayed by the sight of their companions falling dead around them, forced their way desperately against the pikes and swords of the Greeks.

But if the attack was furious the defence was not less heroic; though their ranks were thinned by death the besieged poured down from the top of the wall streams of the terrible Grecian fire, arrows, bolts, and great rocks and stones, which burned and crushed hundreds of their fierce assailants. But the combat was too unequal to last long; the outer rampart was passed by the Turks, and the Greeks took a final stand behind a barricade which had been hastily built inside the walls. Here the emperor fought hand to hand with the invaders, at the head of his soldiers; for two hours the contest

continued, when Mohammed, with ten thousand of his choicest cavalry, the famous Janizaries, charged up the slope, and with flashing scimetars fell upon the little band behind the barricade.

Fall of Constantinople and Death of Constantine.

Amid the awful tumult of the Janizaries' furious charge the emperor was seen trying to encourage his men; but it was in vain. Broken and panic-stricken they fled before the irresistible attack of the fierce horsemen; but Constantine, realizing that his empire was lost, refused to fly, and fighting to the last, fell dead upon a heap of his slain companions.

Constantinople was now left helpless, a prey to barbarous hordes of conquerors. Amid dreadful scenes of carnage, bands of wild Asiatics rushed from house to house, pillaging and destroying; women and children were collected together, a wretched band of captives, to be carried away as slaves by their heathen captors, while all resistance was put down by the sword. For three days Mohammed permitted his savage followers to plunder and kill as they would. Forty thousand of the unfortunate inhabitants were slain, while sixty thousand, yet more unfortunate, were carried away captive.

It is related, that during the sack of Constantinople, the Turks took the cross from the spire of the great church of St. Sophia, and writing over it, "This is the God of the Christians," carried the sacred emblem around the city, and exposed it to the contempt of the soldiers. The body of the emperor being found among the slain, was also subjected to insult. Mohammed commanded the head to be stuck on a spear, and exhibited it to the mocking crowd. Such Christians as escaped from the wreck of the empire fled to parts of Western and Northern Europe; the ancient, imperial city itself became, and has ever since remained, the home of the sultans and the citadel of Mohammedanism.

Thus the ancient capital of the Roman empire, which had been founded by a Constantine, fell during the reign of another Con-

THE TURKS, LED BY MOHAMMED II., TAKE CONSTANTINOPLE

stantine, eleven hundred and twenty-three years later, into the hands of the barbarians of Asia.

Attack on Rhodes.

Sixty-seven years after the fall of Constantinople, the Turks, who had grown greatly in numbers and power, threatened all Europe. They invaded Hungary, took the city of Belgrade, and many other towns were successively carried by storm, or obliged to open their gates. Two years after this, under Solyman I., they attacked Rhodes, with a fleet of four hundred ships and an army of two hundred thousand men. The island was bravely defended by the Knights Hospitallers, a noble order of Christian crusaders who had held it against the infidels for over two hundred years. These heroes resisted the Turks till all their fortifications were levelled with the ground, their provisions exhausted, and their ammunition spent. Finding that no aid could be expected from the Christian nations, they surrendered, the siege having lasted about six months; during which the Turks had suffered dreadfully, no less than thirty thousand of them having died of wounds or disease. After this, Solyman for the second time invaded Hungary at the head of two hundred thousand men. He retook Buda from the Christians, and treated those who were found there with great cruelty.

Siege of Vienna by the Turks.

Insatiable in his ambition, and burning with the desire of universal conquest, Solyman led his fanatical host into Austria, glutting himself with slaughter on the way, and thinking to lay Europe, bound and helpless, at his feet, with Christianity banished from the earth.

Bringing all his army before the walls of Vienna, he sent three Christian prisoners into the town, to terrify the citizens with an account of his strength. Happily for the Christians, only three days before the arrival of the Turks, the count palatine Frederic had

entered the city with fourteen thousand chosen veterans, besides a body of horse. The Turkish commander summoned the city to surrender; but the Germans defied him, and he at once began the siege. It has already been told how the religion of Mohammed promises to all soldiers who fall in battle, no matter what their crimes, immediate admission to the joys of paradise. From this belief comes that fury and fearlessness which they show while fighting. They began with a tremendous cannonade, and made many attempts to take the city by assault; but the steady valor of the Germans was superior to the wild frenzy of their enemies. Solyman, filled with rage at this unusual check to his fortunes, planted his guns before the principal gate, and battered it with such violence, that a breach was soon made. Then the Turks, under cover of the smoke, poured into the city, and the Christians began to give up all for lost. But the officers, with admirable presence of mind, ordered a great shouting to be made, as if fresh troops had just arrived; upon hearing this their own soldiers took fresh courage, while the Turks, being seized with panic, turned and fled.

Victory of the Christians.

Rendered more desperate by resistance, Solyman made another attempt to enter, by undermining the wall. He set his Illyrians to work, who were experienced in this kind of warfare, and they succeeded in tunnelling under ground to the foundations of the principal tower; but being discovered by the wary defenders, they countermined the Turks, by digging a tunnel of their own beneath that of the enemy. Having then laid a mine of gunpowder, extending even under the outposts of the Turks, they set fire to it, and blew up hundreds of them. Defeated in this attempt, the courage of the Turkish chief degenerated into madness. He gave orders to his men to climb the walls on ladders, by obeying which they were destroyed by thousands,—their very numbers aiding in their own

defeat. The besieged threw down from the walls great stones; melted lead; hoops of iron wrapped with burning tow; every missile that would bruise, burn, or cut was hurled upon the heads of the clambering hosts. At length even the Moslems' wild spirit was subdued; they refused any longer to mount the ladders, and the sultan was forced to give up the assault.

Solyman remained some time longer before Vienna, but sickness and starvation carried off great numbers of his men; for the Germans had found means to cut off all their supplies of food. Defeated in every attempt, Solyman, after having lost, altogether, eighty thousand soldiers, resolved to abandon the enterprise. He accordingly marched southward with all that was left of his army, thus freeing Europe from the threatened horrors of a relapse into heathenism.

But Solyman did not entirely abandon his warlike designs against Austria. Three years afterward he reappeared with an army of three —or as some authorities assert,—five hundred thousand men. The emperor Charles V. marched against him with an army of one hundred and twenty thousand well-disciplined soldiers, beside many thousands of irregular troops.

The knowledge that these powerful armies were advancing upon each other struck all Europe with awe. A tremendous conflict was expected which would decide the fate of Christendom. But when they drew near each other the sight of such formidable preparations seemed to make both sides hesitate to begin the conflict; instead of a decisive battle, only a few skirmishes took place between the advanced guards. Solyman feared to risk defeat, and thinking it safer to employ his arms against the less warlike nations of Asia, turned back. The emperor did not pursue him, being well satisfied that Europe should thus be saved from the horrors of an invasion of the infidel hosts.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE INQUISITION.

THE Inquisition of the church of Rome was, in its days of power, one of the most terrible engines of tyranny ever created by man. It may be said to date from about the year 1200, when Pope Innocent III., perceiving that the Waldenses and other sects differing from the church were increasing in numbers, sent among them inquisitors, or monks who were known to be devoted to the cause of the church. As their name implied, they were appointed to inquire into everything that might lead to the discovery of heresy. Until the year 1248, inquisitors had no buildings of their own, but travelled about from place to place; after that date they began to have houses called courts of the Inquisition, in which they lived and in which they could try, torture, and imprison those who fell under suspicion of holding views contrary to the church of Rome.

As years went on the punishment for heresy became more and more severe, and the inquisitors were given almost absolute power. Among their instructions, or rules, were the following: "Any house in which a heretic has been known to live shall be destroyed; any prince, lord, or bishop sparing a heretic shall lose his place, lands, or office; heretics shall not be attended by a physician, even though suffering from mortal disease." There were forty-five such rules agreed to and adopted by a council. As a great many priests of the church were too humane to enforce these cruel laws with a severity sufficient to satisfy those in power, the Dominican order of monks especially was selected from which to appoint inquisitors. These, from the gloomy, rigid rules of their community, were usually strangers to

any feelings of pity or compassion. Courts of the Inquisition were put under the control of these dark and vengeful spirits, and established in Italy, Germany, France, Spain, and other countries. The people in the south of France—the country of the Waldenses—rose time and again, and took bloody vengeance upon some of the most hated of the inquisitors; and as time went on the powers of the Inquisition were much restricted, and at last entirely abolished in France and Germany, by enlightened kings or emperors.

But in Spain, at a later date the Inquisition rose with renewed strength. In the year 1480 it was established with the consent of Ferdinand and Isabella, and became more powerful, and was more dreaded than any court that had ever before existed in the world. Woe to the men or women forced to enter the gloomy portals of the Spanish Inquisition,—a fate worse than death awaited them. Even the kings of Spain, tyrants though many of them were, trembled at its name and dared not disobey the least of its commands. It was a state as well as a church tribunal, and its influence was felt for over three hundred years on the government of the nation.

Headquarters of the Inquisition.

At the city of Seville, in the south of Spain, the headquarters of the Inquisition was established. Its object was not merely the suppression of heresy though this might be the principal accusation under which most of its victims suffered. Money was often the real object of search; therefore, it was people of wealth that the iron hand of the Inquisition was most apt to seize. No high office or lofty dignity in church or State, no eminence in art or science, no purity of life, could save a man from its secret, sudden attack. The profit, or spoils, wrung from its victims amounted to large sums annually, and this was divided between the king, and the church at Rome. All the officials of the Holy Office, as the Inquisition was called, were also paid from the confiscated property of the accused; it was therefore to the interest

of each one of them that the stream of wealth should not run dry owing to any lack of victims from whom to wring it. The Inquisition began its work in Seville early in the year 1481, and before that one year was out had burned alive 298 persons.

The Burning Place.

The Quemadaro, as it was called, or burning place, was built by the mayor of Seville, at this time, to accommodate the many condemned to die by fire. It rose, a square platform of stone, upon a level place not far from the city. Upon this grim altar the lives of almost daily victims went out amidst flames and smoke. The increasing activity of the Holy Office soon required a more efficient body of workers; so the Dominican monk, Thomas of Torquemada, a name that will be forever infamous in history, was made inquisitor general by pope Sixtus IV. Torquemada appointed a regular staff of officials, judges, secretaries, spies, executioners, and a treasurer. Beside the central office in Seville there were four similar local tribunals established; and in course of time others were sent to countries under the power of Spain, notably in the Netherlands, where during the bloody sway of the duke of Alva its victims numbered thousands.

Cruelties of Torquemada.

Torquemada was chief inquisitor until his death, and during the eighteen years he ruled the Holy Office, *ten thousand two hundred and twenty* persons were burned alive, and *ninety-seven thousand three hundred and twenty-two* punished with loss of property, or imprisonment—numbers so large as to seem incredible, but which are given by Llorente, the Spanish historian of the Inquisition, who was well qualified to judge of their accuracy.

In the course of years, as may be imagined, such measures completely crushed Protestantism out of Spain; those who had not fled to other countries had been burned—there were none left. By 1808,

when the Inquisition was abolished, its victims numbered, according to the historian named before, 31,912 persons burned alive, and 291,450 imprisoned in its dungeons.

Rules and Customs of the Inquisition.

All officials of the Inquisition were sworn to keep secret everything that happened in relation to it, either within or without its walls. The usual charge brought against prisoners was heresy. This was held to mean anything spoken or written against any of the articles of the creed, or the traditions of the Romish church. Equally guilty were those who believed that persons of any other faith than that of Rome could be saved from eternal punishment, or who disapproved of any action of the Inquisition. Failing to inform on others who held such views; reading books not approved by the Inquisition; lending such books to others to read; letting a year pass by without going to a priest for confession; eating meat on a fast-day—these with almost innumerable other trivial acts, committed or not committed, were called heresy, and made escape almost impossible for persons against whom the fatal charge was once made.

Defence, indeed, was of little use to a prisoner of the Inquisition; suspicion alone was deemed a sufficient cause for condemnation, especially if the unfortunate happened to be wealthy. He was never allowed to see the faces of his accusers; frequently was kept in ignorance of the crime with which he was charged, and was subjected, day after day, to questioning and torture to wring from him a confession.

Prisoners of the Inquisition.

The Inquisition generally seized its victim at night. Not the slightest hint of danger was permitted to reach him until the actual moment of his arrest. At midnight, while he was sleeping in fancied security, dark figures silently assembled before his house and demanded entrance. To the question, "In whose name is this required?" the

answer was, "The Holy Office." "A thunderbolt, launched from black and angry clouds," says the Spanish historian, "struck not with such alarm as the words 'Deliver yourself up a prisoner to the Inquisition.' Astonished and trembling, the unhappy man is at once a prey to the most dismal fears. He knows that his life is in danger, he thinks of his deserted wife and children, doomed to remain, perhaps, forever in ignorance of his fate. Burning tears came to his eyes; words of woe to his lips; then, amidst the confusion and despair of his family, and the pity of his neighbors, he is borne away to dungeons whose damp, bare walls will alone witness his anguish."

Once within the walls of the Inquisition the prisoners were confined in separate cells, which were not only small, but contained no other furniture than a wooden bedstead, a table, and sometimes a chair. There were two rows of cells, built over each other. The upper rows were lighted by means of a small grated window; the lower cells were perfectly dark. The treatment of the prisoners varied according to their rank. The under rows of cells were used for heretics only. There, in solitude and silence, they never saw a human being except their keeper. Father and son, or mother and daughter, might be confined in adjoining cells without knowing it; and the merciless turnkeys were constantly on the watch, to prevent the utterance of any sound, lest it should occasion the discovery of some secret. If a man bewailed his misfortune, or prayed to God with an audible voice, he was instantly silenced. As persons might know one another by their groans or sighs, as well as by their articulate voice, no one was allowed even this expression of his misery in the dungeons of the Inquisition. An instance is related of a prisoner afflicted with a cough, to whom the jailers came with a warning to be quiet, because it was unlawful to make any noise in that house. The prisoner answered that it was not in his power to stop his cough. They warned him, however, the second time to forbear it; and because he could not

they stripped him naked, and cruelly beat him: this increased his cough, for which they beat him again, until at last he died through the pain and anguish of his stripes.

The prisoners were frequently taken from their cells and questioned by the judges and counsellors of the Inquisition. Even when they had confessed all they knew they were continually told, "You have not been sincere, you tell not all; you keep many things concealed, and therefore must go back to your dungeon." Those who had refused to answer were called for re-examination; if they continued silent, such tortures were employed as compelled them to speak, whether guilty or no.

Tortures of the Inquisition.

After being examined by the inquisitors, if the prisoner still protested his innocence, he was condemned to the torture. First he was led into a dimly lighted room under ground, and the grim figure of the executioner pointed out to him, clothed in a long black gown with a hood over his head and face. This terrifying form was surrounded by the dreadful instruments of his trade, and glared out upon the wretched prisoner through two eye-holes cut in the hood which covered his head and face.

The tortures most common in the Inquisition were those of the rope and pulley, and the rack. In the first of these the hands of the prisoner were tied together behind his back, and a rope was attached to them leading to a pulley in the ceiling; he was then drawn up in the air by turning a windlass. Weights were hung to his feet to make the strain upon his arms and shoulders more severe. As the victim hung thus in mid air he was questioned, with deliberation, by the inquisitors, who, to aid his memory, occasionally let slip the rope and allowed the sufferer to fall a few feet, suddenly stopping him before he touched the ground.

The rack was a very ancient instrument of torture and many forms

TORTURES OF THE INQUISITION:—THE ROPE AND PULLEY.

of it were used. That most commonly found in the chambers of the Inquisition was built like a wide ladder, with rope, pulley, and windlass attached. The victim was stretched upon the cross-bars of this ladder and bound to them in various positions, according to the kinds of torture to be inflicted, each one of which had its name. The rope and windlass were then made use of to stretch and dislocate the prisoner's joints and limbs.

Besides the pulley and the rack, there were many other murderous machines used by the Inquisition in extorting confessions from unhappy victims, who might be, and very often were, in total ignorance of what crime they were supposed to have committed or were expected to confess.

The Palace of the Inquisition.

The house or palace of the Inquisition was a massive stone building containing council chambers, dungeons, and torture-rooms. So large was the whole structure that a stranger might easily have lost himself in it. The apartments of the chief inquisitor were spacious and elegant. The main entrance was through a large gate, which led into a court-yard. There were upper chambers with outside galleries fronting upon this court-yard. These galleries were for the king and royal family, who could, if they wished, look down upon the punishment of certain prisoners.

Story of William Lithgow's Sufferings in the Inquisition.

William Lithgow was an Englishman of respectable family, born about the year 1580. Being fond of travel, he visited when a young man France, Germany, Switzerland, and Spain. After some months spent in the latter country he came to the seaport city of Malaga, on the Mediterranean, and engaged passage on a French ship bound for Alexandria, Egypt. He was, however, unhappily prevented from leaving the country, as intended, by the following circumstances: On the evening before his ship was to sail, the English fleet, at that

time on a cruise against the Algerine pirates, came to anchor before Malaga, which threw the people of the town into great excitement, as they mistook them for their enemies the Turks. In the morning, however, they discovered their mistake; and the governor of Malaga went on board the admiral's ship, and on his return dispelled the fears of the people.

Many persons from the fleet came ashore the next day. Among these were several friends of William Lithgow, who invited him on board, which invitation he accepted, and was kindly received by the admiral. The fleet sailing for Algiers the next day, he returned to shore, and went to his lodgings intending to embark the same night for Alexandria, but in passing through a narrow street he was suddenly attacked by nine men, who threw a black cloak over his head, and dragged him to the governor's house.

When the governor appeared, Lithgow begged to know why he had been abused in this manner. The governor only shook his head, and gave orders that the prisoner should be carefully guarded until he returned; directing, at the same time, that the mayor of the town, or alcaid, as he was called, and a notary, should be summoned to appear at his examination, and that the utmost secrecy be maintained to avoid rousing the English merchants who lived in the place.

These orders were carried out, and on the governor's return Lithgow was brought before him for examination. The governor asked what country he was a native of, where he was going, and how long he had been in Spain. The prisoner, after answering these questions, was taken to a cell, where he was again examined by the alcaid, who inquired whether he had lately come from Seville, and, pretending great friendship, begged him to tell the truth; finding himself, however, unable to extort any confession from Lithgow, he left him.

The governor then asked the prisoner why the English commander of the fleet which had just sailed, had brought his ships to that port.

He asked, likewise, the names of the English captains in the squadron, and what knowledge Lithgow had of them before he left England. His answers were set down in writing by the notary; but the governor seemed surprised at his denying any knowledge of the plans of the fleet. He declared that Lithgow was a traitor and a spy, and came directly from England to favor and assist in the designs of that country against Spain; and that he had been for that purpose nine months in Seville, in order to get news of the time the Spanish navy was expected from the Indies. They pointed out his acquaintance with the officers of the fleet in proof of this. In short, they said, he came from a council of war held that morning on board the admiral's ship, in order to carry out the orders given him.

Lithgow in vain tried to deny these accusations, and in order to prove his innocence, begged that his papers might be examined. This was agreed to; but although they found passports and letters of recommendation from persons in authority, the prejudiced judges refused to believe in them, and pretended that their suspicions had been verified. A consultation was then held to decide what should be done with the prisoner. The alcaid was for putting him in the town prison; but this was objected to, particularly by the chief of police, who said, "In order to prevent the knowledge of his confinement from reaching his countrymen, I will take the matter on myself, and be answerable for the consequences." It was finally agreed that he should be confined in the governor's house, and the greatest secrecy observed.

Lithgow was then stripped, searched, and robbed of a large sum of money which he carried with him, and locked up in a room of the governor's house. At midnight the sergeant and two Turkish slaves released him from his confinement, but it was to introduce him to a much more terrible one.

They led their prisoner through several passages to a chamber in a distant part of the palace near the garden. Here they loaded him with irons, and stretched his legs apart by means of an iron bar more

than a yard long, the weight of which was so great that he could neither stand nor sit, but was obliged to lie continually on his back.

In the morning the governor visited him, and promised him his liberty if he would confess to being a spy; but on his protesting that he was entirely innocent, the governor left him in a rage, saying he should see him no more till further torments had made him confess.

The unfortunate Lithgow remained in his dungeon for several days without seeing any one, except a slave who brought him scanty supplies of bread and water. The governor finally received an answer to a letter he had written to Madrid, inquiring about the prisoner; and following the instructions contained in it, prepared to inflict the cruelties commonly used upon prisoners from whom it was desired to force a confession.

About three o'clock in the morning, Lithgow was startled by hearing the noise of a wagon in the street, followed by the opening of his prison doors. Immediately afterward four rough-looking men came in, and without uttering a word, picked him up in his irons, just as he lay, and carrying him out to the street, threw him into the bottom of the wagon and drove away. Two of the men rode with him, and the rest walked, all keeping perfectly silent. After having gone about a mile from the city they came to a stone house, built to hold a wine-press, in which a rack had been set up, and here they laid him on the floor and left him to pass the remainder of the night with this dismal companion.

About daybreak the next morning the governor and the alcaid arrived, into whose presence Lithgow was immediately brought, to undergo another examination. The prisoner asked that he might have an interpreter, but this was refused; nor would they permit him to appeal to the superior court at Madrid. After a long examination, which lasted the greater part of the day, there appeared in all his answers such a similarity to what he had said before, that they declared he had learned them by heart. They, however, pressed

him again and again, to make a full confession; that is, to accuse himself of crimes never committed; the governor adding, "You are still in my power; I can set you free if you comply: if not, I must deliver you to the executioner." The prisoner still persisting in his innocence, the governor finally ordered him to be put to the torture.

Lithgow was then taken to the rack. Before being placed upon it, the executioner struck off his shackles, which put him to very great pain, as the bolts were so closely riveted that the sledge hammer tore away about half an inch of his heel in forcing off the irons; the pain of this, together with his weak condition, caused him to, groan bitterly; upon which the merciless alcaid said, "Villain! traitor! this is but the beginning of what you shall suffer."

As soon as the irons were off, Lithgow fell on his knees, uttering a short prayer, that God would be pleased to enable him to be steadfast and undergo courageously the trial he was about to endure; he was then stripped and fixed upon the rack. This was the favorite instrument of the merciless Inquisition to enforce confession from those whom it suspected of withholding evidence.

It is impossible to describe the various tortures inflicted upon the poor prisoner while he lay on this dreadful machine. Many of them were of the most infernal nature; and had they been continued much longer he must have expired. On being taken from the rack, and his irons again put on, he was carried to his former dungeon, having first received a little warm wine, which was given him rather to preserve him for future punishments, than from pity. In this dreadful situation he remained for several days. At last Lithgow heard some news which left him with little hope of ever seeing England again; it appeared that an English seminary priest, and a Scotch cooper, had been for some time employed by the governor to translate from the English into the Spanish language, all his books and letters; and that it was commonly said in the governor's house that he was an arch and dangerous heretic. About two days after an

TORTURES OF THE INQUISITION:—THE RACK.

inquisitor, with the alcaid, entered his dungeon, and after several idle questions, asked Lithgow if he acknowledged the pope's supremacy? He answered that he did not, and in the bitterness of his soul he heaped reproaches upon the two hardened wretches, and ended by saying—"As you have almost murdered me for pretended treason, without finding any grounds for suspicion, so now you intend to make a martyr of me for my religion."!

To this the inquisitor replied, "You have been taken up as a spy, accused of treachery, and tortured, as we acknowledge. It may be that you are not a spy, but we have found by your books and writings that you surely are a heretic, and therefore deserve even worse punishment than you have received."

They then gave their prisoner eight days to consider whether he would become a convert to their religion or not. During this time the inquisitor and others argued frequently with him, but to all their talk Lithgow turned a deaf ear. At last the inquisitors, finding their arguments had no effect, and that threatened torments could not shake his constancy, left him. On the eighth day after, being the last day allowed for examination, before sentence is pronounced, they returned again, but quite changed both in their words and behavior. With seeming grief, they pretended they were sorry from their hearts he must be obliged to undergo a terrible death; but above all, they lamented the loss of his most precious soul; and falling on their knees, cried out, "O dear brother, be converted!" To which Lithgow stoutly answered, "I fear neither death nor fire; I am prepared for both; so, do your worst!"

That night Lithgow received the dreadful sentence of eleven different tortures, and if he did not die in the midst of them, he was after Easter holidays to be carried to Grenada, and there burned to ashes. The first part of the sentence was carried out with cold-blooded cruelty, but it pleased God to give the poor victim strength of body and mind to survive the dreadful ordeal.

They then took their victim back to his dungeon. The next morning he received some little comfort from a Turkish slave, who secretly brought him in his shirt-sleeve some raisins and figs, which Lithgow, bound as he was, managed to lick up and swallow. It was to the kindness of this slave that Lithgow attributed his living so long. He brought food to him every day; and it was entirely due to this unlooked-for charity that the unfortunate man survived his dreadful injuries. He was also helped by a negro servant, who found means to bring him not only food, but some wine in a bottle.

Lithgow now waited with resignation for the day which, by putting an end to his life, would also end his torments. But this, as it happened, was not to be.

A Spanish gentleman of rank came from Grenada to Malaga; and being invited to a supper by the alcaid, was told by him, in a moment of confidence, about the English prisoner he had taken, and was secretly torturing.

While the alcaid was telling his story, a Flemish youth, who waited at table, a servant to the Spanish gentleman, heard with amazement and pity of the sufferings of the stranger. On his return to his master's lodging, he began to turn over in his mind what he had heard, and could not rest in his bed for thinking of it. When morning came he went quietly into the town, to the house of one Mr. Wild, an English merchant, to whom he related the whole of what had passed between his master and the alcaid, but as he had not heard the name of the prisoner, he could not give that information to the English merchant. Wild, however, guessed who it was, having heard of Lithgow's disappearance; and he lost no time in going to all the other English merchants in the city, and telling them of the peril of their unfortunate countryman.

After a hurried consultation it was agreed that information of the whole affair should be sent, at once, to Sir Walter Aston, the English ambassador at Madrid. This was done, the ambassador quickly

presented an appeal to the king and council of Spain, obtained an order for Lithgow's immediate release, and delivery to the English merchants. This order was directed to the governor of Malaga, and was received by the members of the bloody Inquisition, to their great astonishment and chagrin, just as they were about to begin again their horrid barbarities upon the prisoner.

Lithgow was therefore released from his prison, and carried from his dungeon on the back of the slave who had attended him, to the house of a merchant named Busbich, where every attention and comfort was given him. It fortunately happened that there was at this time a squadron of English ships in the harbor, commanded by Sir Richard Hawkins, who being informed of the sufferings of his fellow-countryman came ashore the next day with a proper guard, and received him from the merchants. He was instantly carried in blankets on board the war-ship Vanguard. The merchants took up a subscription and presented the unfortunate man with clothes, and all necessary provisions, besides which they gave him one hundred dollars in silver. They also demanded the delivery of his papers, books, and money, but got none of them.

In a few days the ship weighed anchor, and in about two months arrived safe at Deptford, England. The next morning Lithgow was carried on a feather bed to Theobalds, in Hertfordshire, where, at that time, the king and royal family held their court. Lithgow was presented to them as he was, lying disabled upon his bed, and he related, as well as he could, the history of his sufferings. The king was so much affected by his sad story and emaciated appearance, that he expressed the deepest pity, and gave orders that he should be placed in a hospital at Bath.

After some time Lithgow was restored from the most wretched creature ever seen to a share of health and strength, but he lost the use of his left arm, several of the smaller bones being so crushed and broken as to render their setting impossible.

STORY OF ISAAC MARTIN, A PRISONER OF THE INQUISITION.

The following is an account of the experiences of another English traveller who fell into the hands of the Spaniards, and who suffered from the barbarous treatment they dealt out to every one differing from them in religion:

Isaac Martin, an English trader, came to Spain with his wife and four children. On the examination of his baggage, his Bible and some other books were seized, and he was soon after accused of being a Jew, for no other reason than that his name was Isaac, and that one of his sons was named Abraham. The priests sent to Martin's Spanish neighbors to know their opinion of him. They replied "We believe him not to be a Jew, but a heretic." After this, being constantly called upon to change his religion, he determined to sell what he had, and leave Spain. But unfortunately, he was so imprudent as to talk of his plans to one of his neighbors, who carried the information to one of the familiars of the Inquisition.

One evening about nine o'clock, there came a loud knocking at the door of Martin's house. Surprised at this, he called out to know who was there. The reply came low but distinct, "The Holy Office." Martin, not knowing the significance of these fateful words, answered that they must come in the day-time if they wanted to get in.

With a crash the door was at once broken down, and nine officers of the Inquisition strode into the room. They seized Martin and bound him, ransacked his house, carried away everything it contained and left his terrified wife and children weeping upon the bare floors. Martin himself was put in a cell, loaded with heavy irons and threatened with the most dreadful punishments. After four days he was told he was to be taken to the city of Grenada for trial. He begged that he might first see his wife and children, but even this poor request was refused him.

Doubly fettered, Martin was mounted on a mule, and sent with an armed guard towards Grenada. On the way the mule fell, upon a

rocky part of the road, almost breaking his unlucky rider's neck. On arriving at Grenada, after a journey of three days, Martin was kept at an inn until it was dark, for they did not take prisoners to their cells in the day-time; this was done secretly, under cover of night, so that no one might know what had become of their victims. At night, therefore, he was taken to the prison, and led along a dark stone gallery until he came to a dungeon, into which he was thrust. The jailer then took a list of everything the prisoner had about him, even to his very buttons. Having asked him a great number of questions, he gave him these orders: "You must keep as complete silence here as if you were dead; you must not speak, nor whistle, nor sing, nor make any noise that can be heard; and if you hear anybody cry, or make a noise, you must be still, and say nothing, under penalty of 200 lashes." Martin asked if he might have so great liberty as to walk about his cell; his jailer replied he might, but it must be very softly. After giving him some wine and bread, the jailer left him till the morning. There was no fire. It was frosty weather, the walls of the dungeon were between two and three feet thick, the floor was of brick, and a great deal of cold wind came through a hole, about a foot square, which served as a window.

The next morning the jailer came to light the lamp, and ordered Martin to kindle a fire to cook his dinner. He then took him to a turnstile or revolving shelf, such as is found in the doors of prisons, by which a keeper outside can give food to one within, without showing his face. Martin received half a pound of mutton, two pounds of bread, some beans, a bunch of raisins, and a pint of wine, which was the allowance for three days. He had also brought in to him two pounds of charcoal, an earthen stove, and a few other articles.

In about a week Martin was called to stand trial. Following the jailer, he came to a large room and saw there a man sitting with a pen in his hand, who was, as he afterward learned, the secretary. The chief inquisitor, or judge, a man of about sixty years of age,

was also there, sitting upon a high seat at the end of the room. He ordered Martin to sit down upon a little stool which was in front of him. An examination of the prisoner then took place; the questions related to his family, their religion, and his own form of faith. Martin frankly told them who and what he was. After this was over he was sent back to his cell, and afterward underwent five examinations, without any crime being proved against him.

A few days after, Martin was called to his sixth hearing, at which the inquisitor told him the charges against him would now be read, and that he must give an answer to each of them.

The accusations against him numbered twenty-six, but were principally of the most trivial nature, and the greater number wholly false or, if founded on facts, so distorted by the malice of his accusers, as to bear little resemblance to the real truth. However, Martin answered the whole of them firmly, exposing their weakness and falsity; after which he was sent back to his dungeon. In a little while, two of the officers of the Inquisition visited him, and to them poor Martin complained bitterly of having been promised a lawyer to plead his cause; "when instead of a proper person," said he, "the man you called a lawyer never spoke to me, nor I to him; if all your lawyers in this country talk as little as he does, they are the quietest in the world, for he hardly said anything but yes and no to what your lordship said." To this one of the inquisitors gravely replied, "Lawyers are never allowed to speak here." In spite of his danger, Martin could scarce help laughing in their faces, to think that his cause was to be defended by a man who dared not open his lips. Some time after, he was ordered to dress himself: as soon as he was ready, one of the jailers came and told him, that he must go with him; but at first he must have a handkerchief tied about his eyes. He now expected to be tortured; but after another examination, he was sent back to his dungeon.

About a month afterward, he had a rope put around his neck, and

was led by it to the altar of the great church. Here his sentence was pronounced. It was, that for the crimes of which he stood convicted, the lords of the Holy Office had ordered him to be banished out of the dominions of Spain, and to receive 200 lashes.

The next morning the executioner came, stripped him to the waist, tied his hands together, and led him out of the prison. He was then mounted on an ass, and received his two hundred lashes, amidst shouts and pelting with stones by the people. He remained for two weeks after this in jail, and at length was sent to Malaga. Here he was put in prison for some days, till he could be sent on board an English ship: which had no sooner happened, than news was brought of a war between England and Spain, and his ship with some others was ordered to be put in readiness to fight. Martin not being considered a prisoner of war, was put on board of a Hamburg trader, and his wife and children soon came and joined him; but he was obliged to submit to the loss of all his property, which had been seized upon by the Inquisition.

This story of Isaac Martin's sufferings was first published by the order of the archbishops of Canterbury and York, the bishop of London, and others.

A Spanish Prisoner of the Inquisition.

A Spaniard named Juliano travelled into Germany, and there became a convert to the reformed religion. When he went back to Spain he took with him to Seville a number of Bibles, to distribute among the people of his own country, so that they might have the same advantages he had enjoyed. He succeeded in this dangerous enterprise so far as getting the books into the hands of a great number of people, but a pretended friend who had received a Bible, betrayed the giver to the Inquisition.

Juliano was immediately seized and put to the most cruel tortures to make him confess the names of all to whom he had given the hated

STRANGLED IN A SPANISH PRISON.

books. Ingenuity was exhausted in finding torments sufficiently severe to punish this native-born Spaniard who had dared to sow the seeds of "heresy" in the very stronghold and citadel of the ancient church. Whether or not he yielded to the inquisitors, and told the names of persons implicated is not known, but no less than eight hundred persons were arrested as being partakers in the "great crime" of having themselves accepted, or having knowledge of others being in possession of—the Bible. Juliano was finally burned at the stake, with twenty others. The rest were either imprisoned for life, sent to the galleys, or publicly whipped and banished from the kingdom.

Another Spaniard, named Juan Leon, who went to Germany to escape the dark superstitions which hung like a pall over his native land, joined a party of English people, intending to sail with them for England. But information had been lodged against him at the court of the Inquisition. Leon was seized, heavily fettered, and with his head and neck covered with a kind of iron network, taken back to Spain. Having arrived there, he was thrown into a dungeon, barbarously tortured, and at last strangled to death by the public executioners.

Auto de Fé, or Public Burning of Martyrs in Spain.

The following account of an *auto de fé*, in Seville, held during the reign of Philip II., 1559, is taken from ancient records describing the event, by Prescott, the celebrated historian.

A great square in the centre of the city was the place where the ceremonies were held which always preceded the burning of "heretics." At one end of this square a platform was raised, covered with rich carpeting, on which were ranged the seats of the inquisitors. Near to this platform was built a high stand or gallery for the king and royal family, and opposite to this a large scaffold for the unhappy martyrs was placed so as to be plainly visible from all parts of the square.

At six o'clock in the morning all the bells in the city began to toll and a solemn procession was seen to move from the gloomy prison of the Inquisition. In front marched a body of troops to secure free passage for the procession. Then came the condemned, each attended by two familiars, or monks, of the Holy Office. Those who were to suffer at the stake were accompanied by two friars, in addition, who constantly exhorted the "heretic" to renounce his errors. These unfortunates destined for the fire were each enveloped in a loose sack of yellow cloth—called the *san benito*—and each wore upon his head a pointed pasteboard cap. Both the sack and the cap were covered with hideous pictures of flames, and of devils fanning and feeding them; to show the supposed fate of the "heretic's" soul in the world to come, as well as of his body in the present. Then came magistrates, judges of the courts, and nobles on horseback. These were followed by members of the dread Inquisition; and the rear was brought up by an immense concourse of the people of the city.

As the procession filed into the square the inquisitors took their seats on the platform prepared for them; and the king and his attendants were admitted by a private staircase to their gallery. The ceremonies began with a sermon by the bishop; when he had ended, the grand inquisitor administered the oath to the assembled multitude, who on their knees solemnly swore to defend the Inquisition, to maintain the purity of the faith, and to inform against any one who departed from it. As king Philip repeated the oath he suited the action to the word, and rising from his seat, drew his sword from its scabbard, as if to announce himself as the champion of the so-called Holy Office. After this the secretary of the tribunal read the charge against each of the prisoners, and the sentence pronounced against them. Those who had recanted, each, as his name was spoken, knelt down, and with his hands on the prayer-book solemnly abjured his errors, and was absolved by the grand inquisitor. These, however, were not to be entirely relieved from punishment for their

transgression. Some were doomed to imprisonment for life in the dungeons of the Inquisition, others to lighter sentences, but all had their property confiscated—a part of the sentence too profitable to the tribunal ever to be omitted. Besides this, they, as well as their immediate descendants, were, in many cases, pronounced unfit to hold public office of any kind, and their names were branded with perpetual infamy. Thus blighted in fortune and in character, they were said—in the hypocritical and malevolent language used by the Inquisition—to be *reconciled.*

The Martyrs.

After the prisoners who had recanted had been sent back, under a strong guard, to their dungeons, all eyes were turned upon the little company of martyrs, who, clothed in the hideous garb of the *san benito*, stood upon their scaffold awaiting the sentence of the judges. Cords were fastened to their necks, and to their hands a cross, or sometimes an inverted torch typical of their own approaching fate, was firmly tied. Upon this occasion the interest of the spectators was still further excited by the fact that several of these victims were not only illustrious for their rank, but yet more so for their talents and virtues. In their haggard looks, their emaciated forms, and too often, alas! their distorted limbs, it was easy to read the story of their sufferings,—for some of them had been confined within the dark walls of the Inquisition for more than a year; yet their faces, though pale and worn, far from showing any signs of weakness or fear, were lighted up with the glow of holy enthusiasm, as of men prepared to seal their testimony with their blood.

When that part of the charge showing the grounds of their conviction had been read, the grand inquisitor consigned them to the hands of the sheriff of the city, beseeching him to deal with the prisoners in all kindness and mercy—a mild-sounding but most insincere mockery of intercession; since no choice was left to the

AN AUTO DE FÉ IN SPAIN: THE CONDEMNED GOING TO THE STAKE.

civil officer but to execute the terrible sentence of the law against "heretics," full preparations for which had been made by him a week before. The whole number of the convicted amounted to thirty, of whom sixteen were *reconciled*, and the remainder *relaxed* to the secular arm—in other words, turned over to the sheriff for execution. There were but two out of the fourteen thus condemned who, when brought to the stake, did not so far shrink from the dreadful doom that awaited them as to consent to purchase a mitigation of it by confession before they died; these were strangled before the flames were lighted.

Heroism of Don Carlos de Seso.

Of the two martyrs whose constancy triumphed to the last over the dread of suffering, one was Don Carlos de Seso, a nobleman of Florence. Having married a lady of rank in Spain, he had come to that country to live. Being converted to the Lutheran doctrine and endeavoring to bring others to the same faith he became, of course, a shining mark for the Inquisition. During the fifteen months in which he lay in its gloomy cells, cut off from human sympathy and support, his constancy remained unshaken. When led before the royal gallery, on his way to the place of execution outside the city walls, De Seso pathetically exclaimed to king Philip, "Is it thus that you allow your innocent subjects to be persecuted?" To which the king made this memorable reply—which will stand for all time unequalled in its ferocious bigotry—"If it were my own son, I would fetch the wood to burn him, were he such a wretch as thou art."

At the stake De Seso showed the same unshaken constancy, bearing his testimony to the truth of the great cause for which he gave up his life. As the flames crept slowly around him, he called on the soldiers to heap up the faggots, that his life might be sooner ended; and his executioners, enraged at the "obstinacy"—the heroism—of the martyr were not slow in obeying his commands.

Domingo de Roxas.

The companion and fellow-sufferer of De Seso was Domingo de Roxas, son of the marquis De Poza. De Roxas was once a Dominican monk. Strange to say, this order, from which most of the officials of the Inquisition were taken, also furnished many converts to the reformed religion. De Roxas, as was the usage with ecclesiastics, was permitted to wear his priestly habit until his sentence had been read, when he was degraded by having his vestments stripped off, one after another, and the yellow fiend-bespangled sack of the *san benito* thrown over him, amid the derisive shouts of the populace. Thus apparelled he attempted to address the spectators around the scaffold; but no sooner did he begin to raise his voice against the errors and cruelties of Rome, than the king angrily commanded that he be gagged. A cleft piece of wood was therefore thrust into his mouth, which, forcibly compressing the tongue, had the additional advantage of causing great pain, while it also effectually silenced the prisoner. Even when De Roxas was bound to the stake, the gag, though contrary to the usual custom, was suffered to remain in his mouth, as if his enemies even then dreaded the effect of an eloquence that could triumph over the anguish of such a death.

The place of execution—the Quemadaro, or burning-place—was outside the walls of the city. Those who attended an *auto de fé* were not, therefore, necessarily, as is commonly imagined, spectators of the tragic scene that concluded it. The great body of the people, however, including those of higher rank, followed to the place of execution. On this occasion, it is most probable, from the account of the king's biographer, that the monarch witnessed in person the appalling close of the drama; while his guards mingled with the menials of the Holy Office, and helped to heap up the faggots around their victims.

Such was the cruel exhibition, which, under the garb of a religious

festival, was esteemed as a praiseworthy ceremonial and practised for more than three centuries in the sunny land of Spain.

Power of the Inquisition in Spain during the Reign of Philip II. and His Successors.

Not satisfied with encouraging the Inquisition to practise its cruelties on the land, Philip II. established it even upon his ships at sea. It is recorded that in 1571, a large fleet having been drawn together, under the command of John of Austria, and manned with soldiers of various nations, Philip, with the consent of pope Pius V., to prevent any corruption of the faith, deputed one of the Spanish inquisitors to discharge the duties of his office at sea. He gave him full power to preside in all tribunals, and to celebrate *autos de fé* in all places and cities to which they sailed.

The Story of Galileo.

The most eminent men of science and philosophy of the day did not escape the watchful eye of this cruel despotism. Galileo, the chief astronomer and mathematician of his age, was the first who used the telescope successfully in solving the movements of the heavenly bodies. He discovered that the sun is a centre of motion around which the earth and various planets revolve. For making this great discovery Galileo was brought before the Inquisition, and for a while was in great danger of being put to death.

After a long and bitter review of Galileo's writings, in which many of his most important discoveries were condemned as errors, the charge of the inquisitors went on to declare, "That you, Galileo, have upon account of those things which you have written and confessed, subjected yourself to a strong suspicion of heresy in this Holy Office, by believing, and holding to be true, a doctrine which is false, and contrary to the sacred and divine Scripture—viz., that the sun is the centre of the orb of the earth, and does not move from the

east to the west; and that the earth moves, and is not the centre of the world."

In order to save his life, Galileo admitted that he was wrong in thinking that the earth revolved around the sun, and swore that—"For the future, I will never more say, or assert, either by word or writing, anything that shall give occasion for a like suspicion." But immediately after taking this forced oath he is said to have whispered to a friend standing near, "The earth moves, for all that."

Base Methods of the Inquisition.

Promises of pardon and favor were usually held out by the inquisitors to all who confessed, voluntarily, any secret fault they might once have committed. But whoever put himself in their power by such a confession found their promises of pardon to be but a snare to catch the unwary. The following account will serve as an example of this, out of many that are recorded.

A Spaniard named Antonius de Vega, deceived by the professions of sympathy and kindness which the inquisitors professed for those who voluntarily confessed their crimes before the holy tribunal, admitted that at a former period of his life he had been of the opinion that a man might be saved without confession and absolution. This error, however, he had long since renounced, and he therefore begged the promised forgiveness from the judges of the Holy Office. But to his astonishment and horror, he heard the lords of the Inquisition order him to be confined immediately in one of the dungeons prepared for "heretics." After three years' imprisonment, the miserable confessor was condemned to appear at an *auto de fé*, after which his property was confiscated, and himself banished.

Even the death of a prisoner was no barrier to the fury of the Inquisition, or the grave an asylum against its persecutions. His tomb was violated, his bones burned, and his children deprived of their inheritance. Many instances are recorded of this inhuman act having

been done; the chief motive of the holy tribunal in thus waging war upon the dead being, of course, to gain possession of their property.

During the reign of Philip II., the power and insolence of the inquisitors daily increased, and the kingdom of Spain literally groaned under their oppressive yoke. Philip III. was no less bigoted, superstitious, and cruel than his father, nor were the succeeding kings, during a period of one hundred years, any more enlightened or humane.

The French Army in Spain.

On the death of Charles II. in 1700, without children, Philip V. became king, but the succession was disputed, and a kind of civil war broke out in Spain, the Archduke Charles of Austria claiming the crown. Among the troops hired by Philip were about 14,000 Frenchmen. This force was sent into the province of Arragon, the inhabitants of which had declared for Charles. The people were soon made to submit; and the French came into possession of the city of Saragossa, in which there were a number of convents, and, in particular, one belonging to the Dominicans. General de Legal, the French commander, found it necessary to levy a heavy contribution on the inhabitants, not excepting the convents. The Dominicans, all the friars of which were familiars of the Inquisition, excused themselves in an humble manner, saying they had no money, and that if General de Legal insisted upon demanding their part of the contribution, they could pay him only by sending the silver images of the saints, which stood in their church.

These cunning friars thought the French commander would not dare to insist upon such a sacrifice; or, if he did, that by raising the cry of heresy against him, they could expose him to the vengeance of an ignorant and superstitious people. But De Legal had his troops at his back and cared little about destroying the images, and less about the rage of the priests and people. He therefore told the Dominicans that the silver saints would answer his purpose as well as money.

Finding themselves caught, the friars tried to raise a mob, by carrying their images in solemn procession, accompanied by lighted candles. Aware of their intention, General de Legal ordered out four companies of soldiers, well armed, to march with the procession; so that the design of raising the people completely failed.

General de Legal seized the images and sent them to the mint to be melted up, which caused the friars great consternation. They called on the pope to use his supreme power to save their idols from the melting-pot. This request was speedily complied with, and an order came excommunicating General de Legal for having been guilty of sacrilege. The paper was put into the hands of the secretary of the Holy Office, who was ordered to go and read it to the French commander. General de Legal expressed neither displeasure nor surprise, but after hearing it read, calmly took the paper from the secretary, and mildly said, "Pray tell your masters, the inquisitors, that I will answer them to-morrow morning."

The Frenchman was as good as his word. Having made a copy of the excommunication, with the mere alteration of inserting "the holy inquisitors," instead of his own name, he sent a colonel and a regiment of soldiers with it to the Inquisition, with orders to read it to the inquisitors themselves; and if they made the least noise, to turn them out of doors, open all the prisons, and lodge the soldiers in the gloomy edifice. These orders were implicitly obeyed. Amazed and confounded to hear themselves excommunicated by a man who had no authority to do it, the inquisitors began to cry out against De Legal as a "heretic." "Holy inquisitors," replied the secretary, "the king wants this house to quarter his troops in: so walk out immediately." Having no alternative, the inquisitors were compelled to obey. Then the doors of all the prisons were thrown open, and four hundred poor prisoners set at liberty.

The next day the inquisitors complained to Philip; but that monarch replied, "I am very sorry, but I cannot help it; my crown is

in danger. I called on the French king to help me defend it; and this is done by his troops. If it had been done by mine, I would apply a speedy remedy; but you must bear it patiently till things take another turn." This they were compelled to do for eight months, after which time Philip was firmly settled on his throne.

Freemasons Attacked.

Although Philip V. was not so devoted to the Inquisition as were the kings who ruled before him, he allowed *autos de fé* to be celebrated, however it is said he never personally witnessed the barbarous spectacle. It was in his reign that the society or brotherhood known as Freemasons became an object of persecution by the gloomy monks of the Spanish Inquisition.

Pope Clement XII. excommunicated Freemasons in a bull which he issued, and two years after, Philip, in 1740, enacted several severe laws against all who were connected with that order, in consequence of which many of the fraternity were arrested and condemned to the galleys. Not to be left behind in any kind of cruelty or oppression, the inquisitors, also, seized every Freemason upon whom they could lay their hands; and, for a short time, seemed more eager to capture them than they had been to take "heretics."

Decline of the Spanish Inquisition.

Philip V. was succeeded by Ferdinand VI., during whose reign of thirteen years no great public *auto de fé* was held, and in all that time but ten persons were burned alive. The Inquisition was becoming less active and less powerful. Education began to be a little more general, and the circulation of good literature, made possible by the printing-press, aided in dispelling the dark cloud of superstition and cruelty which had so long brooded over this gloomy, blood-stained land. The Inquisition continued as an institution, however, until the invasion of Spain by Napoleon Bonaparte, in 1808; and the

abdication of the throne by Charles IV. in favor of his son Ferdinand VII. gave it a fatal blow. In that year Napoleon suppressed the Holy Office at Chamastin, near Madrid; and acting under the directions of Joseph Bonaparte, Llorente burned up all the criminal records and books of the Inquisition, excepting those which belonged to history.

On the 22d of February, 1813, the Cortes-general of the kingdom assembled at Madrid, and having decreed that the existence of the Inquisition was no longer in accord with the political constitution which had been adopted by the nation, that assembly finally suppressed the odious institution, and restored to the bishops and civil courts the jurisdiction which they had anciently enjoyed.

Thus ended the tribunal which had oppressed the people of Spain for more than three hundred years, and which had shocked the whole civilized world by its outrageous cruelties, inflicted upon thousands of unfortunate victims.

At a later date an effort was made to re-establish the Inquisition, but it was an institution which, it is needless to say, was not in accordance with the spirit of the nineteenth century—even in Spain; so, although its courts were once re-opened, for a short time, by order of king Ferdinand VII., in 1814, it was with so much lessened authority that its powers for evil were scarcely to be feared.

CHAPTER XIV.

PERSECUTIONS IN BOHEMIA.

The Martyrdom of John Huss.

John Huss, who is celebrated as the leader in an early attempt to reform the church in Bohemia, was born in the village of Hussenitz, about the year 1369. His parents were of the peasant class, but seem to have perceived his unusual powers of mind; providing him with teachers while at home, and sending him, as soon as he was old enough, to the university of Prague. Here Huss soon distinguished himself, and some years after graduation he was chosen rector of Bethlehem chapel, which had been built and endowed by some pious citizens of Prague, for the purpose of providing a place for popular preaching in the Bohemian tongue.

This appointment proved a singularly successful one; not only were many of Huss' hearers benefited, but the work had a deep influence on the already vigorous religious life of Huss himself, leading him to an earnest and independent study of the Scriptures. For a time his position did not affect his relations with the church of Rome, and for several years he continued to act in full accord with the archbishop. But Huss was too earnest a reformer to escape censure long; he entered into disputes with the priesthood, and soon the clergy of the city laid a complaint against him before the archbishop. He was deprived of his appointment of preacher, and forbidden to exercise any priestly office in Prague.

Influence of Wycliffe's Writings.

The great English reformer and translator of the Scriptures, John Wycliffe, had by this time so kindled the light of reformation in

England that it had begun to shine over many other parts of the world. Nowhere were his writings received with greater approval than in Prague, by John Huss, and his friend Jerome. The archbishop, becoming alarmed at the spread of the new doctrines, forbade their circulation, but this had no effect in lessening their popularity; indeed, it seemed rather to increase it. Soon, almost every student at the university was familiar with them, and many were warm upholders of Wycliffe's views.

The archbishop then sent to Rome and obtained a bull (or signed and sealed order), from the pope, authorizing him to prevent the reading of Wycliffe's books in Bohemia. By virtue of this bull, he arrested four doctors of divinity who had not delivered up some copies, and forbade them to preach. Against these proceedings, John Huss and some others protested, and entered an appeal from the sentences of the archbishop. The pope no sooner heard of this, than he commanded Huss to appear at the court of Rome, to answer accusations of heresy. From this appearance Huss desired to be excused, and so greatly was he liked in Bohemia, that king Winceslaus, the queen, the nobility, and the university interceded for him; therefore, for the time, he retired in safety to Hussenitz, his native village. While there he wrote a tract in which he argued that the pope had no right to forbid the reading of books protesting against abuses in the church. He also wrote in defence of Wycliffe's book on the Trinity; and boldly declared against the vices of the pope, the cardinals, and the clergy of those corrupt times.

But the grim spectre of persecution was now stretching forth its blood-stained hand over England, and was soon to grasp Germany and Bohemia. Huss and Jerome of Prague were selected as special victims for the wrath of Rome; but knowing well their danger, neither of these men would venture out of Prague. Strategy was therefore necessary in order to take them; and an opportunity for Huss's treacherous seizure soon came.

A general council was assembled at Constance, in Germany, for the purpose of settling a dispute between three persons, each of whom wanted to be pope. These were John, proposed by the Italians; Gregory, by the French; and Benedict, by the Spaniards.

John Huss was summoned to appear at this council; and to allay any suspicions he might have, they sent him a safe-conduct, signed by the emperor, giving him permission freely to go to, and return from the council. On receiving this order, he told the persons who delivered it, "That he desired nothing better than to clear himself publicly of the charge of heresy; and that he was happy in now having an opportunity to do so at the council."

Huss Starts for Constance.

Accordingly Huss set out for Constance, accompanied by two Bohemian noblemen, who were his scholars, and who followed him merely through respect and affection. Before leaving Prague he caused some writings to be fixed upon the doors of the churches in the city, in which he announced that he went to the council to answer all charges that might be made against him. He also declared, in every city through which he passed, that he was going to vindicate himself at Constance, and invited all his adversaries to be present.

On his way he met with every mark of affection and reverence from the people. The streets, and even the roads, were thronged, and he was received into the towns, with great ceremony. In fact, he passed through Germany in a kind of triumph. "I thought," said he, "I had been an outcast. I now see I have friends everywhere but at home."

When Huss reached Constance, he took lodgings in a quiet part of the city. Soon after, Stephen Paletz, who was engaged by the clergy at Prague to manage the intended prosecution against him, arrived also. Paletz was afterward joined by Michael de Cassis,

on the part of the court of Rome. These two declared themselves his accusers, and drew up articles against him, which they presented to the pope, and the prelates of the council.

Huss is Arrested by Order of the Council.

And now his enemies began to show their hands. In spite of the safe-conduct to and from Constance which he had received, he was arrested and thrown into a dungeon. While he was thus confined, the council passed resolutions condemning Wycliffe and his doctrines, and even went so far in their malice as to direct that the body of the English reformer, who had been some time dead, should be dug up and burned.

While this was going on, the friends of Huss were not idle. The nobility of Bohemia and Poland used all their interest for him; and their efforts at least prevented his being condemned unheard, as had first been proposed by the commissioners appointed to try him. Before his trial took place, his enemies employed a Franciscan friar to go and treacherously ask advice of the prisoner, and then testify against him. This man cunningly came to Huss one day, in the disguise of a student, and with seeming sincerity requested to be taught his doctrines. But Huss suspected him, and told him that his manners wore a great semblance of simplicity, but that his questions discovered a depth and design beyond the reach of any ignorant person. He afterward found this pretended scholar to be Didace, one of the most learned monks of Lombardy.

At length Huss was brought before the council, when the articles against him were read: they were upwards of forty in number, and chiefly extracted from his writings. On his examination being finished, he was taken from the court, and a resolution was passed by the council to burn him as a heretic, unless he retracted. He was then locked up in a dark and filthy cell, and in the day-time was so laden with fetters on his legs that he could hardly move,

while at night he was fastened by his hands to a great iron ring, which was riveted into the wall.

After he had remained for some days in this wretched state, many of the nobles and people of Bohemia sent a petition to the council begging for his release; but no attention was paid to it.

Finally four bishops and two lawyers were sent to the prison to persuade Huss to make a recantation. But he called God to witness that he was not conscious of having preached, or written, anything against the faith of his orthodox church. The deputies then desired him to remember the great wisdom and authority of the council: to which Huss replied, "Let them send to me the meanest member of that council, and if he can convince me by argument from the word of God, I will acknowledge that I have been in the wrong."

As Huss would not yield to the council without argument, the deputies left him, greatly astonished at his firmness.

Huss is Condemned to Death.

Huss was at length brought for the last time before his accusers. After a long examination, he was called on to recant. This he refused to do, without the least hesitation. The bishop of Lodi then preached a sermon, the text of which was, "Let the body of sin be destroyed," and applied it as justifying the destruction of heretics. After the close of the sermon judgment was pronounced. The council condemned Huss as being "obstinate and incorrigible," and fixed as his punishment, "That he should be degraded from the priesthood, his books publicly burned, and himself delivered to the civil power for execution."

Huss received the sentence without showing the least fear; and at the close of it, kneeled down with his eyes lifted toward heaven, and, with all a martyr's heroism exclaimed: "May thy infinite mercy, O God! pardon this injustice of my enemies."

Those appointed for the purpose by the council now stripped him of his priestly garments, degraded him, and put a paper mitre on his

THE BURNING OF JOHN HUSS.

head, on which devils were painted with this inscription: "A ring-leader of heretics." This mockery was borne by the martyr with a resignation and dignity that triumphed over the ignominious garb he was compelled to wear.

The ceremony of degradation being over, the bishops delivered the prisoner to the emperor, who committed him to the care of the duke of Bavaria. His books were burned at the gate of the church; and he himself was led outside the city of Constance to the place of execution. When he had come there he fell on his knees, looked steadfastly toward heaven, and said, "Into thy hands, O Lord! do I commit my spirit."

When the fagots had been piled around Huss, the duke of Bavaria begged the doomed man, for the last time, to recant. "No," firmly replied the martyr, "I have never preached any false doctrine; and that which I have taught with my lips, I will now seal with my blood."

It is told of this heroic martyr that, when the fagots were lighted, he sang a hymn, with so loud and cheerful a voice that he was heard through all the cracklings of the wood, and the noise of the multitude. At length his voice was interrupted by the flames, which soon put an end to his life. This took place in July, 1415; the event was soon to be followed by another no less dreadful.

The Story of Jerome of Prague.

Jerome, the friend of Huss and his fellow-martyr in the cause of the Reformation in Bohemia, was educated at the university of Prague.

Having completed his studies, he travelled over a great part of Europe, and visited many of the seats of learning, particularly the universities of Paris, Heidelburg, Cologne, and Oxford—England. At the latter place he became familiar with the writings of Wycliffe, and translated them into his own language. On his return to Prague, he openly professed the doctrines of Wycliffe, and finding that Huss

had already introduced them in Bohemia, he became his assistant in the work of reformation.

After Huss had been seized and put in prison at Constance, Jerome went there secretly to try and aid him in escaping. But finding that he could render his friend no service, and being himself in danger, he left Constance, and went to the town of Iberling, a short distance away. While there, Jerome wrote to the emperor, and declared his readiness to appear before the council, if a safe-conduct were granted him; but this request was refused. He then had notices posted up in all the public places at Constance, particularly on the doors of the cardinals' houses. In these he testified his willingness to appear at Constance in defence of his character and doctrine, both of which, he said, had been much abused. He further declared, that if any error should be proved against him, he would retract it; desiring only that the faith of the council might be given him as security for his personal safety.

Receiving no answer to these papers, he set out on his return to Bohemia, taking the precaution to carry with him a certificate, signed by several of the Bohemian nobility then at Constance, testifying that he had used every prudent means in his power to get a hearing. But he was stopped on his way, at Hirsaw, by the duke of Sultzbach, who shut him up in his castle. The duke hoped, by performing a service so acceptable to the council, to win their favor; and in this, as the event proved, he was not disappointed.

Jerome is Put in the Stocks.

The council immediately sent its thanks to the duke for having made Jerome prisoner, and requested him to send his captive, without delay, to Constance. Jerome was, therefore, loaded with irons like a dangerous criminal, and hurried to the council-chamber. After an examination he was taken to a dungeon and his legs put in the stocks, from which he hung head downward until life was almost gone. At

last, to preserve him for further punishment, his persecutors released him from his dreadful position and shut him up in a dungeon.

Jerome remained in prison until the martyrdom of his friend Huss; after which he was again brought before the council and threatened with the same punishment if he refused to retract all he had said or written against the church of Rome. Terrified at the awful fate of Huss, Jerome, in a moment of weakness, forgot his resolution, confessed that Huss merited his fate, and admitted that both Wycliffe and himself had been heretics. In consequence of this he was treated more kindly for a time.

Jerome is Brought to Trial, and Condemned.

But Jerome's enemies suspected his sincerity, and required of him that he should publicly deny, in the strongest terms, all the heresies of which he had been accused. He was brought before the council for this purpose, when, to the astonishment of all, he took back all he had confessed to, and asked permission to plead his own cause. This was refused, and he was accused of being a derider of the papal dignity, an opposer of the pope, an enemy to the cardinals, and a hater of the Christian religion. To these charges Jerome answered with amazing eloquence and strength of argument; but for all this he was sent back to his prison.

Once again Jerome was brought before the council, and once more his appeals for justice rang out with such persuasive force as should have melted the hardest of hearts; but it was of no avail, cruelty and intolerance won the day, and he received the same sentence that had been pronounced upon his martyred friend and fellow-countryman, John Huss. For two days his execution was delayed, it being supposed he would recant. The cardinal of Florence used his utmost endeavors to bring him over; but all was in vain—Jerome had resolved to confirm his doctrine with his blood.

On his way to the place of burning he appeared of cheerful coun-

JEROME OF PRAGUE IN THE STOCKS.

tenance, and on arriving there, knelt down and prayed. He then approached the stake with calmness, and when the executioner went behind him to set fire to the fagots, he cried, "Come here, and kindle it before my eyes; for had I been afraid of it, I had not been here."

We are told that Jerome was a man of "goodly presence" and in the full vigor of life at the time of his burning. Until the last, when he was hidden from men's sight by flame and smoke, he appeared to them unshaken in spirit, and of a good courage.

CHAPTER XV.

THE REFORMATION IN GERMANY.

Martin Luther.

One of the greatest names in religious history is that of Martin Luther. Although he was providentially spared the fate which overtook so many of the reformers, he fearlessly risked his life many times during his battle with the church.

Martin Luther was born at Eisleben, a town in Upper Saxony, in 1483. His father was a poor man who worked in an iron mine. When Martin was fourteen years old he was sent to school at Magdeburg, and afterward to the university at Erfurt, to which he was very glad to go, as he was ambitious to learn. One day, while in the college library, he took a book from the shelf that he had never seen before; it was a Bible, printed in Latin, which language Luther had, by this time, learned to read. He took it down and began to turn over the pages; he found the book so interesting that he came back, day after day, until he had read the greater part of the sacred volume. This was his first acquaintance with the book which was to have so important an influence on his life.

Luther Enters a Monastery.

When Luther was twenty-one years old he determined to enter a monastery, a religious house, and become a monk—for at this time he was a strict adherent to the Romish faith and never dreamed of questioning any of the acts or institutions of the church. Monks upon entering a monastery were obliged to give up everything they owned—even their names were no longer the same as before; Luther

was therefore now called Augustine; in fact, Luther in the university and Luther in the monastery were like two different persons. The monks were glad to get him among them; for they had heard of his great talents.

After Luther had been in the monastery two years he was ordained a priest and went to preach at Wittemberg. He stayed there a year and was then sent to Rome on business of the monastery. Now Luther had always thought Rome a very holy city, but what was his surprise to find that the nearer he approached the head of the church the more luxurious, self-indulgent, and irreligious the priesthood became. Luther believed that the service of the mass was acceptable to God, and he was shocked by the godless character of the priests who sometimes performed this service, and the careless way in which they hurried through it. They even called out to him, when he took part in the ceremony, "Make haste, make haste," for they thought him too slow.

Luther Astonished by What He Sees at Rome.

Luther's visit to Rome opened his eyes to the worldliness of the church. He was also filled with indignation at the scandalous sale of indulgences to sin, authorized by pope Leo X. in order to raise money. When Luther saw this traffic in the church of Wittemberg, after he returned there, he protested that it was wrong; and writing a paper bitterly denouncing the practice, he nailed it to the church door. He also wrote a book containing powerful arguments against this and other abuses which he saw existed in the church.

Astounded at this rebellion on the part of a monk, the chief of the Dominican order publicly burned Luther's writings, and the pope commanded him to come to Rome for trial. Luther refused to go, and his arrest was then attempted, but he escaped, and under the protection of the elector of Saxony commenced his famous struggle against the church, which lasted during the whole of his life, and

was destined to bring about a religious revolution not only in Germany, but throughout Christendom.

Luther's Contest with the Church of Rome.

Luther was wonderfully well fitted for such a contest. By nature he was bold, energetic, and untiring. His eloquence was earnest and soul-stirring, and his capacity for ceaseless work remarkable. With all the enthusiasm of his nature he threw himself into the struggle, writing and preaching continuously. Denying all authority but the Holy Scriptures, he denounced the papacy and its practices. The pope was not idle during this time; many efforts were made to seize him, but Luther was popular with the people, who believed in his cause; he had powerful friends too, who helped him to escape from his persecutors. Alarmed at his growing influence, the pope solemnly excommunicated Luther for heresy, and ordered all his writings to be burned. In defiance of this attack, Luther publicly burned the pope's bull of excommunication in the streets of Wittemberg.

After this bold act Luther was summoned before the council, or Diet, at Worms, and refusing to retract was declared an outlaw. He escaped from Worms and lay concealed for nine months, but during this time he was not idle, for he translated the New Testament into the German language. It is said of him that he labored at this work with tireless industry. During the nine months of seclusion he not only translated the New Testament, but also took great pains to improve his knowledge of Greek and Hebrew, for the purpose of making his intended version of the Scriptures more accurate. Writing to a friend, he says, "I find translating the whole Bible is above my strength; I shall not touch the Old Testament till I can have the assistance of yourself and my other friends at Wittemberg. If it were possible that I could be with you, and remain undisturbed in a snug chamber, I would come, and then, with your help, would translate the

whole from the beginning, that at length there might be a version of the Bible fit for Christians to read. This would be a great work, of immense value to the people, and worthy of every effort we can make."

But the light of the gospel which Luther had kindled was burning brighter and brighter throughout Germany. Especially was this the case at his old home in Wittemberg. Thirteen of the monks left the monastery in that place in one day, and sought employment; working with their own hands for their living, at various trades.

Disturbances Put Down by Luther.

Some of the monks, however, remained in their cells, and the prior, in the hope of quieting the people, who made threats against them, gave orders that no more private masses should be celebrated. This was soon known in the town, and caused great excitement. The townspeople said, "If it be wrong to have private masses in the convent, it is equally wrong to allow them in the parish church." So, one day, just as mass was about to be performed, some of the most violent broke into the church, made their way to the altar, and carried off the books. The frightened priests fled away to save their lives. After this riotous outbreak other churches were broken open, and the images of saints carried off and burned. Some students who had taken part in these disturbances were from Erfurt, and they were immediately arrested, but were soon after released.

When Luther heard of this violence he was much troubled. At the risk of his life he left the castle in which he had found refuge, and returned to Wittemberg. The next day was Sunday. Early in the morning, the news, "Luther is come back; he will preach to-day," was passed from one to another. Crowds filled the church to hear his sermon, in which he spoke upon all the subjects which had been matters of dispute, and sternly rebuked the rioters who had broken into the churches, carried off images by force, and committed

other acts of violence. His influence was so great that the tumult soon subsided and peace and order were restored.

Luther's Translations of the Scriptures.

Luther could now devote himself to his great work of translating the Bible into German. When this was done, the printing was at once begun and soon three thousand copies of the New Testament were completed. This being finished, Luther immediately began the translation of the Old Testament. Great was the indignation of the pope when he heard of it, and in many parts of Germany, all who had bought copies of the Scriptures were commanded to give them up to be burned.

Before this time Luther had written a tract, in which he proved from the Bible that the church of Rome was wrong in saying, "It is unlawful for the clergy to marry." "Marriage is God's appointment," he said, "and therefore no man has a right to forbid it to any one." In consequence of this, many convents in Germany were deserted; the monks having left them and married. Luther himself determined to follow their example. He married Catharine Bora, who had formerly been a nun. Their life together was extremely happy, as they were of one heart and one mind. Their favorite recreation was sacred music, in which both excelled, and it is said that, morning and evening, they might be seen seated at the window which looked into their beautiful garden, while they sang together some sacred song. They had six children whom they brought up in the faith for which they had endured so much.

Among the writings of Luther which have been preserved is the following tender letter to his little son John:

"To My Dear Little Son,

"Grace and peace to you in Christ Jesus, my dear little child: I perceive, with pleasure, that you are making good progress in your

learning, and that you now give attention to your prayers. Continue to do so, my dear child, and when I return home I will give you beautiful things. I know a lovely and smiling garden, full of children, dressed in robes of gold, who play under the trees with beautiful apples, pears, cherries, nuts, and prunes. They sing, they leap, they are all joyful; there are also beautiful little ponies, with bridles of gold and saddles of silver. In passing through the garden, I asked a man what it meant, and who were the children. He replied, 'These are the children who love to pray, and to learn, who are pious and good children.' I said to him, 'Dear friend, I have also a child, his name is little John Luther; might he not also come here, and eat these apples and pears, ride on these beautiful ponies, and play with the other children?' The man replied to me, 'If your child, your dear little John Luther, is wise, if he says his prayers, and learns willingly, he may come, and he may bring little Philip and James Melancthon with him.' I then said to the man, 'Dear sir, I intend to write immediately to my dear little John, and I will tell him to be a good boy, to pray and learn well, that he may be permitted to come to this garden. He has a dear little sister, whom he loves very much; her name is Madeline; may he bring her with him?' The man replied, 'Yes, tell him they may both come together.' Be wise, then, my dear little boy; tell Philip and James to be wise also, and you will all be allowed to visit and play in this beautiful garden. I commend my dear child to the protection of God. Salute Madeline, and give her a kiss for me.

"Your father, who loves you,

("*Written 19th June*, 1530.") "MARTIN LUTHER."

Although the struggle lasted for years, the Reformation made steady progress, and during the last twenty years of the great reformer's life he had the satisfaction of seeing the principles he had so boldly upheld adopted by a great part of the people of Germany.

Martin Luther died, surrounded by sorrowing friends, in 1546, in

the sixty-third year of his age. His tomb is at Wittemberg, the city where so large a part of his eventful and laborious life was passed.

Luther's Success and its Causes.

The extraordinary success of Luther was not, however, wholly due to his powers of eloquence and persuasion; however great these may have been, their influence would have been insufficient had not the time been ripe for a change. A large part of the Christian world desired to escape from the papal yoke, and the awakening intelligence of the people brought with it a consciousness of the spiritual tyranny which had so long oppressed them. Luther preached the doctrine of personal responsibility in the matter of religion, and opposed the assumed infallibility of the church of Rome. The success of the new doctrine proved that Europe was ready for revolt, and to Luther must be given the glory of striking the first victorious blow. For though Wycliffe and Huss strained the chain which held both mind and body of man in bondage, yet it was Luther who first broke its links, and encouraged humanity to aspire to a religious and political independence that had never been dreamed of before his time.

Among the supporters of Luther were kings and princes who longed to throw off the despotic rule of the pope. The sovereigns of Sweden and Denmark, besides those of German principalities, strongly sustained him; and after many struggles a treaty was signed at Nuremburg in 1532, between the Lutheran princes and Charles V., emperor of Germany. Liberty of conscience was thus formally conceded to the followers of the reformed religion, who were generally known as "Protestants" from having protested against the domination and the usages of the church of Rome.

CHAPTER XVI.

FRANCE AND THE HUGUENOTS.

For centuries France had been the battle-ground of the Roman church and the sects opposed to it. We have seen how the Waldenses and the Albigenses suffered in the struggle; their cities were taken, their homes destroyed, and themselves slain by thousands; so that only a few scattered remnants remained of a once numerous and prosperous people. But though victorious in the field, the church could not wholly subjugate consciences and hearts; and for three hundred years after the taking of the city of Bezieres the races of southern France always showed themselves ready to join any movement looking toward religious reform, until finally they were merged into the great Huguenot party.

The advance of French Protestantism, which became in 1530 such a power as to seem, for a short time, likely to prevail even at the court of king Francis I., was largely influenced by the tracts of Martin Luther protesting against the abuses of the Roman Church, and by the preaching of German, Swiss, and English reformers. John Calvin, a native of Picardy, in northern France, who was a student of the Scriptures and a man of powerful intellect, also gave his support to the movement, and going to Paris, by his eloquence led many of the common people to question the authority of the church of Rome.

But the king, alarmed at the number of Calvin's followers, and by their disorderly violence which showed itself in destroying the art treasures of the church, threw his whole influence on the side of Rome. He was partly moved to this by the adroit persuasions of the papal representative, who convinced him that a change of religion

in France could not take place without a revolution in the government. In the persecution which followed Calvin and others prominent in the reform party were obliged to flee from France to save their lives.

The Huguenots Establish Churches.

During the years which followed, periods of persecution were relieved by times of rest, and even protection, in which the French reformers began to establish their infant churches. They had previously been content to meet in secret, to sing hymns, and listen to earnest prayer and practical preaching in some lowly shelter that would not awaken the suspicions of their enemies.

The first French Huguenot church in Paris was established in the year 1555, and almost immediately afterward there sprang up fifteen other congregations, the largest being those of the cities of Meaux, Poitiers, and Angers—each having its pastors, elders and deacons, and each ruling itself and recognizing no bond of fellowship except that of charity and suffering. These were the heroic days of the French Protestant, or Huguenot movement. Unfortunately for France, as their numbers and wealth increased, the Huguenots became so important a political force that powerful nobles and great lords joined them merely to gain the leadership, and to use their power for their own self-advancement.

During the reign of Henry II. the Huguenots gathered such strength as to entertain hopes of becoming the strongest political party of the realm. What made this seem more likely was the fact that several of the reigning family of France, such as the king of Navarre, and his brother, the Prince de Condé; many of the nobility, such as the Chatillons and Admiral Coligni, favored the Reformation. From this admixture of political faction in the party of religious reform arose unsuccessful attempts on the part of its leaders to control the government. In Francis II.'s reign a conspiracy was even formed to seize the king, at the castle of Amboise; and the plot being dis-

covered, thousands of innocent Huguenots suffered for the crimes of their leaders, in the persecution which followed. King Francis II. died in 1560, and his brother, a boy ten years of age, became king with the title of Charles IX. On account of his youth, his mother, Catharine de Medici, was appointed regent, and under her rule the persecution of the Protestants was carried on with renewed ferocity. Resistance by armed bodies of Huguenots followed, and there raged a religious war, which with intervals of peace lasted eight years; the struggle being marked by frequent massacres and assassinations.

Catharine de Medici, the mother of the king, and the real power behind the throne, was a woman who hesitated at no act of cruelty or treachery that would gratify her ambition or her hate. When she took the lead in state affairs, falsehood became her chief weapon; for perceiving her own weakness among the warring parties, she planned, with true Italian craft, to play one against the other, and in carrying out this policy showed all the falseness and cunning of her evil nature. But the balance between two such hostile elements could not long be preserved; the massacre of a Huguenot congregation at Vassy caused war to break out, and several bloody battles were fought, in most of which the Huguenots held their own. Their increasing power alarmed Catharine, and as open warfare had failed to keep them in check, she determined to use her favorite weapons, falsehood and deceit. Apparently changing from her former attitude of cold distrust she gave out that liberty of worship would be granted the Huguenots, and to further allay any suspicions that might be aroused by this unlooked-for indulgence, a marriage was arranged between the sister of the king and the commander of the Huguenot army, Henry of Navarre.

The guilty Catharine well knew that the marriage of their leader, which was to be celebrated with great magnificence, would draw to Paris thousands of Huguenots—and she intended to murder them all at a blow! To carry out such a terrible scheme of slaughter Catharine needed help, and she confided her secret to several leaders of her

party. She told them a conspiracy had been discovered in which the Huguenots had determined to seize the government, and that only by a general massacre could their design be overcome.

The night fixed upon for attacking the unsuspecting people was that of August 24, 1572; it was the eve of the church feast of St. Bartholomew, and therefore the dreadful event became known to history as the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Preparations for the Massacre.

Preparations quietly began to be made for the bloody work. Several regiments of soldiers were brought into Paris and arms distributed. Rumors of these preparations reached the Huguenots, and suspicion began to be awakened that all was not right; but no plot could be discovered, and fears were gradually allayed. The king, Charles IX., who, like his mother, was false and treacherous, invited Admiral Coligni, the most beloved of the great Huguenot leaders, to his palace, and treated him with the greatest courtesy. He told him that the soldiers had been brought into Paris to prevent rioting by the opposite party. Believing the king spoke the truth, Coligni, who had himself been selected as the first victim, continued to walk unsuspectingly about the streets of the city.

On August 22d, as Coligni was passing a church, he was struck by two bullets fired by a hidden assassin—a criminal lately condemned to death but spared for the purpose of murdering the admiral. The search made for him was useless, as he had fled by a back door and found shelter in a house prepared for him by the duke of Guise, the leader of the party opposed to the Huguenots. One of the bullets wounded Coligni's shoulder, and the other broke a finger. This cowardly crime caused a great commotion in Paris. The wounded man was carried to a hotel and his hurts were looked to by the king's surgeon; Coligni was even visited by the king himself, who professed great sorrow for his injury, and promised to find and punish

the assassin. Under the pretence of protecting him from further attacks, but really to make sure of their victim, the court party placed a guard of fifty soldiers around the hotel in which Coligni lay, and closed the street by stretching chains across it.

Coligni's friends, the leading Huguenots, were also persuaded to move their lodgings near the admiral's, being told that they could thus be protected from any tumult that might arise in the city. The king placed a guard in the neighborhood to defend them, and all the gates of the town, except two, were closed. The real object of this was to prevent any Huguenots of rank from escaping; for when crowded together they were more easily watched; and in carrying out the murderous plan, the king seems to have recalled to mind the saying of Alaric, "The thicker the grass, the more quickly it is mown."

The Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

The day before the massacre was a time of terrible suspense to the king and his mother. As the fatal hour approached the king became unnerved and seemed uncertain whether or not to strike the blow. Catharine saw that he wavered, and entreated him not to hesitate. She said messengers had already been sent by the Huguenots to Germany and Switzerland for troops, and that if another war broke out his ruin would be sure. The wretched king, who usually followed blindly the impulse of the moment, was alarmed at this apparent danger to his throne, and became more eager than the others to push on the bloody work.

Plans were soon made: the duke of Guise was to begin the massacre by murdering Coligni the moment he heard the tolling of a bell. The signal for the dreadful work to begin was to be the ringing of the great bell of the palace, which was used only on public rejoicings. In the meantime orders were sent to the militia to arm, and at midnight march to the Hotel de Ville. Some made excuses, but the king told them that if they refused they should all be hanged;

alarmed by this threat, the men yielded, and promised to do such execution as would never be forgotten,—and well they kept their word.

The orders the soldiers received were, that as soon as they heard the ringing of the bell, torches were to be put in the windows of all their houses, and chains placed across the streets; sentries were to be posted in the open places; and, as a uniform, the murderers were to wear a piece of white linen on their left arms, and to place a white cross on their hats.

In spite of the awful crime about to be committed, the king rode out on horseback in the afternoon, the sight of his peaceful, unsuspecting people seeming to have no effect upon him. The queen also showed herself at court as usual in order to avoid suspicion.

The secret was kept till the last moment, and no one was told of the plan who was not necessary to its execution. But there were several persons in the king's own household who caused great anxiety to both the king and queen. One of these was the queen of Navarre; she knew nothing of the butchery soon to begin, and prepared to go to bed. Her sister, the duchess of Lorraine, who knew what would take place, begged her not to go. The queen was angry at this, and forbade her telling anything further. The duchess of Lorraine said she feared that her sister would be killed in her bed by the assassins, but the queen replied that if she did not go it might cause suspicion, and added that, "If it pleased God, no harm would befall her."

Another member of the king's company was the count De la Rochefaucault; he was a great favorite with Charles, who took such pleasure in his society, that he wished to save his life. He had passed the evening with the king, and when he prepared to go home, Charles advised him to sleep in the Louvre. In vain did he press him; the count was determined to go. The king was grieved that he could not save him without violating his secret, but said resignedly, as his guest went away to his death, "I see clearly that God would have him perish."

Ambrose Paré, the king's Protestant surgeon, was a person necessary to the king's health and comfort, and he used less ceremony with him. He sent for him in the evening to come into his chamber, and ordered him not to stir out of it. "For," said he, "it is not reasonable to think that one so useful to me should be killed—no matter what may be his religion."

As midnight approached, the armed companies gathered together before the Hotel de Ville. But they required some strong excitement to rouse their passions and make them eager for deeds of blood. In order to enrage them, they were told that a horrible conspiracy had just been discovered, made by the Huguenots against the lives of the king, the queen-mother, and the princes. That the king wished his loyal subjects to put down so wicked a plot, and commanded them to fall upon those cursed heretics, who were rebels against God and the king, without sparing man, woman, or child. Afterward the property of the traitors would be given up to be plundered. This was enough for ignorant and excitable men who hated the Huguenots, and looked upon them as their natural enemies. Everything being thus arranged, they impatiently waited the dawn, and the signal which was to come with it.

The wretched king of France had gone so far, that retreat was impossible; but there is good reason to believe that at the last moment he would gladly have desisted from his cruel purpose. Even murderers, it is commonly found, will hesitate to commit the crime unless passion urges them on. The hesitation, therefore, which Charles displayed was natural, and there is evidence that, too late, he sent orders to prevent the massacre from taking place. But the queen had perceived his change of mood. She saw that if the signal depended upon him, he would not have resolution enough to give it; so she quickly decided the hour that had been fixed for it must be changed, and made earlier, or this unlooked-for remorse might prevent the bloody work. She therefore made another effort

to inflame her son, by telling him that the Huguenots had discovered their plot. Immediately after uttering this falsehood she sent a messenger to ring the bell of St. Germain,—the time being a full hour earlier than that agreed upon. A few moments after, the report of a pistol was heard, which had such a startling effect on the king, that he sent orders to prevent the massacre, but it was then too late.

Murder of Admiral Coligni.

The duke of Guise, who had waited impatiently for the signal, went at once to Coligni's house, accompanied by his brother and a number of gentlemen. Cosseins, who had charge of the soldiers posted there, and some of his men, broke open the doors in the king's name, and murdered the Swiss guards that had been stationed at the bottom of the stairs. They then ran through the house seeking the admiral, followed by a number of their men.

Coligni, awakened by the noise, asked one of his attendants what it was. The man replied, "My lord, God calls us to himself." Coligni then said to his attendants, "Save yourselves, my friends; all is over with me. I have long been prepared for death." They then all left him but one; and the admiral betook himself to prayer, awaiting his murderers. Every door was soon broken open, and an assassin entered the chamber. "Art thou Coligni?" said the murderer. "I am he, indeed," said the admiral; "young man, you ought to respect my gray hairs; but do what you will, you can shorten my life only by a few days." The assassin, whose name was Besme, answered by plunging his sword into Coligni's body; his companions then rushed upon the dying man and stabbed him with their daggers.

Besme then called out of the window to Guise, "We have done it." "It is well," replied he; "but we will not believe it, unless we see him at our feet." The corpse was then thrown out of the window into the court-yard, and the blood of the man thus basely assassinated, spurted out on the faces and clothes of his murderers. Guise

wiped the blood from the dead man's face to see if it was really the admiral, and then gave orders to cut off his head.

Beginning of the Massacre.

The ringing of the bell of St. Germain was answered by the bells of all the churches, and by a discharge of fire-arms in different parts of the city. Paris resounded with savage yells and howls which brought multitudes of terror-stricken people out of their lodging-places, not only unarmed, but many of them half dressed. Some tried to go to Coligni's house for protection, but the soldiers killed them before they could move scarcely a step. The palace of the Louvre seemed to hold out a refuge, but the frightened people were driven away from there also by men armed with swords and guns.

Escape was almost impossible; the numerous lights that had, with fiendish cunning, been placed in the windows deprived the fugitives of the shelter which darkness would have afforded. Bands of murderers swept the streets in all directions, killing every one they met. From the streets they rushed into the houses; they broke open the doors, and spared neither age, sex, nor condition. A white cross had been put in the hats of the armed ruffians to distinguish them. Even some priests took part in the bloody work; and going ahead of the murderers urged them, in God's name, to spare none.

When daylight appeared, Paris presented a most appalling scene of slaughter. Headless bodies were hanging from the windows; gateways were blocked up with the dead and dying; and whole streets were filled with mutilated corpses. Even the palace of the Louvre was the scene of great carnage: the guards were drawn up around it, and the unfortunate Huguenots in the palace were called out, one after another, and killed with the soldiers' halberts. Most of them died without complaining, or even speaking; but some appealed to the public faith and the sacred promises of the king. "Great God!" said they, "defend the oppressed. Just Judge! avenge this cruelty."

MASSACRE OF HUGUENOTS AT PARIS ON THE EVE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

Even the king of Navarre's servants, who lived in the palace, were killed as they lay sleeping in bed with their wives.

The duke of Guise and his companions, Tavannes, Montpensier, and Angoulême, rode through the streets, encouraging the murderers. Guise told them that it was the king's command to kill the very last one of the heretics, and to crush the race of vipers. Tavannes ferociously exclaimed, "Bleed! bleed! The doctors tell us that bleeding is as beneficial in August as in May." These fierce words were not lost upon the infuriated soldiers, and the different companies rivalled each other in atrocity. One Crucé, a goldsmith, boasted of having killed one hundred persons with his own hands.

The massacre lasted during the whole week, but after the third day its fury was considerably abated; in fact, on Tuesday a proclamation was issued for putting an end to it, but no measures were taken for enforcing the order; but the armed bands were no longer urged on to the slaughter. Some of the horrors endured during that awful week of butchery, are thus described by a young Frenchman, named Sully, who narrowly escaped with his life:

Story of a Huguenot who Escaped the Massacre.

"I was awakened at about three o'clock in the morning by the ringing of bells, and loud cries for mercy. St. Julien, my tutor, went out quickly with my attendant to learn the cause. I have never heard anything more of these two men; they were, without doubt, slain as soon as they reached the street. I was hurriedly dressing myself, when the owner of the house in which we were lodging came in. He was pale and trembling. Being a Huguenot, and knowing his danger, he had determined to go to mass in order to save his life and property. He told me to come with him, but I did not follow him, as I had already made up my mind to fly for refuge to the college of Burgundy, of which I was a student. The great distance made my attempt very dangerous, but I threw over my shoulders

my scholar's gown, and as a further protection, put a prayer-book under my arm, and went down stairs.

As soon as I reached the street I was horror-struck to see furious men running in every direction, breaking open the houses, and calling out, "Kill! kill the Huguenots!" The blood which I saw shed before my eyes sickened me. A body of soldiers stopped me: I was questioned; they began to threaten, when happily for me, the book I carried served as a passport. Twice afterward I fell into the same danger, from which I was delivered with the same good fortune. At last I arrived at the college of Burgundy; but here a still greater danger awaited me. The porter twice refused me entrance, and I remained in the middle of the street at the mercy of ruffians, whose numbers kept increasing, and who were eagerly seeking for their prey. At last I thought of asking for the principal of the college, named Dafaye, a worthy man, who knew me well. The porter, won over by some small pieces of money which I put into his hand, went to fetch him. This good man quickly appeared and took me to his chamber, but on the way two inhuman priests tried to snatch me from his hands, saying that the order was to kill even the infants at the breast. All that he could do was to drag me away to a dark closet where he locked me in. I remained there three whole days, uncertain of my fate, and receiving no assistance but from the servant of this charitable man, who brought me food.

On the fourth day Dafaye himself came to my hiding-place and told me the danger was about over, but that I must on no account leave the college. These directions I carefully obeyed until order was gradually restored and I was able to escape from Paris.

Murders in the Palace of the King.

The wife of Henry of Navarre, the sister of the king of France, tells the following story of her narrow escape from death on the fatal night of the massacre:

"Until a late hour my husband's bed-room was filled with Huguenots, who talked about the attempted assassination of Coligni. When they had gone, and Navarre had retired, I went to my apartment. In less than an hour I was awakened by blows upon the door and frenzied shouts of Navarre! Navarre! The chambermaid opened the door, when in rushed a man, who was followed by four assassins all covered with blood.

"Wild with fright, and seeking any way of escape from his grim pursuers, the hunted man threw himself upon my bed. Frantic with terror I threw myself out of the bed and dragged him after me. I did not know the man, nor did I know if he came there to injure me, or whether the soldiers were after him or me. We both of us cried out, and were both equally frightened. It was only by the narrowest chance that the lives of either of us were saved. After much pleading the captain of the guard consented to lead us to the chamber of the duchess of Lorraine, where we remained in the greatest terror, but in safety, until morning."

Story of Marshal de la Force.

Marshal de la Force was a child at the time of the massacre; he has left some memoirs of his life, among which is the following narrative of his sufferings during that terrible scene of bloodshed.

A horse-dealer, who had seen the duke of Guise and his friends murder Coligni, ran immediately to warn La Force's father, to whom he had sold ten horses a week before.

La Force and his two sons lodged in a part of Paris across the river. At that time there was no bridge to this part of the city; it could only be reached by a ferry. All the boats had been seized by order of the court, to carry over the assassins. But the horse-dealer was not to be thwarted in his efforts to save his patron; so he plunged into the river, swam across, and told La Force of his danger.

The elder La Force was some distance away from his house, and

had plenty of time to save himself; but seeing his children did not follow him, he returned to fetch them. He had scarcely entered the door when the assassins arrived. One Martin, at their head, came into his room, seized him and the two children, and told him with dreadful oaths that he must die. La Force offered him a ransom of two thousand crowns; the captain accepted it, and La Force swore to pay him in two days. After having stripped the house, the assassins told La Force and his children to pin their handkerchiefs in their hats in the form of a cross; they also made them tuck up their right sleeves on the shoulder, to imitate the uniform of the murderers. As they crossed the river the marshal declares that he saw it covered with dead bodies. His father, his brother, and himself, landed before the Louvre; and there they saw the corpses of several of their friends.

Captain Martin took his prisoners to his own house in the city, and there made La Force and his sons swear that they would not leave it until they had paid the two thousand crowns. He then left them in the custody of two Swiss soldiers, and went out to kill or capture more Huguenots. One of the Swiss, touched with compassion, offered the prisoners their liberty, but La Force would not take advantage of this unlooked-for opportunity. He said that he had pledged his word, and that he would rather die than forfeit it. A relative was sent for, and promised him the two thousand crowns, in time to be given to Captain Martin when he should return.

But, unfortunately, news of the La Forces' capture had reached the ears of their enemies, and a messenger came to tell La Force that the duke of Anjou wished to speak to him, and requested the father and his children to come down stairs, bareheaded and without their cloaks. La Force plainly saw that they were leading him to death, but he followed, praying only that his two innocent children might be spared. Upon this, the younger of the children, then thirteen years old, the future marshal, raised his childish voice

and reproached the murderers for their cruelty, saying that God would punish them.

The two children, with their father, were led to the end of the street. Turning suddenly, the men stabbed the elder boy several times; he cried out, "Ah, my father! O my God! I am hurt." At almost the same instant the father also fell dead, bleeding from many wounds. The younger boy was covered with their blood, but he had, by almost a miracle, received no wound, and with wonderful presence of mind cried out also, "I am stabbed." He then threw himself down between his father and brother, and heard their last sighs. The murderers believing him dead, went away, saying, "There, that ends them, all three."

Some thieves prowling about soon came to strip their bodies. The young La Force never moved an eyelid while they took off everything he had on excepting one stocking. After they had done with him, a poor rag-picker passing by saw this single stocking and stopped to take it. While he was pulling it from the foot of the apparently dead boy, he mused thus:

"Alas!" said he, "what a pity! This is but a child; what harm can he have done?" These words of compassion encouraged the little La Force to raise his head gently, and say, in a low voice, "I am not dead, sir!" Greatly startled, the rag-picker answered, "Do not stir, child; have patience." He then went away, but in the evening came to save the boy. "Get up," said he, "they are no longer here;" and wrapping him in a shabby cloak he carried him off. As he went, some of the executioners asked him, "Who is that boy?" "It is my nephew," said he, "who has got drunk; you see what a state he is in. I am going to give him a whipping." At last the poor man got safely to his house, and from there young La Force was taken, in the disguise of a beggar, to the arsenal, to his relative, Marshal Biron, grand master of the artillery. He was concealed here for some time in the servants' chambers. At length, Biron hearing that the court

party were hunting for the boy to kill him, he succeeded in getting him safely away, disguised as a page.

Huguenots Fly to the Prison for Refuge.

During the confusion and uproar of that fatal night, seven or eight hundred panic-stricken people sought refuge in the prison, hoping thus to escape from the fierce bands who ranged the streets. But armed guards, who had been placed there for that very purpose, drove the poor fugitives out into an open court-yard, where they were slain with swords and clubs; after which their bodies were thrown into the river.

The duke of Guise, for political reasons, pretended to be willing to help the Huguenots, so he gave shelter to a few in his house. News of this was carried to the king, and those attending him said, "It is betraying us, it is betraying God and the king, to spare these heretics: though we have killed many, their hatred of us will give those left greater strength: Coligni is no more, but the king of Navarre and the prince of Condé survive; the church has everything to fear from such bitter enemies. We must still fight; we must seek within the walls of Rochelle and Montauban for those who have escaped from Paris. While we grow weary, they hate us the more, and they have almost ceased to fear us." To them the murder of so many of their countrymen appeared a piece of work only just begun.

There was, however, no attempt made to renew the scenes of carnage in the city of Paris; in fact, the king had already begun to reflect that the shedding of so much blood required some explanation, or all Europe would cry out in indignation against him. Accordingly, despatches were sent to all the governors of the provinces, informing them of the death of Coligni, and the troubles which had occurred in Paris; attributing everything to the feud which had so long existed between Guise and the admiral, and stating that the populace, in their frenzy of enthusiasm for the Guises "could not be restrained."

The number of persons who were killed in the massacre of St. Bartholomew, in the city of Paris, was over four thousand. The dead and dying lay in heaps in the open squares and streets. Their bodies blocked the doors and carriage-ways, and were piled up in the alleys and court-yards. When every indignity that brutality and fiendish malice could invent had been practised upon these lifeless remains, the river Seine became their final resting-place. Besides those Huguenots whom their murderers had hurled alive into its black waters, from wharves and bridges, to perish by drowning, wagons bearing the bodies of men, women, and even young children, were hauled to the river and there emptied of their dreadful freight. But the sluggish current of the crooked Seine would not carry these bodies away; so the shores, at the first curve, between the city and the bridge of St. Cloud, were covered with putrefying corpses. The dread of a pestilence arising from them brought about their burial; among the records of Paris, in the city hall, is still to be found the bill of charges paid by the city for removing and putting under ground 1500 of these poor river-washed bodies.

When news of the massacre reached Rome, the pope joyfully announced a day of public celebration; the entire city was illuminated at night, and grand thanksgiving services were held in the cathedral.

A General Slaughter throughout France follows the Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

From Paris the order went forth to the cities of France, "Slay the Huguenots!" and within a few days thousands of additional lives had been sacrificed. The extraordinary brutality and wickedness of this wholesale slaughter was only exceeded by its folly; for the people thus destroyed were of the class most useful to the State by reason of their industry and skill. In the blameless purity of their lives, also, these men and women who were hunted down like wild beasts by the officers of the law, and put to death with

every kind of indignity and cruelty on account of their religion, contrasted strikingly with the corruption of the clergy and the shameless immorality of the court.

The people of Rochelle hearing of the cruelties inflicted upon their brethren, resolved to defend themselves against the power of the king. Their example was followed by other strong towns, which entered into a league, or agreement to help one another in the common cause. To crush this league, the king shortly after summoned the whole power of France, and the greatest of his generals. He attacked Rochelle by sea and land, and commenced a furious siege, which, but for the bravery of the people, must have ended in its destruction. Seven assaults were made, none of which succeeded. At one time a hole was broken in the wall by the tremendous cannonade; but owing to the valor of the citizens, who were assisted by even their wives and daughters, the king's soldiers were driven back with great slaughter.

The siege of Rochelle lasted seven months; it was then given up, the army called off, and war for a while ceased. The next year, in 1574, king Charles IX., whose guilty consent to the murderous schemes of his mother and the duke of Guise had deluged the land with blood, died at Paris, in the twenty-fourth year of his age. He suffered from a strange disease which baffled the skill of his physicians; during which, it is said, his blood flowed from his body through the pores of the skin. This was a fitting end to such a life; and it is not to be wondered at that the Huguenots believed the king's dreadful malady had been inflicted upon him by divine power, as a punishment for his cruel persecution of them.

Huguenots Attacked in a Church at Vassy.

At the town of Vassy, in the north of France, there lived a great many Huguenots. Religious services were publicly held in church by their minister, and the number of converts rapidly increased.

One day the duke of Guise, with about two hundred soldiers, marched past Vassy. Before they had gone quite out of hearing the bell of the Huguenot church rang out, as usual, for morning service. "Why does that bell ring so loud?" asked the duke. A soldier named La Montague replied that it was to call together the Huguenots, and said there were a great many of them in the town who went to hear the sermons preached by their minister. "Back!" cried the duke to his soldiers, "We shall take them in the act." So they all turned back, and having halted before the market-house of the town, the duke went into the monastery which stood near and talked awhile with the prior. Then coming out hastily, he commanded his men to march to the church where the Huguenots were assembled.

Now, Leonard Morel, the minister, had just begun his sermon, and some hundred or more men and women were listening to his words, when the reports of two muskets sounded in their ears. The people, frightened at this, tried to escape by the door, but were driven back by the soldiers, who rushed in upon them crying out, "Death to the Huguenots!"

Three of the men in the church were slain in a moment at the door, and then the soldiers rushed in among the congregation, striking the poor people down with their weapons, and sparing neither man, woman, nor child in their fury. The unfortunate Huguenots were so terror-stricken that they knew not which way to turn, "but running hither and thither, fell one upon another, flying as poor sheep before ravening wolves." A number of the soldiers coolly aimed and fired their guns, while others cut in pieces with their swords every person within reach.

"Some of the Huguenots had their heads cleft in twain and their arms and hands cut off; so that many of them died even in the place." The walls and galleries were dyed with the blood of those who were murdered. So great was the fury of the soldiers, that a number of the men they were pursuing broke open the roof of the

SIXTY HUGUENOTS SLAIN IN A CHURCH AT VASSY.

church, hoping to save themselves upon the top of it; but having climbed there, and still fearing to fall again into the hands of their enemies, some leaped down to the ground, and were cruelly bruised and hurt. Those who remained were even in a worse case, for a party of soldiers outside, seeing them on the roof, shot at them with their muskets and killed several.

The household servants of Dessalles, prior of Vassy, also took part in this cruel work; and one of their company was not ashamed to boast, after the massacre, that he had brought down six from the roof of the church, and said that if others had done as well, none would have escaped.

The minister did not cease preaching until the soldiers had entered the church; then he got down from his pulpit, leaving his gown behind him, so that it would not hinder his flight. But when he had nearly reached the door, he stumbled over a dead body, and was immediately afterward struck with a sword, which cut a great gash in his head. Morel, thinking himself mortally hurt, cried out, "Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit." While he thus prayed, one of the soldiers came at him, intending to run him through; but two others, who had recognized him, said, "He is the minister; let us take him prisoner to our lord duke."

Then they led Morel away, one at each arm, and brought him before the gate of the monastery. The duke saw them, and coming out, cried, "Come hither;" and he said, "Art thou the minister of this place? Who made thee so bold as to seduce the people thus?"

"Sir," said the minister, "I am no seducer, for I have preached to them only the gospel of Christ."

The duke perceiving in this simple answer a rebuke for his cruel outrages, cried out in anger, "Doth the gospel preach sedition? Prevost, go and have a gallows set up, to hang this fellow."

After this the minister was handed over to the keeping of two servants, who misused him shamefully. Some of the women of

the place, also, caught up dirt and threw it in his face, crying, "Kill him! kill this varlet, who has caused the death of so many." The massacre at the church continued for nearly an hour. After the Huguenots had all been slain, or driven away, the trumpet sounded, the soldiers put up their weapons, and marched away.

There were killed in this attack sixty persons, besides seven others who died afterward from their wounds. The minister was kept in prison for a considerable time, and frequently threatened with death, but he at last escaped and left the country.

Incidents of the Persecution at Orleans.

In a dreadful massacre of the Huguenots which took place at the city of Orleans, Dechampeaux, a distinguished lawyer, was among the slain. The following is an account of the manner in which he was put to death.

A certain Captain Texier came to Dechampeaux's house with six of his troopers, and asked to be lodged for the night. The lawyer had not yet heard of the bloody work going on at Paris, and gave his uninvited guests a kindly welcome. Supper being ended, Texier pushed back his chair and with an oath ordered his host to bring out his money; Dechampeaux laughed, thinking the soldier jested. But Texier was in no mood for merriment; he told his startled entertainer in a very few words what had happened at Paris, and drawing his sword swore that he would kill him on the spot unless paid a good round sum. Dechampeaux, greatly terrified, hurriedly gave Texier all the money he had; but even this did not save his life, for his cruel guest no sooner received the purse than he ran him through the body with his sword, and then pillaged the house.

On the evening following this murder a general attack upon the Huguenots of Orleans was begun. All through the night nothing could be heard but the firing of guns and pistols, the breaking down of doors, and the despairing screams of women and children.

Cruel Murder of a Physician.

In one of the houses attacked upon this fatal night lived a Huguenot physician, named Taillebous. As soon as the band of murderers knocked on his door the doctor came down and opened it, thinking some one of his patients had need of his services. When Taillebous asked what was wanted, one of the men pointed his sword at his breast, and answered, "Your life."

Upon hearing these menacing words, the good doctor fell upon his knees and made a last prayer to Heaven, so fervently uttered as to touch the hearts of even his would-be murderers; and taking only his purse they left him unharmed. But on the day following, Taillebous' own students, of the Romish party, hearing that his life had been spared, went to his house under the pretence of wanting to see a certain book in his library; he brought it to them, when they asked him for another. After thus amusing themselves for a while with their former instructor, they forced him out of his house at the point of the sword, and after driving him from place to place—the sport of the mob—murdered him in cold blood.

A Merchant is Slain in His Bed.

A rich merchant of Orleans, Nicholas Bougars by name, was a man much esteemed for his kindly, charitable disposition and great worth. On the night of the massacre he lay at home dangerously ill. Some of the assassins, breaking into his chamber, saw him lying on his bed, pale and motionless. Thinking him already dead, or at the point of death, they did not attack him, but robbed the house of everything of value, and killed the physician who was in attendance.

The next day, one of Bougars' own acquaintances, who belonged to the Romish party, came to his house, and passing silently up the stairs stabbed the sick man with a dagger, thus killing him in his bed; then, concealing the bloody weapon, and as noiselessly as he had come, he went down the stairs, passing the mother of the man

he had so basely slain, but betraying by neither word or look the awful crime he had just committed.

Francis Stample, another merchant of Orleans, was threatened with instant death if he refused to give the murderers money. Having none with him, he wrote to his wife to send him his ransom, but he had no sooner sealed the letter than the monsters ran him through with their swords. They then took the letter and got from the murdered man's wife a considerable sum of money, yet for all this the poor woman could not even obtain from them the body of her husband for burial.

As soon as the massacre had begun at Paris, a soldier of fortune named Monsoreau obtained a permit, with letters from the authorities granting him the right to kill all the Huguenots at Angers. Being disappointed of his prey in one place, he came to the lodging of a Huguenot minister. Meeting the wife of the man he was seeking, at the entrance to the house, he saluted her and asked in an unconcerned manner, "Where might I find your husband?" She answered, "He is working in his garden."

Monsoreau immediately passed on in search of his victim, and finding him in the garden, said, "Do you know wherefore I am come? The king hath commanded me to kill you, and hath given me express charge to do it by his letters." Upon this he drew a pistol ready charged. The Huguenot replied, "That he knew not wherein he had offended the king; but seeing," said he, "you seek my life, give me a little time to pray." This request being granted, the poor man fell upon his knees, offered a short prayer to God, and upon its conclusion was instantly shot down by his merciless executioner.

Nearly three hundred of the Huguenots were murdered at Toulouse, and after being stripped of their clothing, their bodies were exposed to public view for two days, and then thrown into great pits. Certain lawyers, after they were slain, were hung up in their long gowns, upon a great elm which was in the court of the palace.

Massacre at Bordeaux.

The massacre at Bordeaux was begun and carried on in much the same manner as the others; but many of the Huguenots found means to escape from the city, and hid themselves among the rocks and marshes, until they had an opportunity to sail for England.

One incident which took place here is worthy of mention. A member of the council of Bordeaux, being a Huguenot, was eagerly searched for. His house was broken open, and he was attacked by the murderers. A faithful clerk who saw his kind employer about to suffer a cruel death, embraced and comforted him; and being asked by the mob whether he were of the same religion as his master, answered, "Yea, and would die with him for the same." They were, therefore, at once slain in each other's arms.

Du Tour, a deacon, and an old man, who in former times had been a priest in the Romish church, was dragged into the open street, and asked, whether he would go to mass, and thereby save his life. He answered, "No, I am now near my end, by reason of age and sickness; it would be buying a few days more of life at too dear a rate." Upon this they slew him with their swords.

The condition of the unfortunate Huguenots of France was indeed pitiable. They wandered through the country, not knowing where to go to save their lives. Many were disowned even by their parents and kindred, who shut their doors against them, pretending they knew them not. Others were betrayed and delivered up by those to whose friendship they had trusted. On the other hand, some were sheltered by strangers from whom they had little reason to expect any kindness.

The Siege of Sancerre.

The city of Sancerre, which was inhabited chiefly by Huguenots, many of whom had fled there for safety, was besieged by the king's army. Having but a scanty supply of provisions the people soon

began to suffer from hunger, and were forced to eat the flesh of horses and dogs. Even this miserable food was soon exhausted, and there remained for them only the dreadful choice, either to die by starvation, or to devour one another. One instance is, in fact, recorded at this time, of a man and a woman having been sentenced to death, and executed, for killing and eating a child.

During the hardships of this siege almost all the aged persons and the children died. Not more than eighty-four persons were slain by the missiles of the enemy, but hunger killed at least five hundred. Some of the people, in order to avoid a lingering death by starvation, fled from the city; choosing rather to die by the swords of the enemy. Every hope seemed gone; death appeared both within and without the walls; and so far was the king of France from feeling any pity for the people's sufferings that, enraged at their courage, he swore they should eat up one another. But at the last moment they were saved by peace being declared, and for a time the civil war in France ceased.

Civil wars, and grave disorders on account of religious and political differences, continued for twenty years in France, after the death of Charles IX., and throughout the reign of his brother, who followed him; who was himself succeeded by Henry of Navarre.

The Reign of Henry of Navarre.

Henry of Navarre, afterward king Henry IV. of France, is one of the most striking figures of history. Born during the period of warfare between the two great parties, he was brought up a Huguenot, by his mother, one of the noblest women of her time. She sent the boy away from the softening influences of a court, to live a simple, healthy life among the mountains, where he became used to hardship and trained in manly feats of strength.

During the massacre of St. Bartholomew Henry was at Paris, and saved his life only by pretending to belong to the church party. He fled from Charles' court three years later, and was thenceforth the

acknowledged leader of the Huguenots; his dashing bravery and joyous, generous nature kept courage in their dispirited army until by victories at Arques and Ivry he made himself king of a great part of France. After the battle of Ivry, Henry marched against Paris, but its walls were so strongly defended that he could not take it, and although he won several battles in other parts of the country, his hope of being crowned the undisputed sovereign of a united nation seemed far from being realized.

At this time, while Henry was hopeless and discouraged, it was suggested to him that if he would give up his Huguenot faith all opposition to his entering Paris would cease. The temptation was too strong to be resisted: he hesitated; then agreed. With the memorable, the historic words, "Paris is worth a mass!" Henry submitted himself a convert to the church of Rome; all Catholic France joyfully accepted him as king, and Paris opened her gates.

Such an act of treachery as this certainly cannot be excused, but it has been said that, after having won the coveted power, Henry endeavored to quiet an accusing conscience by putting an end to the persecutions of the Huguenots; thus stopping the civil war which had so long desolated France, and protecting the religious party which, to gratify his ambition, he had so basely deserted. At all events Henry signed the celebrated edict of Nantes—so called from the city at which its acceptance by the king took place—which gave to the Huguenots citizenship, and the protection of the laws. By this act they were also allowed to worship God in their own way. But they were still forced to pay tithes for the support of the Romish priesthood, and compelled, outwardly at least, to observe the festivals of the Catholic church. This would seem a poor sort of religious liberty in the present day, but such as it was, it proved exceedingly welcome to the persecuted and abused Huguenots who had, heretofore, been unable to assemble together for any purpose whatever without fear of being attacked.

The improvement in the condition of the Huguenots, which was brought about by the edict of Nantes, was shown in the increased number of their churches, and in their general prosperity. Always the most industrious of the people of France they became noted as the makers of artistic and beautiful things. The Huguenots were the weavers of silken fabrics; they were the skilled artisans who made the jewelry, watches, fine glass and porcelain ware, for which France became famous. The most enterprising of her merchants and traders, who sent their wares to foreign lands were also, frequently, of the Huguenot faith.

Henry IV. was succeeded by his son, Louis XIII., and during his reign, also, the Huguenots were treated with moderation. By the year 1640 they had seven hundred churches. This was the time of their greatest prosperity; the noble families and great lords of France no longer sought to join with them for purposes of leadership, or for the advancement of their own selfish schemes against the court. Thus as the political field was closed to the Huguenots they grew in piety and purity, and for sixty years after the edict of Nantes was signed, they continued, by their industry and virtue, to add to the welfare of France.

France under Louis XIV.

Louis XIV., who succeeded his father Louis XIII. to the throne of France, was born in 1638. He became king when only five years old, and during his childhood his mother, with Cardinal Mazarin as prime minister, controlled the government. When the king reached the age of twenty-three years he took the throne himself, and for a half century ruled France with the iron hand of a despot. No other prince of his time was so noted for pride and arrogance. His famous reply, when urged to a certain action for the good of the state, or nation, *L'état c'est moi* ("The state! that's me!") well expressed his belief in his own supreme importance, and absolute power over France and her people.

From the time Louis XIV. began to reign the peace and prosperity of the Huguenots of France was broken in upon. They were first forbidden to hold conventions; then church synods were declared illegal. Soon the court went further, and sent monks and priests among them to try to bring their principal men back to the Roman faith. Whenever a pastor could be bribed or frightened into leaving his parish, his church was immediately torn down, and his people forbidden, under threats of terrible punishment, to rebuild it again. Huguenot worship became almost impossible in the towns, and the people had to seek once more the barns or fields.

The Edict of Nantes is Revoked.

As the king grew older his disposition became more gloomy and morose, the excesses of a licentious, misspent life bringing the penalty of a morbid and accusing conscience. He then seemed eager to make amends for his own crimes by cruel persecutions of the "heretics"—being assured by his priestly advisers that no act could be more grateful to Heaven than this. Within twenty years, five hundred and twenty Huguenot churches had been rooted up, and their congregations assailed by every outrage that fiendish malignity could devise. Thousands fled from the land in which they were so cruelly abused.

The most fatal blow, however, that was dealt the Huguenots of France was the withdrawal, or revocation, of the edict of Nantes. This great crime was committed by Louis XIV. in 1685, and it resulted in driving nearly every Huguenot, who was able to travel, away from the country; for this act rendered it not only impossible to practise their form of worship, but it made outlaws of every one of them. Their property and their lives were henceforth the prey of whomsoever chose to take them. This outrageous act of tyranny caused a civil war to break out in parts of France which for two years defied the efforts of the court to put down, and in which the

sufferings cheerfully endured by these persecuted people are among the most remarkable and heroic incidents of religious history. It is said, though no means of obtaining accurate figures exist, that at the time Louis XIV. came into power two millions of Huguenots—the best and thriftiest citizens of the land—lived in France, and that one million of these fled to other countries during his reign.

Every sort of outrage and violence was let loose upon them. If they refused to change their form of worship, they were "dragooned," that is, the most ruffianly of the king's troops were lodged in their houses and villages, with privilege to live "at discretion;"—their ideas of discretion may be imagined. Accordingly the unhappy Huguenots were subjected to every indignity which a brutal, ignorant soldiery, who were freed from all control and left to gratify their worst passions, could inflict upon them. All their ministers and principal men were ordered to leave France; only a few days being allowed them in which to depart. Many were purposely detained by their enemies, or were unable to find means to travel; and these were condemned to the galleys, or convict ships. They were collected together in prisons; fed only on bread and water, and then marched off to the seacoast in large companies, handcuffed, and chained together. Their sufferings during this journey were dreadful; they were exposed to every change of weather, almost without covering. In the midst of winter they were obliged to pass the nights on the bare earth, fainting from hunger and thirst, and wasted by disease. The consequence was, that scarcely half the number who started out ever reached the seaport. Those who survived the terrible journey were immediately exposed to new sufferings, for they were put on board the galleys, and placed under the absolute control of inhuman and barbarous taskmasters. The work of rowing the galleys was in itself a most exhausting labor, and the sufferings of these poor slaves were increased a hundred-fold by the scourgings often inflicted upon them by their savage keepers.

At last the story of their cruel wrongs caused such indignation in the Protestant countries of Europe, that Queen Anne of England, filled with compassion for their miseries, directed her ambassador at the court of France to make an earnest protest in their favor, which Louis, who was already at war with Germany, thought it prudent to respect. He therefore sent orders to all the seaports for the immediate release of every galley-slave condemned for his religion.

Unwilling, however, to let pass an opportunity for one more act of cruelty, Louis forbade the released Huguenots to travel through France to the countries which had offered them a refuge; thus compelling them to sail direct from the ports at which they had been confined. The difficulty of obtaining vessels for their voyage occasioned a long delay, during which the poor prisoners suffered from that "hope deferred, which maketh the heart sick," and were led to fear that something might still prevent their escape. But finally every obstacle which malice and bigotry could invent was removed, and these poor sufferers went forth rejoicing in their deliverance. When they reached England they sent a few of their number to London, who waited upon her majesty Queen Anne, to return grateful thanks for her protection of them. She received them very graciously, and assured them that she derived more pleasure from having lessened the miseries of these her fellow-Protestants than from the most brilliant events of her reign.

The exiles soon comfortably established themselves in England, and that country was a great gainer through their industry and ingenuity, while France, by losing such good citizens, received a blow from which her commercial and trading interests never recovered. Holland, Germany, and Switzerland also welcomed such of the exiles as sought refuge within their borders, and from the time they settled there, these countries began to excel in the manufacture of articles which had formerly been made only in France.

At a later date some of the Huguenots came to the United States, and these, likewise, added much to the prosperity of the communities

among whom they settled. They were noted for their morality, integrity, and business enterprise. Of seven presidents who directed the deliberations of the Congress held at Philadelphia, during the war of the Revolution, three, viz., Henry Laurens, John Jay, and Elias Boudinot, were of Huguenot parentage.

To bring their history down to later times, it may be said that this unhappy condition of the Protestants in France continued about one hundred years longer. In 1787 Louis XVI. signed an edict which restored to them again their civil rights. The French revolution of 1789 carried justice a step further and placed them upon a complete equality with the rest of the people of France. From that time to this, so far as religious strife is concerned, France has been at peace.

CHAPTER XVII.

BIBLE TRANSLATORS AND REVISERS.

The Bible in Ancient Times.

Before going on to tell of the good and learned men who, in the ages that are past, translated the Bible into different languages, it will be proper to give a brief history of the sacred volume itself, and of the ancient writings, or manuscripts, by means of which it has been preserved to us.

Long before the art of printing from type was known books were written, or rather printed, only with the pen. Much labor and time was therefore required to make a book; and as but few persons possessed the necessary skill or knowledge, and as, instead of paper, expensive vellum or parchment, made from the skins of animals, was used to write on, books were very scarce and expensive things.

In the early Christian age, books were found chiefly within the libraries of monasteries or religious houses; for the monks spent much of their time in transcribing—often in graceful and beautiful characters, and with brilliantly colored pictures—copies of the holy Scriptures, and books of devotion.

The three oldest written or manuscript copies of the Bible, in the original Greek text, that are now in existence are, curiously enough, in the possession of the three great branches of the Christian church. The first, called the "Alexandrian," belongs to Protestant England, and is kept in the manuscript-room of the British Museum; the second, called the "Vatican" Bible, is in the Vatican Library at Rome; the third, or "Sinaitic," which has only been discovered in recent years in the record-chest of a monastery near

Mount Sinai, is one of the treasures of the Greek church, at St. Petersburg, Russia. These ancient parchments are from 1350 to 1600 years old. All Greek manuscripts of an earlier date seem to have perished in the terrible persecutions which were directed, not only against the Christians themselves, but also against their sacred writings.

The Old Testament portions of these old Greek Bibles are copies of the "Septuagint," which was the most ancient Greek translation of the Old Testament. The history of this early Greek Old Testament is not very clear; it was at one time believed to have been the work of seventy-two scholars who were appointed by Eleazer, high priest at Jerusalem, to translate the Hebrew sacred books for the royal library of Ptolemy Philadelphus, at Alexandria, Egypt. From the number of the supposed translators the name "Septuagint" (seventy) was taken. It is now known, however, that the translation was not made at one time, but was begun about the year 285 B. C., and continued on by different men, and at different times, until the whole was completed. It is not improbable, however, that a copy was placed in the royal library at Alexandria; but whether the translation was first brought about by the Jews in Egypt, so that they could hear the law and the prophets read in a language they could understand, or whether one of the Egyptian kings commanded it to be done, cannot now be determined.

It is certain, however, that colonies of Jews, from the time of the first captivity and onwards, settled in Egypt, and that they obtained permission from Ptolemy Philometor to raise a temple at Leontopolis, and to appoint priests and Levites for its service. A gathering-place was thus formed for the exiled Jews: their temple was, as nearly as they could make it, like that at Jerusalem, and the rites used there were similar. Intercourse with Palestine was, however, still maintained, but a natural result of the settlement of so many Jews in Egypt, a country then ruled by the Greek-speaking Ptolemies, was the translation of the sacred books of the Hebrews into Greek.

Ancient Versions of the Bible.

Many *versions*, or translations of the Bible into other languages than the Greek, were made in different countries in the early Christian era. These are of great value in interpreting the Scriptures, as they show the meaning put upon the words used in still more ancient manuscripts long since perished, by various translators. The oldest of these manuscript Bibles, containing both the Old and the New Testament, now in existence, is the Syriac; this discolored and time-stained parchment was written with the pen nearly eighteen hundred years ago. It is a Bible such as was used by men whose fathers might have seen the apostles themselves, and being written in the language of Syria represents very nearly that of the people among whom our Lord moved while upon earth. The Syriac Scriptures, with the Latin, are the oldest Bibles that have come down to us.

First Revision of the Bible.

It can readily be seen that, as time went on, and the Scriptures were copied and recopied with the pen, mistakes were likely to be made; in fact, by the end of the fourth century so many errors had crept into the old Latin versions that the Latin-speaking churches were in danger of losing the pure Scripture of the days of the apostles. At this time one of the greatest scholars and holiest men of his time, Eusebius Hieronymus, better known as St. Jerome, undertook the correction, or revision. He completed the New Testament in the year 385 A. D., and afterward translated the Old Testament direct from the original Hebrew—a task which probably no other scholar of the time would have been capable of. Since Jerome of course used for his edition the oldest manuscripts to be had in his day, he probably copied from some which were written in the time of the apostles. The work of no other scholar ever had so important an influence on the history of the Bible, and for more than one thousand years Jerome's revised Latin Bible was the parent of every

version of the Scriptures produced in Western Europe. It is called the "Vulgate"—meaning current text—and many centuries later, at the council of Trent, held by the Roman church in the year 1546, it was ordained that the Vulgate alone should be deemed the authentic version, and that no one should dare to reject it under any pretext whatever.

Discovery of the Art of Printing.

Until about the year 1450, Bibles and books of every kind continued to be written with the pen. Then John Gutenberg, of Mentz, in Germany, made the discovery that by cutting out the letters of the alphabet in wooden type, and taking ink impressions by means of a rude hand-press, the labor of transcribing words with the pen could be avoided.

According to the story, this important discovery was the result of an accident. When a boy, Gutenberg had one morning amused himself by cutting out the letters forming his name, from the bark of a tree. Upon returning to his home he spread out the letters upon a board, so as to again form the words. A pot of purple dye was standing near and the boy carelessly dropped one of his letters into the liquid. Quickly, without stopping to think, he snatched it out again and laid it down upon a smooth piece of leather which lay on the bench, the result being a beautiful purple letter printed on the yellowish white surface of the skin.

This accidental discovery was, apparently, never forgotten, and it marked the first step toward the art of printing from movable type, which, thirty years afterward, made the name of Gutenburg famous. In 1450 his press was at work at Mentz, and the first completed book issued from that press is said to have been the Latin Bible.

Early Translations of the Bible in England.

We will now go back to the early times again and take up the history of the English Bible. Very little is known about the people and cus-

toms of Britain during the first four centuries of the Christian era, and it is not known whether the Bible, during that early period, found its way there. We do know that, in the middle of the fifth century, Britain was sorely pressed by enemies, and abandoned by the Roman garrison, which was recalled to fight against the invaders of Rome.

Saxons and Angles—barbarous European races—gradually rose to be the conquerors and rulers of Britain. Among this wild and cruel population we are told that the power of Christianity did not find entrance until about the beginning of the sixth century, when the foundations of the Anglo-Saxon church were laid by the celebrated Augustine.

Bede Translates the Bible into Saxon.

No effort is known to have been made to translate Jerome's Latin version of the Scriptures into the language of the people until the year 706, when Eadhelm, bishop of Sherborne, translated into the Saxon language the book of Psalms. The Gospels are said to have been translated soon after, by Egbert. Some years later the illustrious Bede, called the Wise Saxon, or the Venerable Bede, the most famous scholar of his day, made a version for the use of his countrymen.

It is narrated of this good old man, by one of his pupils, that even as he lay on his death-bed he was feebly dictating to his scribe a translation of St. John's Gospel.

"Our father and master, whom God loved," writes this student of the aged Bede, "had translated the Gospel of St. John as far as 'what are these among so many?' He began then to suffer much in his breath, and a swelling came in his feet, but he went on dictating to his scribe. 'Go on quickly,' he said, 'I know not how long I shall hold out, or how soon my Master will call me hence.' All night long he lay awake in thanksgiving, and when the next day dawned, he commanded us to write with all speed what he had begun."

Thus the account goes on, describing the working and resting right

through the day till the evening came, and then, with the setting sun gilding the window of his cell, the old man lay feebly dictating the closing words.

"There remains but one chapter, master," said the anxious scribe, "but it seems very hard for you to speak."

"Nay, it is easy," Bede replied; "take up thy pen and write quickly."

Amid blinding tears the young scribe wrote on. "And now, father," said he, as he eagerly caught the last words from the quivering lips, "only one sentence remains." Bede dictated it.

"It is finished, master!" cried the youth, raising his head as the last word was written.

"Ay, it is finished!" echoed the dying saint; "lift me up; place me at the window of my cell, where I have so often prayed to God."

This was done, and with a last prayer upon his lips his beautiful spirit passed to the presence of Him whose word he had, almost with his last breath, striven to teach.

Later Saxon Translations.

The next translator was no less a person than king Alfred the Great, who expressed the wish, "that all the free-born youth of his kingdom should employ themselves on nothing till they could first read well the English Scripture." King Alfred before his death in the year 900, had made a Saxon version of the Psalms, which, with the Gospels, seemed the favorite Scriptures of the people.

Toward the close of the tenth century a considerable part of the Old Testament was written in Saxon by Ælfric, archbishop of Canterbury, at a time when the darkest night of ignorance prevailed on every side. So far as we can judge from the old manuscripts—some of which are still in existence—most of these early Bible translations were intended for reading in the churches to the people, and the plain simple terms used in them made them very easily understood.

For example, a centurion was translated to mean a "hundred-man" (commander of one hundred men). A disciple a "learning knight," or "learning youth;" the Sabbath as the "rest day," and the woman who put her mites in the treasury is said to have cast them into the "gold hoard." Thus did these excellent men bring their powers of mind to the work of rendering the Scriptures into language familiar to the common people.

Forming of the English Tongue.

After the early Anglo-Saxon versions comes a long pause in the history of Bible translation in England. Amid the disturbance resulting from the Danish invasion there was little time for thinking of translations and manuscripts; and before the land had fully regained its quiet the fatal battle of Hastings had been fought, and England lay helpless at the feet of the Normans.

The higher Saxon clergy were replaced by the priests of Normandy, who had little sympathy with the people they had overcome, and the Saxon manuscripts were contemptuously flung aside as relics of a rude barbarism. This contempt for the language of a conquered people put an end to all effort toward Bible translation. The proud Norman clergy had no sympathy with the desire for spreading the knowledge of the Scriptures among the common people; so that for hundreds of years those Scriptures remained in England a "spring shut up, a fountain sealed."

Yet this time must not be considered altogether lost, for during those centuries England was becoming fitted for an English Bible. The future language of the nation—the English tongue which we now speak—was being formed. The Saxon and the Norman-French were struggling side by side; gradually the old Saxon was less and less used, little by little the French, as it was spoken by the Normans when they landed, ceased to be heard; but the two languages, mingled or welded together, became the tongue of united England.

England under the Normans.

But what of the church in England during these years in which Norman and Saxon were slowly uniting into one nation? Sunk from her high estate of earlier and purer days, she had fallen, by the beginning of the fourteenth century, to the lowest point of spiritual decay. The clergy were ignorant and corrupt, and the people utterly neglected —except when money was to be extorted from them, to pay for masses and pardons—"as if," to quote the words of an old writer, "God had given His sheep not to be pastured but to be shaven and shorn."

The popes no longer lived at Rome; they had removed to Avignon, a city of southern France, and had become subservient to the French kings. Their greed and extortion caused almost universal dissatisfaction. Hordes of foreign priests were sent out to control English parishes, and the people complained that the taxes levied by the pope were greater than those paid the king.

It has been said of the church in those days, that, "Scarcely anything but the mere name of Christ remained; His true doctrine being as far unknown to the most part, as His name was common to all. As to faith, consolation, the end and use of the law, the office of Christ, our impotency and weakness, the greatness and strength of sin, of true works, grace, and free justification by faith, wherein Christianity consists, they were either unknown or disregarded. Scripture learning, and divinity, were known to but few, and that in the schools only, where they were turned and converted into themes merely for discussion and argument. Instead of Peter and Paul, men occupied their time in studying the writings of Roman authors; and forsaking the lively power of God's spiritual word and doctrine, were altogether led and blinded with outward ceremonies and human traditions, insomuch that scarcely any other thing was seen in the churches, taught or spoken of in sermons, or intended or sought after in their whole lives, but the heaping up of ceremonies upon ceremonies—the people being taught to worship no other thing but that which they saw."

This state of things had gone on for centuries, and the people like dumb driven cattle had submitted. But those who could read the signs of the times, in the early part of the fourteenth century, must have seen that it could not continue much longer. Education was becoming more general; new colleges were being founded; a strong spirit of independence, too, was arising among the people. King Edward III. and his parliament indignantly refused the pope's demand for the annual tribute to be sent to Rome. It was evident that a crisis was near. And as if to hasten it, all Christendom was shocked at this time by a bitter quarrel between two parties in the church of Rome itself, who elected two rival popes, one at Rome and the other at Avignon. These hurled denunciations at each other from their respective cities, and raising armies, slaughtered helpless women and children in their effort to grasp the supreme power.

The people of England were greatly moved by all this, and the time had evidently come when only the opened Bible in the hands of the people, could re-establish their faith in the true religion by showing to them the beautiful, self-forgetting life of Jesus Christ as recorded in the New Testament.

John Wycliffe Translates the Bible into English.

John Wycliffe, who was raised up to do this great work for the people of his time, was born about 1325. Little is recorded of his early life, and it was not until he had been appointed to the mastership of Balliol college in the university of Oxford, that he was recognized as one of the first scholars of his day.

We do not know how Wycliffe became imbued with the spirit of biblical research and translation, at a time when the Bible was almost an unused book to the great body of the clergy. Perhaps the earnest student, urged by an inward want which found little to satisfy it in the dry discussions of the lecture-room, was searching in the old chests in which ancient manuscripts were stored, when his eye was attracted by

the beautifully written and illuminated parchment penned by some pious monk of earlier days. This is indeed but fancy; but it is no mere fancy that Wycliffe found a Bible, and that he pored over it so long and earnestly, and with such fervent prayer to God, that it became to him the source of a new spiritual existence.

"The sacred Scriptures," said Wycliffe, "are the property of the people, and one which no one should be allowed to wrest from them. . . . . Christ and His apostles converted the world by making known the Scriptures to men in a form familiar to them, ... and I pray with all my heart, that, through doing the things contained in this book, we may all together come to the everlasting life."

The translation of the Bible into the common tongue of the English people, and its general use, Wycliffe placed first in importance in all his attempts to reform the English church. He also boldly denounced the sale of pardons for sins committed, or indulgences to commit sins, from which source torrents of money were being poured into the papal treasury. He also condemned as useless and idolatrous pilgrimages to the shrines of the saints, worship of their images, or worship of the saints themselves. He appealed to the Bible as the one ground of faith, and asserted that every instructed man had the right to examine the Bible for himself.

Wycliffe thus attacked the power of the priesthood at its very foundation and threatened it with ruin. Nor were his opinions shared only by a few scholars; for with the practical ability which was a marked feature of his character, he collected together an order of poor preachers, "the simple priests," whose homely sermons and coarse, brown habit moved to laughter the luxurious clergy of the ancient church. These travelling preachers carried their master's doctrine far and wide. It spread with amazing rapidity. A few years later the followers of Wycliffe numbered thousands,—every second man you met, complained his enemies, was a Lollard. They were to be found everywhere and in all classes, among the baronage, in the

cities, among the peasantry of the country-side, even in the cells of monasteries.

The Lollards: Trial of Wycliffe.

"Lollard," a word which probably means much the same as "idle babbler," was the scornful nickname given by the orthodox churchmen to their assailants. But their rapid increase changed scorn into dread, and a council was held in the great hall of the Black friars' monastery, London, in May, 1378. Amid this great assemblage of monks and abbots, bishops and doctors of the church, John Wycliffe stood for trial. He had dared to attack the corruptions of the church, he had denounced pardons, and indulgences, and masses for the soul as part of a system of gigantic fraud; and he had busied himself in translating the Scriptures into the English tongue. These were Wycliffe's crimes.

After three days' trial Wycliffe's teachings were condemned, and at a later meeting he himself was excommunicated. He retired to his quiet parsonage at Lutterworth—for his enemies dared not kill him—and there, with his pile of old Latin manuscripts and commentaries, he labored on at the great work of his life, till the whole Bible was translated into English, and England received, for the first time in her history, a complete version of the Scriptures in the language of the people.

Death of Wycliffe.

Scarcely was Wycliffe's task well finished when, like his great predecessor Bede, the brave old man laid down his life. He himself had expected that a violent death would have finished his course. His enemies were many and powerful; the king and the pope were against him, so that his destruction seemed but a mere question of time. But while his enemies were busy collecting evidence against him, and preparing to strike, the old man "was not, for God took him." He died of paralysis on the last day of the year 1384.

Some time after Wycliffe's death, a petition was presented to the pope, which to his honor he rejected, praying him to order Wycliffe's body to be taken out of consecrated ground and buried in a dunghill. But forty years after, by a decree of the council of Constance, as previously told, the old reformer's bones were dug up and burned, and the ashes flung into the little river Swift, which ran by Lutterworth.

Merits and Defects of Wycliffe's Translation.

Like all the earlier translations of the Bible made in England, Wycliffe's Bible was based on the Latin Vulgate of St. Jerome; and this is the great defect in his work as compared with versions that followed. He was not capable of reading the original Greek and Hebrew manuscripts—even if he had been able to get them—in fact there was probably no man in England at that time capable of doing so. Therefore, though he represented the Latin faithfully and well, he of course handed on its errors as faithfully as its perfections. Wycliffe translated not for the scholars, or for the rich and great, but for the plain people, and his style was such as suited those for whom he wrote—plain, vigorous, homely, and yet with all its homeliness full of a solemn grace and dignity, which made men feel that they were reading no ordinary book. He made use of many striking words and expressions while changing the Latin into the English of his day. Many of the best-known phrases in our present Bible originated with him, such as, "the beam and the mote," "strait is the gate, and narrow is the way," etc.

Copies of Wycliffe's Bible were widely scattered throughout England, in spite of the fact that all of them had to be written with the pen, the art of printing not being then known. The cost of written books was so great that only the wealthier class of people could afford to buy a Bible; but such as did so permitted others less fortunate to read in it; or portions were learned by heart and recited to eager listeners, so that a knowledge of the Scriptures began to enter

like a ray of light into the dark ignorance concerning spiritual things which, until then, prevailed among the mass of the people. It is touching to read such incidents as that of one "learned" Alice Collins, who was sent for to come to one of these little congregations "to recite the ten commandments and parts of the epistles of St. Paul, which she knew by heart."

But it was at a terrible risk that such meetings were held. The appearance of Wycliffe's Bible aroused at once bitter opposition from the upholders of the ancient church. A bill was brought into parliament to forbid the circulation of the Scriptures in English, but this was opposed by John of Gaunt, who vigorously upheld the right of the people to have the word of God in their own tongue. However, the rulers of the church grew more and more alarmed at the increased circulation of the book.

Laws Passed for the Punishment of Wycliffe's Followers.

At length archbishop Arundel complained to the pope of "that pestilent wretch, John Wycliffe, who had invented a new translation of the Scriptures;" and shortly after, the convocation of Canterbury forbade the use of such translations, under penalty of excommunication. In a great council held by the heads of the church at Rome, measures were taken to crush the rising heresy. Magistrates of every Christian country whatsoever were called upon to condemn to death such persons as were brought to trial, proved guilty, and refused to abjure the doctrines of Wycliffe and his followers.

Burning of Wycliffites.

The decree of the council held at Rome being received in England, the prosecution of the so-called heretics became a part of the common law. A writ, styled *de heretico comburendo*, was issued under king Henry IV., for burning them upon their conviction; and it was enacted, that all who presumed to preach without the license of the

bishops, should be shut up in prison, and brought to trial within three months. If upon conviction they offered to abjure, and were not relapses—that is, persons who had been convicted before of the same offence—they were to be imprisoned and fined; but if they refused to abjure, or were relapses, they were to be delivered over to the secular arm (the civil authorities), and burned in some public place.

At this time, in the year 1400, and in the reign of king Henry IV., William Sautre, parish priest of St. Osith, in London, being condemned as a relapsed heretic, and degraded from the priesthood, suffered death. A writ was issued, wherein burning is called the common punishment, and referring to the custom of other nations. This was the first example in England of that barbarous method of executing offenders against Roman institutions.

Increase of the Wycliffites.

But in spite of opposition Wycliffe's doctrine continued to spread greatly in the reign of Henry IV.; even members of the house of commons were inclined to it, and presented two petitions to the king, one against the clergy, the other in favor of the Lollards. The first set forth that the clergy made ill use of their wealth, and consumed their income in a manner quite different from the intent of the givers. In the second petition the commons prayed that a statute formerly passed against the Lollards might be repealed, or qualified with some restrictions.

But the king answered the petitioners very sharply, that he neither could nor would consent to their requests. And with regard to the Lollards, he declared he wished the turbulent rebels were driven out of the land. As if to prove the truth of this, he signed the warrant for the burning of Thomas Badby.

Execution of Thomas Badby.

Thomas Badby was an Englishman by birth, and by trade a tailor. He was brought, in the year 1409, before the bishop of Worcester.

During his examination he boldly denied his belief in Romish doctrines, and although much argument was used to bring him to a different way of thinking he still continued firm in his opinions.

When the king had signed the warrant for Badby's execution, he was brought to a place called Smithfield, and there being put in an empty tun (or barrel), was bound with iron chains fastened to a stake, and had dry wood piled around him. As he was thus standing in the tun, it happened that the prince of Wales, the king's eldest son, passed by: who being moved with compassion, endeavored to save the life of the poor man whom they sought to burn.

The prince, therefore, called out, and counselled him to shun the dreadful fate of a heretic by turning from his errors. Also Courtney, at that time chancellor of Oxford, besought Badby to remember the saving grace of holy mother church.

By this time the prior of St. Bartholomew's church, at Smithfield, had brought with solemn ceremony the sacrament, with twelve torches borne before, and showed the sacrament to the man at the stake. And when they asked of him whether he believed in it, he answered that he knew well it was hallowed bread, but not God's body.

Then the tun was put over him, and fire put unto him. And when he felt the fire, he cried, "Mercy!" (calling upon the Lord). Then the prince hearing his cry, immediately commanded them to take away the tun, and quench the fire. He then asked the prisoner if he would forsake heresy, and take the faith of Rome, which if he would do, he should have goods enough, promising him also a yearly pension out of the king's treasury. But this valiant champion remained deaf to all the promises of the prince, being more possessed by the Spirit of God than by any earthly desire.

Therefore, as the prisoner continued unchanged in his mind, the prince commanded him straight to be put back again into the tun, and told him that he need not look for any further mercy or favor.

But as he could be allured by no rewards, neither was he in any

THE PRINCE OF WALES TRIES TO SAVE BADBY FROM THE FIRE

terror of their torments, but as a valiant soldier of Christ, continued steadfast until life had gone from him, standing quietly in the midst of the fierce flames they had kindled.

Dreadful End of Sir John Oldcastle.

After the death of king Henry IV. the troubled condition of England appeared so alarming to his son and successor, Henry V., that a new royal mandate was issued against the Lollards. In the former reign, their leader, the earl of Salisbury, had been killed while heading a revolt, and the leadership had been transferred to one of the foremost warriors of the time, Sir John Oldcastle, who threw open his castle of Cawley to the Lollards, as their headquarters, sheltered their preachers, and defied the prohibitions of the bishops.

Oldcastle was besieged in his stronghold by the king's forces, which took the place, and carried its commander a prisoner to the Tower of London; but he soon escaped from the Tower and fled into Wales, where he lay safely concealed for some time. But being afterward seized in Powisland, in North Wales, by Lord Powis, he was brought back to London.

Sir John Oldcastle was of a very good family; he had been sheriff of Hertfordshire under Henry IV., and summoned to parliament among the barons of the realm in that reign. He had also been sent beyond the sea, with the earl of Arundel, to assist the duke of Burgundy against the French. But in spite of his rank and his former friendship with the king, Oldcastle was condemned to the dreadful fate of being hung alive in chains, and slowly burned by a fire kindled beneath his feet.

This barbarous sentence was carried out in the latter part of the year 1417,—such being the terrible end of a man who, although his services to his country had been great, had yet dared to defy the authority of his king. With the death of Sir John Oldcastle, and the execution of thirty-nine of the principal Lollards in the kingdom, the

EXECUTION OF SIR JOHN OLDCASTLE.

political activity of the party came to an end; while steady persecution by the bishops crushed its power as a religious movement, and for a long time the nation remained apparently at rest, and so far as religion was concerned, under the dominion of Rome.

For more than one hundred years no further effort was made toward Bible translation in England.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ENGLAND DURING THE REIGN OF HENRY VIII.

A Brief Outline of History.

The state of the church and of religion in England was so powerfully affected by the actions of Henry VIII. and his ministers, that a brief outline of his reign will be given before taking up the history of the events themselves. By this arrangement a clearer idea can be obtained of the character of the changes that were made, and the causes which led to them.

King Henry VIII. was the second son of Henry VII., and was eighteen years of age when he took the throne, in 1509. He had been educated with more than the usual care, as the revival of learning was at this time beginning to make its influence felt in England. His first marriage was with Catherine of Arragon, the young widow of his elder brother,—the match being encouraged by his father, who was unwilling to lose the 200,000 ducats which the princess had brought as her dowry. Some objection was raised against such a marriage—it was believed by many to be unlawful—but bishop Fox, of Winchester, was in favor of it, and a dispensation received from the pope, whose authority was all-powerful in such matters, removed all objections.

No monarch ever came to the throne of England with brighter prospects than Henry VIII. In him were united the claims of the Houses of York and Lancaster. The royal treasury contained a large sum of money; the nation was at peace, and trade was good. In the early part of his reign Henry made war against Louis XII. of France, invaded the country, and at Guinegate won the "battle of Spurs"—

so named from the rapid flight of the French horsemen, who were said to have used their spurs more than their swords.

The Scots as allies of the French took advantage of Henry's absence to invade England; but they suffered a terrible defeat from the earl of Surrey, at the battle of Flodden, which was fought near the river Till in Northumberland in September 1513. There James IV. and the greater part of the Scottish nobility were slain. Margaret, the sister of Henry VIII., became regent of Scotland for her little son, James V.

Cardinal Wolsey.

During the first twenty years of Henry's reign his chief minister was Thomas Wolsey, of Ipswich. He was a priest; he had been chaplain to Henry VII., and was made chancellor and archbishop of York by Henry VIII. Then the pope, seeing that he was both wise and ambitious, made him cardinal, and appointed him to be his legate in England. He was now the chief man in England, after the king, both in church and state. A procession of clergy and nobles followed him from place to place, and five hundred persons of noble birth made up his household. He had in his hands all the dealings of England with foreign nations, and knew how to manage the different kings of Europe for his master's benefit. Christ Church college at Oxford was founded by Wolsey; for he was a learned man, and perhaps the most estimable trait of his character was that he loved to see knowledge spreading throughout the land.

Wolsey, however, was more ready to do favors for the king than for the people, and more anxious to become great himself than to benefit either of them. His one great desire was to be pope. He grew richer and richer, and built for himself two splendid houses—York House (afterward Whitehall), and Hampton Court palace. At the beginning of his reign Henry had put to death his father's ministers—Empson and Dudley—because they had so heavily taxed the

people. But he and Wolsey now began to force the people to lend or give them money, just as Henry VII. had done.

Field of the Cloth of Gold.

At this time the king of France and the emperor of Germany, who was also king of Spain and the nephew of Henry's queen, were rivals for power and position. They both desired to be first among the monarchs of Europe; and to gain this they wished to have the friendship and help of king Henry. Each sovereign sought the good offices of Wolsey with his master, in return for which the French king gave him presents, and the German emperor promised to help him to become pope. In 1520 the emperor Charles paid Henry a visit, and the king and emperor rode together to Canterbury. After this Henry crossed to France and met Francis, the French king, near Calais. Each king had with him a great company of nobles and gallant knights. So grand was the show, and so much money was spent on it, that the meeting-place is known as "The Field of the Cloth of Gold." No good result followed this meeting. Not long afterward Wolsey made an alliance between Henry and the emperor, his uncle by marriage, against his cousin Francis, the king of France.

Anne Boleyn.

When Henry had lived with Catherine for about eighteen years, he grew tired of her, and he was also greatly disappointed that her children had all died except the princess Mary. He was afraid that if he himself was to die without leaving a son to succeed him there would be a dispute about the succession, for no woman had as yet ruled over England or any important European country. He also fell in love with one of the queen's maids of honor, a beautiful young lady named Anne Boleyn, and he made up his mind to marry her. He pretended that he had done wrong in marrying so near a relation as his brother's wife, and he asked the pope to divorce, or set him free from Catherine.

Henry expected that the pope would do what he wished, in return for what he had done for the church. Only five years before he had written a book against Martin Luther, when that reformer was battling against Rome; and the pope, as a mark of favor, had given Henry the title of "Defender of the Faith." Henry's request placed the pope in a very difficult position. He did not wish to offend Henry; but he was also afraid of Catherine's nephew, Charles V., king of Spain and emperor of Germany. He did not know what to do between these two powerful sovereigns; and he asked queen Catherine to go quietly into a nunnery, and leave her husband to do as he pleased. She refused, not only on her own account, but also on that of her only child Mary. All this time Wolsey was also in great difficulty, for he wished to please both the pope and the king. He did not like the Boleyn marriage, but did not see how it could be prevented. At length the pope ordered Wolsey and another legate to try the case. The queen came into court, knelt before her husband, and begged him to have mercy on her. In the end both the legates said that the trial must be finished at Rome. Henry was very angry, because he knew the pope would not dare to offend the emperor, and that unless the case could be settled in England he stood little chance of getting a divorce.

The Fall of Cardinal Wolsey.

Both the king and Anne Boleyn believed that Wolsey had played false with them, and they resolved to remove him out of the way. The great seal was taken from him, and given to Sir Thomas More: and he was charged with having held the legatine, or papal, courts by foreign authority, contrary to the laws of England. Hoping to save his life, Wolsey pleaded guilty to the charge, and threw himself upon the king's mercy. His splendid palace and rich furniture were seized for the royal use; yet the king afterward received him again, and restored to him the sees of York and Winchester, and above six thousand pounds ($30,000) worth of silver plate, and other treasures.

Additional charges were, however, soon brought against him, in the house of lords, where he had but few friends.

Thomas Cromwell, who had been Wolsey's secretary, befriended his disgraced master at this time, and so managed the trial in the house of commons that it came to nothing. This failing, Wolsey's enemies had a royal order sent to him, to go into Yorkshire; and there he went in great state, with 160 horses in his train, and 72 carts following him. Wolsey lived in Yorkshire some time; but the king being informed that he was writing to the pope and the emperor, sent the earl of Northumberland to arrest him for high treason, and bring him up to London.

On his way, worn-out and broken-hearted, Wolsey halted at Leicester, where he was taken sick, and died in the abbey. To the last he protested his fidelity to the king, particularly in the matter of his divorce, and on his death-bed uttered the following pathetic reproach against the monarch's ingratitude: "Had I served my God as diligently as I have served my king, He would not have given me over in my gray hairs!"—words that declining favorites are apt to reflect on, but seldom remember in the height of their fortune.

Thomas Cranmer made Archbishop of Canterbury.

Thomas Cranmer, a scholar of Cambridge, and Wolsey's former servitor and friend, advised the king not to look to the pope for his divorce, but to ask advice of the learned men in the universities. When Henry heard this it struck him very favorably; he said, coarsely, that Cranmer "had got the right sow by the ear;" and he asked the universities whether it was lawful for a man to marry his brother's wife. The answer was "No;" and in the end Catherine was put away. Henry married Anne Boleyn; and Cranmer was made archbishop of Canterbury. The princess Mary left the court with her mother. She was declared to be no longer Henry's heir. In the following year her step-sister Elizabeth was born. Henry was

vexed that he had no son, little thinking that his baby daughter Elizabeth would have a more glorious reign than that of any king who had yet sat upon the throne.

The Reformation.

We have read about Martin Luther, who tried to make things better in the church. He was living in Germany at this time, and was writing and preaching against the pope, bishops, and clergy for not ruling the church according to the Bible. It was against this teaching of Luther's that Henry had written the book for which the pope made him Defender of the Faith. Henry had no love for the reformed church, and when he turned against the pope he had no thought of setting it up in England.

But it happened about this time that Thomas Cromwell, who had been in Wolsey's service and had become secretary to the king, found an old law of England, which said that any one who set the pope's authority above the king's could be punished by imprisonment and loss of lands.

The King becomes the Head of the Church.

To please the king, the clergy joined in a petition asking him to call himself supreme head of the church. This Henry agreed to do; and parliament passed laws which put an end to the pope's authority in England. The Act of Supremacy, as it was called, made the king head of the church of England.

Sir Thomas More was the foremost Englishman of the time. He was a good and just man, who served his king and country faithfully. He succeeded Wolsey as lord chancellor. When the king asked him to acknowledge the children of Anne as lawful successors to the throne he agreed to do so, because he knew that the king and parliament had a right to settle this matter as they pleased; but when he was asked to swear that Anne was Henry's lawful wife, and that Henry was the

rightful head of the church, he refused to do so; and he and bishop Fisher of Rochester were sent to the Tower, charged with high treason, and their heads cut off with the executioner's axe. In those days it was but a single step from a palace to the headsman's block.

Suppression of the Monasteries.

There were in England in 1536 more than six hundred monastic houses. Here dwelt men and women who had taken the three vows of chastity, poverty, and obedience. To obtain money, Henry now decided to put down all the small monasteries and seize for his own their lands, their buildings, and everything they contained. He said that his reason for doing so was, that the monks and nuns who lived in them had become very wicked. They were therefore turned out of their houses, and Henry took their lands and money.

Riots and Disorder in England.

In the north of England the poor people had received so much help from the monks and nuns, that when the monasteries were put down they rose in rebellion. This rising was called the "pilgrimage of grace," because it was done in the name of religion; and a banner was carried before the rebel hosts on which were displayed the five wounds of Christ. The king found it hard to put down the revolt. But he pacified the people with promises which he never kept, and then seized the leaders and put them to death.

A Tyrant King.

Henry had by this time crushed out the old English freedom which had been obtained from other kings. The lords could do nothing, and the house of commons was filled with men who were chosen by the king's council. Henry had power both as head of the church and as ruler of the land. Every one seemed to be afraid of him, for his minister Cromwell sent out spies, and no one felt safe.

As time went on Henry wanted more money; so he and Cromwell hit upon a plan for doing away with the large monasteries as they had done with the smaller ones. They could not do this without giving a reason; so they said the monasteries were places in which much evil was done, and that those who lived in them were idle and wicked. Parliament did not agree to this all at once. It is said that Henry sent for a leading member of the house of commons, and laying his hand on the man's head, said, "Get my bill passed by to-morrow, little man, or else by to-morrow this head of yours will come off." It is needless to say, with such an inducement the bill was passed next day, and the work of destruction began.

The monastic buildings throughout England were stripped of everything of value, and left in ruins. The windows of stained glass were broken, images thrown down, bells melted and cast into cannon, and valuable libraries torn up and sold to shopkeepers for wrapping-paper. Even Becket's tomb in Canterbury, after he had been four hundred years in his grave, was broken open, and the valuable jewels and rich offerings seized by the king. Most of the money obtained in this way was spent in pleasure, though some of it was used in building war-ships and new cathedrals.

Translations of the Bible.

The most important thing that Henry did was to order the Bible to be translated into English. The last translation had been made by Wycliffe; but the language had greatly altered since then, and people did not understand many of the words that were used in it. The Bible was therefore translated into English, because the king thought that it would teach them to take his side against the pope. In 1526 William Tyndale printed part, and ten years later Miles Coverdale printed the whole of the Bible. A copy was ordered to be placed in every parish church, and to be fastened with a chain so that no one could carry it away.

Death of Anne Boleyn.

Anne did not long enjoy her queenship, for the king grew tired of her, and wished to marry one of her maids of honor named Jane Seymour. To get rid of his queen, Henry said that she was not a good woman and a true wife. She was therefore sentenced to death and her head cut off.

Jane Seymour.

On the day after Anne's execution, Henry married Jane Seymour. She did not live long enough for her husband to grow tired of her. She died eighteen months later, leaving one son, Edward. Elizabeth, the daughter of Anne, had shared the same fate as Mary, and had been sent away from the court. Both of them led lonely and sorrowful lives, feeling bitterly the treatment their mothers had received.

Anne of Cleves.

For some years Henry remained unmarried, and then Cromwell was told to look about for a fourth wife for the king. He chose a Protestant princess, named Anne of Cleves, sister of the duke of Cleves—a small domain on the Rhine—who was a very good woman. When she came from Germany to marry the king, he was not pleased with her appearance, for she was not beautiful, and he made up his mind at once to divorce her. She lived in England for the rest of her life, and was known as the lady Anne of Cleves. Henry gave her a house to live in, and a good yearly income. She treated the two princesses kindly, and Elizabeth was very fond of her.

Fall of Thomas Cromwell.

The divorce of Anne of Cleves brought about Cromwell's fall. Henry was very angry with him for having burdened him with so homely a wife, and also for having failed in making an alliance with some foreign nations; he was therefore arrested, and a bill was brought into Parliament to put him to death. Cromwell himself had made

a law forbidding persons accused of high treason to be heard in their own defence. He was the first to suffer by it, and had to die in silence. Cromwell was not a traitor to the king, though to please him he had made himself a traitor to English liberty and an oppressor of the people; but he did not, like Wolsey, become rich with the country's money. He gave laws to Wales, and made the two countries one.

Catherine Howard—The Six Articles of Religion.

After Cromwell's death, Henry married Catherine Howard, the beautiful niece of the duke of Norfolk. She was a Roman Catholic, and Henry at this time passed a law against Protestants. On one occasion a cart carried six men to execution. Three of them were Roman Catholics, who refused to own the king as head of the church, and three were Protestants, who refused to believe all that the king ordered to be taught in what is called the Six Articles. These were —(1) the real presence of the body and blood of Christ in the bread and wine in the holy communion; (2) in the communion the bread only was to be given to those not priests; (3) monks and nuns must remain unmarried; (4) private masses should be said; (5) priests should remain unmarried; and (6) confession to a priest was necessary for salvation.

Henry Marries his Sixth Wife, who Outlives Him.

In less than two years Henry's fifth queen, Catherine Howard, was beheaded, charged with misconduct before her marriage,—an excuse considered sufficient to rid the king of a partner of whom he had become tired. In the following year Henry married Catherine Parr, who was so fortunate as to live longer than he did. She was once on the verge of being sent to the Tower for not agreeing with her husband in matters of religion; but she was clever enough to make peace with him and so save her life.

Before Henry died, his temper grew so savage that no one dared

to oppose him in anything. He was so ill and weak in body, and yet so heavy and stout, that he could not move about without help. One of the last things that he did was to order the duke of Norfolk and his son, the earl of Surrey, to the Tower. Surrey was a poet, and a brave, good young man; his death was mourned by all. Norfolk's life was saved by Henry's death. In his will, Henry said that his son Edward was to succeed him; and if he died without children, Mary was to be queen; and after her Elizabeth. In this way he owned the two princesses as his lawful daughters.

CHAPTER XIX.

PROGRESS OF THE BIBLE IN ENGLAND DURING THE REIGN OF HENRY VIII.

In order to trace the slow development of religious reform, it will now be necessary to turn back to the beginning of Henry VIII.'s reign, and to give a short account of the state of religion in England at that time.

Although kept under by persecution, a spirit of inquiry into the principles of religious faith, and dissatisfaction with the arbitrary rule of a foreign and often corrupt priesthood, was roused in England. Numerous little societies or "brethren in Christ," as they called themselves, met together as often as they dared to hear the reading of the Scriptures.

Travelling preachers ministered to these lowly congregations,—many parts of England being familiar with the care-worn, weather-beaten faces of these humble apostles of Bible truth. Being almost entirely of the poorer class, and having learned by the bitter experience of former persecution to observe the greatest caution and secrecy, the members of these little communities increased in numbers so quietly as not to be noticed by their powerful foes. They might, indeed, have continued to practise their forms of worship without attracting attention, had it not been for the zeal of some among them who sought to make converts too openly.

Persecution Begins.

Thomas Mann, one of their preachers, who suffered death under the charge of heresy, in 1518, is reported in the bishops' record of his

trial as, "confessing that he hath turned seven hundred people to his religion; for which he thanketh God." Such an increase in numbers could not be allowed to go on unchecked by the powers of the church. The Lollards were tracked to the lonely, unfrequented places where they met, often under shadow of night, to worship God. Neighbor was made to spy upon neighbor; husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters, were beguiled or forced to bear witness against each other. The Lollards' prison again echoed with the clanking of chains; the rack and the stake once more claimed their victims.

One of the most common charges against the Lollards of this period was the possession of some portion of Wycliffe's Bible, and the ability to read it and to repeat from it by heart. Among those arrested as suspected heretics, between the years 1509 and 1517, five persons were charged with having met together secretly to read "certain chapters of the Evangelists in English, containing in them"—such was the opinion of the learned bishops—"divers erroneous and damnable doctrines and arguments in favor of heresy."

Christopher Shoemaker and Others Burned.

One Christopher Shoemaker, who was burned alive at Newbury, was accused of having gone to the house of John Say, and "read to him, out of a book, the words which Christ spake to his disciples." In 1519 seven martyrs were burned in one fire at Coventry, "for having taught their children and servants the Lord's prayer and the ten commandments in English."

The book of record of trials kept by Longland, bishop of Lincoln, for the single year 1521, contains a list of one hundred names of persons charged before him with reading, or repeating, portions of the Scriptures in the English language. Jenkin Butler accused his own brother of reading to him a certain book of Scripture, and persuading him to hearken to the same. John Barret, goldsmith, of London, was arrested for having recited to his wife and maid-servant the Epistle of

St. James, without a book. John Thatcher was accused of teaching Alice Brown this saying of Jesus: "Blessed are they that hear the word of God and keep it." Thomas Philip and Lawrence Taylor were arrested for reading the Epistle to the Romans and the first chapter of St. Luke in English. Cuthbert, bishop of London, sitting as judge in the chapel within his palace, at London, warned John Pykas, who confessed "that about five years ago, at a certain time, his mother then dwelling at Bury, sent for him, and admonished him that he should not believe in the sacraments of the church, for that was not the right way. And then she gave to him one book of St. Paul's epistles, in English, written with the pen, and bid him live after the manner and way of said epistle and Gospels, and not after the way the church doth teach." John Tyball was accused before this same bishop of having had "certain of St. Paul's epistles in the old translation." In 1529, John Tukesbury, a leather merchant, a respectable citizen of the city of London, confessed to having in his possession a manuscript copy of the Bible, and that he had studied therein.

Scarcity of Bibles in England.

So scanty was the supply of Bibles at this time, that but few of those who craved its teaching could hope to possess the sacred volume. But this lack was partly made up by the earnestness of those whose interest was awakened in the Bible. If only a single copy was owned in a neighborhood, these hard-working laborers and artisans would be found together, after a weary day of toil, reading in turn, and listening to the words of life; and so sweet was the refreshment to their spirits, that sometimes the morning light surprised them with its call to a new day of labor, before they had thought of sleep. Their highest aim was to possess for their own some portion of the sacred book.

It is related that one man among them gave a load of hay for a few chapters of St. Paul's epistles. Some were known to have devoted the savings of years to this object. When it is considered that copy-

ing with the pen was as yet the usual means of reproducing books in England—although Gutenburg's rude press had been for a long time in use in Germany—it can be readily understood that the actual cost of a Bible must have been great. It required ten months' steady work by a skilled copyist to write the manuscript, and a sum equal to two hundred dollars (an amount of greater importance then than now), was the common price for a single copy.

Many of these poor Lollards, who were held in contempt by the rich and great, were superior to those who looked down upon them. In the intelligence of their belief, in their sense of the true worth and destiny of man, in their thirst for knowledge, as well as in purity of manners and ardor of piety, they were, as a body, in advance of the highest ranks of both clergy and laity. As a class, they were the advocates in a period of darkness and slavery to priestcraft, of the freedom of the human mind, of the rights of conscience, and of the supreme authority of the holy Scriptures. Among the causes which led to the English Reformation, their influence and example must be given an important place.

The King's Early Subservience to Rome.

During the early part of the reign of Henry VIII., England as a nation was still an obedient servant of Rome. The king, who had been, of course, brought up in the Romish faith, even seemed desirous, after taking the throne, of surpassing the monarchs of earlier times in humbling the kingdom before the papal footstool. A golden rose, touched by the pope's finger, and sent to the king as a token of regard and approval, was in his opinion a full return for the richly salaried church offices freely given to the pope, to be portioned out by him among a horde of greedy Italians.

But the dawn of a new day, which had already shed its light upon continental Europe, could not be wholly shut out from England. Even before Luther had begun his work of reform, a more liberal

style of learning had been introduced into the English universities, which exerted a powerful influence in sweeping away old superstitions.

The Study of Ancient Languages: Its Important Influence on the Bible.

It must be borne in mind that up to this time the English Scriptures had been translated not from the ancient and original Greek and Hebrew manuscripts, but from the Latin Bible of Jerome—the Vulgate—which itself, as has already been told, was only a translation. For many centuries Greek was an unknown tongue in western Europe; it had not been taught in the colleges, and therefore the written treasures of past ages, which had been preserved in that language, were not used in the study of ancient history.

But now, Erasmus of Holland, one of the greatest scholars of his day, took up the study of Greek and brought out a Greek Testament based upon the ancient manuscripts. Owing to his labors and those of a few English scholars, Greek professorships began to be established in the universities; the New Testament in the original was studied by a considerable number, and public lectures were read on some portions of it. The Hebrew language also began to receive attention by men who perceived that the records of the past could be found much more correctly recorded in the languages which were spoken at, or near, the time the events took place, than in translations of them made at later periods.

Opposition of Rome to the "New Learning."

The "new learning," as it was called, found little favor from the great body of the clergy. With the quick instinct of birds of night, they perceived afar off the dreaded approach of day. A persecution for heresy by the bishop of London interrupted Dr. John Collet's lectures on St. Paul's epistles, delivered at Oxford, and the scholar only escaped through the friendship of archbishop Warham, who

dismissed the case without trial. When the Greek Testament of Erasmus made its appearance, in 1519, a terrible hue and cry arose among the clergy. Priests used their influence at the confessional to warn the young against it; and in one college, at Cambridge, it was forbidden to bring the dangerous book within the walls.

Standish, afterward bishop of St. Asaph, begged the king, on his knees, to put down Erasmus. The monks were especially bitter in their opposition, declaring from the pulpit, that "there was a new language invented, called Greek, of which people should beware as it was the source of all heresies: that in this language had come forth a book, called the New Testament, which was full of thorns and briars; that there was also another language started up which they called Hebrew, and that they who learned it were turned Jews;"—not exactly the view that is taken at the present day of a classical education!

But the spirit of inquiry and craving for truth in matters of religion was too strong to be thus put down. Henry VIII., brutal tyrant and slave of passion as he afterward became, was, from the beginning of his reign, openly in favor of the new learning; for he was not only himself a fair scholar, but was ambitious to be known as a patron of students. He, therefore, not only encouraged classical research, but by a royal command required that the study of the Scriptures, in the original languages, should henceforth be a regular branch of academic instruction at Oxford.

The First Printing-press Set Up in England.

Meanwhile, books began to be circulated more freely throughout the land, and by promoting general intelligence increased the disaffection of all classes toward the Romish clergy. Caxton, the first English printer, who had learned the art in Germany, set up his press at Westminster, and numerous tracts and pamphlets, exposing the errors and vices of the priesthood, began to pass from hand to hand.

Luther's powerful protests against the corruption of the Romish clergy also resounded throughout Europe, and in spite of the watchful eyes of the officials of the church, translations of his writings were made in England.

Thus, long before Henry VIII. withdrew from his allegiance to Rome, through seeking to gratify his own evil desires, the way was being prepared for a reform more thorough and complete—based upon conscientious grounds, and indicating a change in the opinions and beliefs of the people of England. To that true reform, the king was, perhaps, no less an enemy than the pope himself; and it worked its way onward against the whole force of his despotic will. The Bible was to be again, as it had been in Wycliffe's day more than one hundred years before, the mighty instrument by which this revolution in the minds of men was to be effected.

WILLIAM TYNDALE.

His Great Work of Translating and Printing the Bible.

At this time came forth the man who was destined to use the "new learning," or power to translate the ancient manuscripts, with marvellous effect in the service of the English Bible. In 1483, William Tyndale was born. He grew up a thoughtful, studious youth, and at an early age won for himself at Oxford a distinguished position for scholarship. Moving to Cambridge, he became acquainted with Erasmus, the great Greek scholar, who had just completed his Greek Testament. Tyndale quickly made himself familiar with this wonderful new book. He took it up probably at first as a curious work of scholarship, but he soon found that there was more in it than that, and he read again and again, with ever-deepening interest, the wondrous revelation of the love of God to man, till his spirit was stirred to its depths.

Tyndale could not keep his treasure to himself. He argued with

the priests, and exhorted them to the study of the Scriptures for themselves; and it was about this time that, one day, in the heat of argument, he startled all around by his memorable declaration, the fulfilment of which was afterward the object of his life. Tyndale's opponent had said, "We had better be without God's laws than the pope's." Rising in indignant protest Tyndale cried, "I defy the pope, and all his laws; and if God spare me I will one day make the boy that drives the plough in England to know more of Scripture than the pope himself!"

Tyndale set to work to translate some portions of the original Greek, and applied to Cuthbert Tonstal, bishop of London, for permission to carry on his work in his palace. Although the bishop was a patron of learning, the translation of the Scriptures was far from meeting his approval. So he replied, coldly, that there was no room in his palace for anything of the kind. Tyndale, however, came to London and lodged for nearly a year in the house of Humphrey Monmouth, a merchant, where he quietly pursued his task.

But this one year of city life showed Tyndale that no mercy would be given by the clergy to any movement that would disturb their quiet. He saw men around him led to prison and to death for owning, or reading, a copy of Luther's writings, and he knew well that a Bible translation would be considered a still more dangerous book. "Wherefore," he sadly says, "I perceived that not only in the bishop of London's palace, but in all England, there was no room for attempting a translation of the Scriptures."

Tyndale leaves England and goes to Germany.

But Tyndale was not one of those who, having put their hands to the plough, look back. He had determined that England should have the word of God spread among her people by means of the new invention of printing, and he had calmly counted the cost. If his work could be done in England, well; if not—if only a life of exile

could accomplish it—then that life of exile he would cheerfully bear. So in 1524 he left his native land, never to see it again; and at Hamburg, Germany, in poverty and distress, and amid constant danger, the self-sacrificing exile worked at his translation. So diligent was he that in the following year he was able to take the sheets he had written, containing the New Testament in English, to a printer at the city of Cologne, to be set in type.

But a sad disappointment was in store for the brave-hearted translator. He had kept his secret well, and hoped that in a few months more his little book would be scattered in thousands through the length and breadth of England. But just as his hopes were highest, there came to him one day a hurried message. Half distracted he rushed to the printer's house, seized all the sheets he could lay his hands on, and fled from the town. A priest named Cochlæus had overheard the talk of some printers which roused his suspicions, and by giving them plenty of wine to drink the startling secret at length came out, that an English New Testament was actually in the press, and already nearly finished. Quite horrified at such a conspiracy, the priest at once gave information to the magistrates, and demanded that the sheets should be seized, while he at the same time sent a messenger to the English bishops warning them of this unexpected danger. This was the cause of Tyndale's sudden flight.

With his precious sheets Tyndale escaped to the city of Worms, where the enthusiasm for Luther and the Reformation was then at its height, and there he at last accomplished his design, producing for the first time a complete, *printed* New Testament in English. Knowing of the information that Cochlæus had given, and that in consequence the books would be jealously watched, Tyndale printed also an edition of smaller size than the first, copies of which could be more easily hidden. He then began to ship his dangerous merchandise to England. In boxes, in barrels, in bales of cloth, in sacks of flour; every secret way that could be thought of was used in order

to send the books safely to their destination, and in spite of the utmost care of the clergy in watching the ports, many of them were safely delivered, and scattered far and wide through the country.

Burning Tyndale's Testaments in England.

Great was the commotion they created among the hostile clergy. Wycliffe's testaments had been troublesome enough, even though it took months to write out a single copy, and the cost prevented any but the rich buying it. But here were books pouring into the country which could be printed at the rate of hundreds each day, and at a price within the reach of all. Vigorous measures indeed were necessary.

The warning of Cochlæus had set the clergy on their guard, and every port was carefully watched by officers appointed for the purpose. Thousands of copies were thus discovered in their hiding-places, and were burned with solemn ceremony at St. Paul's Cross, in the city of London. This was called "a burnt-offering most pleasing to Almighty God." But still other thousands supplied the places of those destroyed, for Tyndale was not discouraged at their efforts; he knew that the printing-press could defy them all. Said he, "In burning the book they did none other thing than I looked for; no more shall they do if they burn me also, if it be God's will that it should be so."

It soon became clear to the church officers, that they could not hinder the entrance of the book into England. And then a new idea occurred to the bishop of London. He sought out Augustine Pakington, a merchant trading to Antwerp, and asked his opinion whether it would not be possible to buy up all the copies across the water and thus get them out of the way.

"My lord," replied Pakington, who was a secret friend of Tyndale, "if it be your pleasure I could do in this matter probably more than any merchant in England; so if it be your lordship's desire to pay

for them—for I must disburse money for them—I will be sure to get for you every book that remains unsold."

"Good Master Pakington," said the bishop, "do your diligence and get them for me, and I will gladly give you whatever they may cost, for the books are naughty, and I intend surely to destroy them all, and to burn them at St. Paul's Cross."

A few weeks later Pakington entered the humble lodging of Tyndale, whose funds he knew were at a low ebb.

"Master Tyndale," said he, "I have found you a good purchaser for your books."

"Who is he?" asked Tyndale.

"My lord bishop of London."

"But if the bishop wants the books it must be only to burn them."

"Well," was the reply of the shrewd merchant, "what of that? The bishop will burn them anyhow, and it is best that you should have the money to print others instead."

And so the bargain was made: "The bishop had the books, Pakington had the thanks, and Tyndale had the money."

"I am the gladder," quoth Tyndale, "for these two benefits shall come of it: I shall get money to bring myself out of debt, and the whole world will cry out against the burning of God's word. The overplus of the money that remains shall enable me to correct the said New Testament, and then newly to print the same again, and I trust the second will be much better than ever was the first that I printed."

After this the newly printed Testaments came thick and fast into England. The bishop then sent for Pakington again, and asked how it came that the books were still so abundant. "My lord," replied the merchant, "truly I think it were best for you to buy up the stamps too by which they are imprinted." That this advice was not followed it is needless to state.

BURNING TYNDALE'S TESTAMENTS AT ST PAUL'S, LONDON.

Tyndale's Enemies say His Book is Full of Errors.

The enemies of Tyndale began at last to see that a Testament which was set in type and continually printed was beyond their power to destroy. Bishop Tonstal profited by his lesson, and instead of buying and burning any more of the books, he preached a famous sermon at Paul's Cross, declaring its "naughtiness," and asserting that he himself had found in it more than two thousand errors, and at the close of his sermon he hurled the copy which he held into a great fire that blazed before him.

Sir Thomas More, whose influence was deservedly great in England, followed up the attack. "To study to find errors in Tyndale's book," he said, "were like studying to find water in the sea." It was even too bad for revising and amending, "for it is easier to make a web of new cloth than it is to sew up every hole in a net." Tyndale indignantly replied to this attack; and certainly his opponent did not show to advantage in the argument, his sweeping charge narrowing itself down at the last to the mistranslation of half a dozen words.

But such attacks, made from different pulpits throughout the land, were much more effective than the previous stupid measures adopted against the Bible, chiefly because the people could seldom hear Tyndale's answer. But this was not always so. The friends of the Reformation were increasing in England, and they as well as Tyndale defended the book when they could, and generally with success.

Latimer Defends the Scriptures.

In 1529 Latimer had preached at Cambridge his celebrated sermons "On the Card," which attracted a good deal of attention, arguing in favor of the translation and universal reading of holy Scripture. The friars were enraged, and the more so as his reasoning was so difficult to answer. At length they selected a champion, Friar Buckingham; and certainly, if he may be taken as a type of the friars of his day, the reformers' sneers at their ignorance were not without grounds.

A Sunday was fixed on which he was to demolish the arguments of Latimer, and on the appointed day the people assembled, and a sermon against Bible translation was preached which reads to us now more like jest than sober argument.

"Thus," asked the preacher with a triumphant smile, "where Scripture saith 'No man that layeth his hand to the plough and looketh back is fit for the kingdom of God,' will not the ploughman when he readeth these words be apt forthwith to cease from his plough, and then where will be the sowing and the harvest? Likewise also whereas the baker readeth, 'A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump,' will he not be forthwith too sparing in the use of leaven, to the great injury of our health. And so also when the simple man reads the words, 'If thine eye offend thee pluck it out and cast it from thee,' incontinent he will pluck out his eyes, and the whole realm will be full of blind men, to the great decay of the nation and the manifest loss of the king's grace. And thus by reading of the holy Scriptures will the whole realm come into confusion."

The next Sunday St. Edward's church was crowded to suffocation, for the report had gone abroad that Latimer was to make a reply to the friar's sermon. At the close of the prayers the old man ascended the pulpit, and amid breathless silence the sermon began—such a crushing, scathing rebuke as Buckingham and his party never recovered from in Cambridge. One by one the arguments were ridiculed as too foolish for a really serious reply. "Only children and fools," he said, "fail to distinguish between the figurative and the real meanings of language —between the image which is used and the thing which that image is intended to represent. For example," he continued, with a withering glance at his opponent, who sat before the pulpit, "if we paint a fox preaching in a friar's hood, nobody imagines that a fox is meant, but that craft and hypocrisy are described, which so often are found disguised in that garb."

It was evident, too, that many of the people sympathized with the

reformers in such contests. Day by day it became clearer now that the tide of public opinion in England was setting too strongly to be resisted in favor of a "people's Bible." In spite of all opposition the book was being everywhere talked about and read. "It passeth my power," writes Bishop Nikke, complaining to the primate, "it passeth my power, or that of any spiritual man, to hinder it now, and if this continue much longer it will undo us all." There was no room for questioning about it. The path of the Bible was open at last. Not king nor pope could stay its progress. Over England's long night of error and superstition and soul-crushing despotism God had said, "Let there be light!" and there was light.

A Plot to Take Tyndale.

But Tyndale himself did not see that day. For years efforts had been made to take him, but all attempts had failed. Toward the close of 1534, however, a new plot was made against his life.

The men sent on this dastardly errand were better chosen than those formerly employed by the king, being merely hired ruffians, with no character to lose, and no other business to divert them from their purpose. There were two of them: the one a young man of good appearance, but bad character, named Henry Phillips, who was to play the part of a gentleman; the other was Gabriel Donne, a monk of Stratford abbey, who, it was arranged, should pass as the servant of Phillips. They were supplied with plenty of money by their employers. Donne first went to Louvain; here he was joined by Phillips, and both proceeded to Antwerp.

Tyndale was at this time living in the house of an English merchant of Antwerp, named Pointz, a lover of the Scriptures and a warm friend of Tyndale's. Into this house Phillips found easy access, and his engaging manners and pretended friendship soon won the confidence of the unsuspecting old man whom he sought treacherously to betray. Not only did Tyndale invite the base spy

frequently to the table of his host, but even persuaded Mr. Pointz to receive him as a lodger. The intimate daily intercourse thus established, was diligently used by Phillips to become acquainted with everything in Tyndale's life and writings which could be used against him.

Having secured all necessary information, Phillips at last began quietly to take steps for bringing the matter to an end. He first cautiously investigated the chances of securing Tyndale's arrest through the Antwerp city government, but failing to get any encouragement he made no application to the Antwerp magistracy; he went instead to the court of Brussels, about thirty miles distant, where he succeeded in obtaining a favorable hearing.

Returning to Antwerp, Phillips brought with him the emperor's attorney, for the purpose of arresting Tyndale. Yet even the imperial officials dared not seize an Englishman openly in the free city of Antwerp, where the wealthy and numerous English merchants formed a strong party in favor of the Reformation. Some time, therefore, passed without action, but at length Pointz left home to attend a great fair, held at Barrow, and the favorable moment was judged to have arrived.

Tyndale's Treacherous Seizure.

Phillips went to the merchant's house, and asking for Tyndale, was told by Mrs. Pointz that he could dine there with him. Agreeing to this, Phillips went out and ordered the sheriff's men, whom he had brought with him from Brussels, to stand by the door. Then going up to Tyndale's room he asked him to lend him forty shillings; "for," said he, "I lost my purse this morning."

So Tyndale, who was ever ready to give to those who asked him, providing he had it, handed Phillips the money. Then Phillips said, "I will dine here with you to-day and you must let me provide the dinner."

"No," said Tyndale, "I go forth this day to dinner, and you shall

go with me, and be my guest, where you shall be welcome." So when it was dinner-time, Tyndale prepared to leave the house with Phillips, and in going through the passage-way, which was narrow, would have put his guest before him, but Phillips, making a pretence of courtesy, would not have it so; therefore Tyndale went first and his enemy followed after.

Now the sheriff's officers stood about the door, waiting for their innocent victim to come out; and as soon as Tyndale appeared Phillips pointed at him with his finger, behind his back, as a sign to the officers that it was he whom they should take. So helpless was the old man, and so treacherous his seizure, that the very men themselves, as they afterward told Pointz, pitied his simplicity even while they laid hands on him.

Tyndale is Taken to Prison.

Tyndale was at once hurried to the dungeons of the castle of Vilvorde, eighteen miles from Antwerp, and all his books and writings were placed in the hands of the emperor's attorney. His friends in Antwerp, as soon as they heard of his arrest, tried their utmost to secure his release; but it was in vain: there was no hope of his escape from the time the prison doors closed upon him.

It is pitiful to read of the poor prisoner there, in his cold and misery and rags, writing to the governor to beg "your lordship that if I am to remain here during the winter, you will request the procureur to be kind enough to send me from my goods which he has in his possession a warmer cap, for I suffer extremely from a perpetual catarrh, which is much increased by this cell. A warmer coat also, for that which I have is very thin; also a piece of cloth to patch my leggings—my shirts too are worn out."

Nearly two years thus passed away. By that time, all things being ripe, Tyndale's enemies pushed the matter to a conclusion. He was brought before the court at Brussels, accused of heresy, and refusing

the aid of counsel, answered the charges himself. His judges were therefore compelled to listen to an exposition of the truth such as they had seldom heard; but they had met to condemn, not to be convinced, and found no difficulty in pronouncing him guilty. Long before this time Tyndale had said with sad foreboding, when hearing of the persecution under which his friends in England suffered, "If they burn me also, they shall do none other thing than I look for," and now his prediction was to be realized.

Death of Tyndale.

On Friday, the 6th of October, 1536, William Tyndale was led forth to die. Having been bound to the stake, he was first strangled, and his dead body then burned to ashes. His last words, uttered with fervent zeal, and in a loud voice, were these: "Lord, open the king of England's eyes!" Thus perished, a victim to priestcraft, the purest of England's patriots—the best and greatest man of his time.

There is no grander life in the whole annals of the Reformation than that of William Tyndale—none which comes nearer in its beautiful self-forgetfulness to His who "laid down His life for His sheep." Many a man has suffered in order that a great cause might conquer by means of himself. No such thought sullied the self-devotion of Tyndale. He issued his earlier editions of the New Testament without a name, "following the counsel of Christ which exhorteth men to do their good deeds secretly." "I assure you," said he to Vaughan, the envoy of the king, "if it would stand with the king's most gracious pleasure to grant a translation of the Scripture to be put forth among his people like as it is put forth among the subjects of the emperor here, be it the translation of whatsoever person he pleases, I shall immediately make faithful promises never to write more nor abide two days in these parts after the same, but immediately repair unto his realm, and there humbly submit myself at the feet of

his royal majesty, offering my body to suffer what pain or torture, yea, what death his grace wills, so that this be obtained."

Poverty and distress and misrepresentation were his constant lot; imprisonment and death were ever staring him in the face; but "none of these things moved him, neither counted he his life dear unto him" for the accomplishment of the work which God had set him.

No higher honor could be given to any man than to be selected for such a work, and among all the heroes of the Reformation none worthier of that honor could be found than William Tyndale.

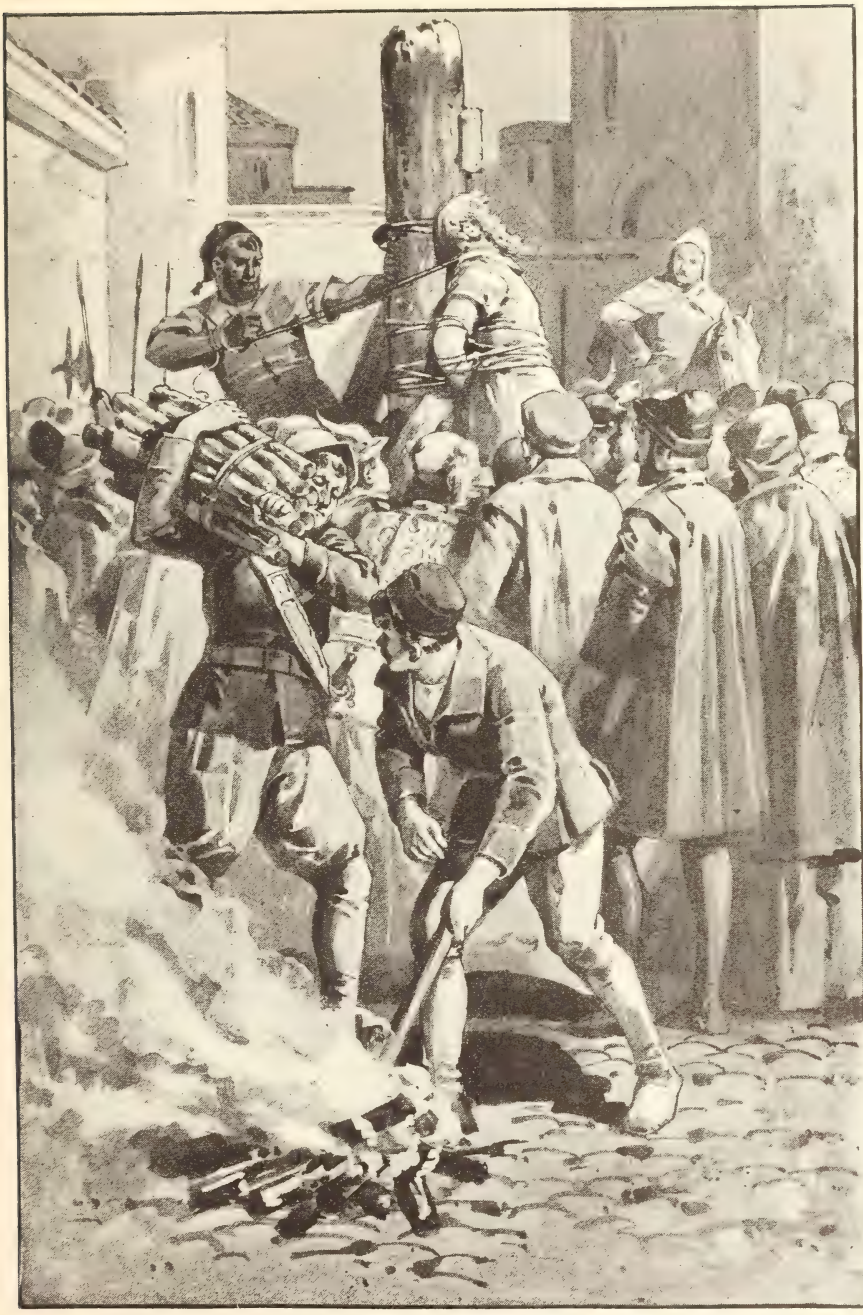
Value of Tyndale's Translation.

Before Tyndale's day the English versions of the Bible had been but translations of a translation, being derived from the Vulgate or older Latin versions. Tyndale, for the first time, went back to the original Hebrew and Greek. And not only did he go back to the original languages seeking for the truth, but he embodied that truth when found in so noble a translation that it has ever since been deemed wise by scholars and revisers to make but few changes in it; consequently every succeeding version is in reality little more than a revision of Tyndale's. It has been truly said that "the peculiar genius which breathes through the English Bible, the mingled tenderness and majesty, the Saxon simplicity, the grandeur—unequalled, unapproached in the attempted improvements of modern scholars—all are here, and bear the impress of the mind of one man, and that man William Tyndale."

The New Testament was the work to which he chiefly devoted himself, bringing out edition after edition as he saw anything to be improved. Of the Old Testament he translated only the Pentateuch, the historical books, and part of the prophets.

Later English Bibles.

Only three years passed by, after Tyndale's cruel death, and a great



WILLIAM TYNDALE, TRANSLATOR OF THE ENGLISH BIBLE, IS STRANGLED.

change had come over England. The Reformation gained ground among clergy and laity. The king, who had openly quarreled with the pope, no longer opposed the desire of his subjects for a "people's Bible." Myles Coverdale, the man who after Tyndale played the most prominent part of any in the history of the English Bible, was the first man to translate and publish the entire Bible in the English language.

Unlike his great predecessor, Tyndale, whose work was inspired solely by religious enthusiasm and self-devotion, Coverdale's translation was made by the order, and with the encouragement of others; his chief supporters being Sir Thomas More, and Lord Thomas Cromwell the minister of king Henry VIII. Coverdale was also a man of very different stamp from Tyndale. He had neither his ability nor strength of character, nor was he, like him, qualified by lifelong study for his task as a translator, and the difference comes markedly out in the work produced by each. But it is only fair to say, that he was quite conscious of his defects, and that he did the work before him to the best of his ability, "seeking it not, neither desiring it," but feeling that his country needed it done, and modestly regretting that no better man was there to do it.

Coverdale's Bible makes no pretence to be an original translation; it is "translated out of German and Latin into English," with the help of "five sundry interpreters" (translators), and the chief of these "interpreters" is evidently William Tyndale, whom, in the New Testament especially, he closely follows.

Like his predecessor, Tyndale, Coverdale also suffered from the fierce opposition of the priesthood against the translators and publishers of the Bible, while the many changes in the policy of the government placed him in frequent peril. He escaped all these dangers however, and lived to the good old age of eighty-one.

Many different editions and translations of the Bible quickly followed that of Coverdale. Instead of being secretly printed in foreign

lands and shipped to England, hidden in bales of merchandise, the Bible was openly printed in London. Of the "Great" Bible or "Cromwell" Bible, which lord Thomas Cromwell had published, seven editions were printed between the years 1539 to 1541, and a copy of the Bible was ordered to be placed in every parish church, fastened with a chain so that no one could carry it away.

The Authorized Version: Our Bible of To-day.

Seventy years after Tyndale's death a king of England himself directed a new translation and revision of the Bible. In 1604, king James I. held a conference of bishops and clergy, and among other subjects considered by them was that of revising the defective translations of the Scriptures then in use in England. The best scholars of the day were selected to do the work. The revisers were divided into six companies, each of which took its own portion, and every aid obtainable was furnished to make their work a success. They carefully studied the Greek and Hebrew; they used the best commentaries of European scholars; the Bibles in Spanish, Italian, French, and German were examined for any help they might afford in arriving at the exact sense of each passage; and when the sense was found, no pains were spared to express it in clear vigorous, idiomatic English. All the excellences of the previous versions were noted, for the purpose of incorporating them in the work, and for the expressive phrases they contained. "Neither," says Dr. Miles Smith, in the preface, "did we disdain to revise that which we had done, and to bring back to the anvil that which we had hammered, fearing no reproach for slowness nor coveting praise for expedition;" and the result was the production of the splendid Authorized Version of which all English speaking people to-day are so justly proud.

For nearly three centuries English Protestants have reverenced the grace and dignity, the flowing words, the masterly English style of the king James version of the Bible. It dwells on the ear like

music that can never be forgotten, or like the sound of a sweet-toned bell thrills the hearts of Christians by its melody.

Last of all in the list of the editions of the Bible comes the new Revised Version, which is the work of scholars of our own time. It marks one further step onward in the revision and correction of the holy Scriptures.

CHAPTER XX.

ENGLAND DURING HENRY VIII.'S REIGN.—*Continued.*

MARTYRS BURNED AT THE STAKE.—STORY OF THOMAS BILNEY.

THOMAS BILNEY was a student of Cambridge university. After leaving there he took upon himself to preach, and in his sermons spoke with great boldness against the pride and insolence of the clergy. This was during the ministry of cardinal Wolsey, who hearing of his preaching, ordered him to be seized and imprisoned. Being at first overcome with fear, Bilney recanted, was pardoned, and returned to Cambridge. But it is told of him that here "he fell into great horror of mind; repenting of his unfaithfulness and denial of the truth." Bilney soon determined, in order to ease his conscience, to make a public profession of faith. He prepared for this by studying the Scriptures with deep attention for two years; after which he left Cambridge and went into Norfolk. Here he preached against idolatry and superstition; exhorting the people to lead good lives, to give alms, and to believe in Christ. He openly confessed his own sin of denying the faith; and using no precaution as he went about, was soon taken by the bishop's officers, condemned as a relapsed heretic, and sentenced to the stake.

Sir Thomas More sent down from London the warrant to burn Bilney. Parker, afterwards archbishop, was an eye-witness of his sufferings, and affirms that he bore them with great fortitude and resignation, and continued very cheerful after his sentence. He ate the poor food that was brought him with a hearty appetite, saying he must keep up the poor dwelling, meaning his body, till it fell. He had these words of Isaiah often in his mouth, "When thou walkest through the fire,

thou shalt not be burned:" and by putting his finger in the candle he prepared himself for the pain at the stake; saying, the fire would only consume the stubble of his body, and would purify his soul.

When Bilney was brought to the stake, he repeated the creed, prayed earnestly, and with deep feeling uttered these words, "Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord!" Dr. Warner, who attended, embraced him, shedding many tears, and saying he wished he might die in as good a frame of mind. Two priests who were there asked him to tell the people that they were not themselves responsible for his death, which he did; so that the last act of his life was one of charity and forgiveness. The sheriff's men then put the reeds and fagots about his body, and set fire to the reeds, which made a great blaze, and blackened his face; but the flames were blown away from him several times, the wind being very high, till at length, the wood taking fire, the flame was stronger, and so he yielded up the ghost. The martyr's lifeless body hung down on the chain, till one of the officers, with his halbert, struck out the staple of the chain behind, when it fell down into the bottom of the fire, and was covered with wood, and consumed.

Martyrdom of John Brown.

John Brown was burned at Ashford, in Kent, by order of archbishop Warham. The following is the story of his arrest. Brown was travelling down the river Thames, by barge. A priest was among the passengers, who took offence at Brown's sitting so near him in the boat, and asked him, in a loud voice, "Dost thou know who I am? Thou sittest too near me; thou even sittest on my clothes." "No, sir," said Brown, "I know not what you are." "I will tell thee then," replied he; "I am a priest." After some further conversation had passed between them, in which Brown failed to show that respect which his neighbor considered his due, the priest cried out, "Go thy ways! I perceive thou art a heretic, and I will be even with thee."

The priest, as soon as he had landed, rode straight to archbishop Warham; and John Brown, within three days after, was sent for by the archbishop. The messengers, who were sent to bring him, came suddenly into his house; and laying hands upon him they set him upon his own horse, and binding his feet under the body of the beast, carried him away to Canterbury—neither he nor his wife, nor any of his friends, knowing where he was being taken—and there confined him for forty days. The archbishop finding Brown, on examination, to be opposed to the church, sent him back to Ashford, with orders that he should be burned there the next day.

The wife of the condemned man, who until this time had remained in ignorance of what had happened, being now told of his coming, hastened to the prison, and finding him there, fastened in the stocks, and sentenced to be burned the next morning, sat by him all night.

On the next day, Brown was burned, according to his sentence; and stood firmly at the stake, uttering prayers until the flames hid him from sight.

The Trial of John Lambert.

John Lambert, a teacher of languages in London, was brought before the archbishop's court for having written tracts against the Romish church. He appealed to the king, who, thinking the trial of a heretic would afford a good opportunity to display his learning, resolved to conduct it in person. Henry therefore sent out a call to some of his nobles and bishops to come to London, to assist in the trial of the accused man.

The day being appointed for the hearing, a great number of persons of all ranks assembled to witness the proceedings, and Lambert was brought from his prison by a guard, and placed directly opposite to the king.

Henry was seated on his throne, and surrounded by the peers, bishops, and judges. The king looked on the prisoner with a stern countenance, and then commanded Day, bishop of Chichester, to state,

so that all present could hear him, why this distinguished assemblage of the peers of the realm had been called together.

The bishop made a long speech, stating that, although the king had abolished the pope's authority in England, it was not to be supposed that he would give heretics liberty to disturb and trouble the church of which he was the head. He had therefore determined to punish all persons who did not worship God according to the established forms. With this end in view he had assembled together his bishops and counsellors to try the prisoner and to hear his defence.

The oration being ended, the king ordered Lambert to declare his opinion as to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, which he did, by denying it to be the actual body of Christ.

The king then commanded Cranmer to prove the falsity of the prisoner's assertion, which he proceeded to do, but his discourse was broken in upon by Gardiner, who loudly interrupted him, and instead of argument, sought by vulgar abuse to intimidate Lambert, who was not allowed to answer the taunts and insults of the bishop.

Tonstal and Stokesly next addressed the court, in much the same manner, and Lambert, attempting to answer them, was silenced by the king. The other bishops then each made a speech in refutation of Lambert's arguments, till all had been answered, or rather railed against; for the prisoner was not permitted to say a word in his own defence, no matter how much he heard himself being misrepresented.

At last, when the evening was come and torches began to be lighted, the king desiring to put an end to the dispute, said to Lambert, "What sayest thou now, after all these great labors which we have taken for thee, and all the reasons and instructions of these learned men? Art thou not yet satisfied? Wilt thou live or die? What sayest thou? Thou hast yet free choice." Lambert answered, "I yield myself wholly unto the will of your majesty." "Thou hadst better," said the king, "commit thyself unto the hands of God, and not unto mine."

Lambert replied, "I commend my soul unto the hands of God, but

JOHN LAMBERT'S TRIAL BEFORE KING HENRY VIII.

my body I wholly yield and submit unto your clemency." To this the king answered, "If you do commit yourself unto my judgment, you must die, for I will not be a patron unto heretics;" and turning to Cromwell, he said, "Read the sentence of condemnation against him," which Cromwell accordingly did.

Upon the day appointed for Lambert to suffer, he was brought out of the prison at eight o'clock in the morning to the house of Cromwell, and carried into the inner chamber, where, it is said, Cromwell asked his forgiveness for what he had done. Lambert being at last warned that the hour of his death was at hand, and being brought out of the chamber into the hall, saluted the gentlemen present, and sat down to breakfast with them, showing neither sadness nor fear. When breakfast was ended, he was carried straight to the place of execution at Smithfield.

It is related that the manner of his death was dreadful; for after his legs were consumed, and but a little fire was left under him, two of the guards pierced him with their halberts, and lifted him up as far as the chain would reach; while he, raising his half-consumed hands, cried out to the people these words: "None but Christ! none but Christ!" and so being let down again from their halberts, fell into the fire, and there ended his life.

Destruction of the Monasteries.

Henry having determined to put down the religious houses, appointed inspectors to go to all the smaller monasteries in the kingdom. They were to examine into the amounts of their incomes and expenses, to make lists of their goods and property, and to take their seals, or charters, into their keeping. They were also to report how many of the inmates would return to their homes, and these were to be sent to the archbishop of Canterbury, or the lord chancellor, and an allowance was to be given them for their journey; but those who intended to continue in a religious life were to be removed to some

of the greater monasteries. A pension was also to be given to the houseless abbots or priors during their lives; and the inspectors were particularly charged to examine what leases of lands had been made during the last year.

By the destruction of the smaller monasteries fully ten thousand of their inmates were driven out into the world to earn their subsistence as best they might. They were provided with only forty shillings and a gown a man. Their property in furniture, silver plate, and goods of whatever kind was reported by the king's examiners to be worth one hundred thousand pounds in English money—about $500,000. The value of the rental of their lands was put down at thirty-two thousand pounds, or about $160,000. These amounts were far short of the real value of the property confiscated.

This arbitrary act gave great offence to the people, and the monks were now as much pitied as they had formerly been disliked. The nobility and gentry, who frequently provided for their younger children or friends by putting them in the religious houses, felt their loss. The people, who, as they travelled over the country, had found the monasteries to be places of reception to strangers, greatly missed them.

But to remove this discontent, Cromwell advised the king to sell these lands at very easy rates to the nobility and gentry, and to oblige the new owners to keep up the old-time hospitality. This would be a relief to the people, and would compel the nobles to assist the crown in the maintenance of the changes that had been made, since their own interest would be interwoven with those of their sovereign. Furthermore, in accordance with a clause in the act which empowered the king to found anew such houses as he should think fit, there were fifteen monasteries and sixteen nunneries newly built. These were bound to obey such rules as the king should send them, and to pay him tenths and first-fruits. But all this did not pacify the people, for there was still a great outcry. The clergy did much to inflame the nation, and said that an heretical prince, deposed by the pope, was no

more to be obeyed than a common man; and that it was in the pope's power to depose kings, and give away their dominions.

There were some rules prepared and sent out by Cromwell which increased this discontent. All the clergy were required, every Sunday for a quarter of a year, and twice every quarter after that, to preach against the pope's power. They were forbidden to extol images, relics, or pilgrimages; but to exhort to works of charity. They were also required to teach the Lord's prayer, the creed, and the ten commandments in English; to explain these carefully, and to instruct the children well in them. They were to perform the divine service reverently, to study the Scriptures, and be moral and exemplary in their lives. They were to give part of their income to the poor, and for every hundred pounds a year received they were to maintain a scholar at some grammar-school, or the university; and if the parsonage-house was in decay, they were ordered to apply a fifth part of their salary for repairing it.

The People Revolt in Lincolnshire and Yorkshire.

The people continued quiet till they had got in their harvest; but after that 20,000 men rose in Lincolnshire, led by a priest in the disguise of a cobbler. They took an oath to be true to God, the king, and the commonwealth, and sent a statement of their grievances to the king. They complained of some acts of parliament, of the suppression of the religious houses, of mean and ill-advised counsellors, and bad bishops. They prayed the king to redress their grievances and restore their rights. Henry sent the duke of Suffolk to raise forces against them, and gave an answer to their petition, in which he treated them with his usual haughtiness, saying, "It belonged not to the rabble to direct princes what counsellors they should choose." As for the religious houses, the king said that "They had been suppressed by law, and the heads of them confessed scandals that were a reproach to the country; and as they wasted their rents in riotous living, it was

much better to apply them to the common good of the nation." He then commanded the insurgents to submit to his mercy, and to deliver up two hundred of their leaders into the hands of his officers.

At the same time there was a more formidable revolt in Yorkshire, which being not far from Scotland, there was danger the rebels would draw assistance from that kingdom; this inclined Henry to make more haste to settle matters in Lincolnshire. He sent the enemy secret promises granting their requests, which prevailed with the greater number, so that they went quickly back to their homes, while the most obstinate went over to those in Yorkshire. The leader and some others were taken and executed. The remoteness of those in the north of England gave them time to rise, and form themselves into military order. Their leader, Aske, commanded in person and performed his part with great ability. Their march was called "the pilgrimage of grace." They took an oath that they would restore the church, suppress heretics, preserve the king and his issue, and drive base-born men and ill counsellors from him. They became 40,000 strong in a few days, and forced the archbishop of York and the lord Darcy to swear to aid their cause, and to go along with them. They besieged Skipton, but the earl of Cumberland defended it against them: Sir Ralph Evers held out Scarborough castle, though for twenty days he and his men had no provisions but bread and water.

There was also a rising in all the other northern counties; against this the earl of Shrewsbury led a strong force. The king sent several of the nobility to his assistance, and within a few days the duke of Norfolk marched with some troops, and joined him. They possessed themselves of Doncaster, and resolved to keep that place till the rest of the king's forces should join them; for they were not in a condition to engage with such numbers of desperate men; and it was very likely that if they were beaten, the people who had not yet taken part with the rebels might have been emboldened by their success to do so. The duke of Norfolk resolved, therefore, to keep quiet at Doncaster,

and wait until the provisions and courage of his adversaries were exhausted. They were now reduced to 10,000, but the king's army was not above 5000. The duke of Norfolk proposed a treaty; the rebels were persuaded to send their petitions to the court, and the king sent them a general pardon, excepting six persons by name, and reserving four to be afterward named; but this last demand, instead of satisfying them, made them more desperate.

The people then, in their turn, made demands, which were, that a general pardon should be granted to them; that a parliament should be held at York, and that courts of justice should be set up there; that the princess Mary might be restored to her right of succession, and the pope to his power; that the monasteries might be again set up; that Audley and Cromwell might be removed from the kingdom, and that some of the inspectors of convents might be imprisoned for their bribery and extortion.

These demands being rejected, the rebels resolved to attack the royal troops, and drive them from Doncaster; but heavy rains made the river too deep to cross. The king, at length, sent a long answer to their demands; he assured them that he would live and die in the defence of the Christian faith; but "the rabble ought not to dictate to him and to the convocation in that matter." He answered their complaint about the monasteries as he had done the men of Lincolnshire. Also, he said if they had any charges to bring against his officers he was ready to hear them; but he would not suffer them to direct him what counsellors he ought to employ; nor could they judge of the bishops who had been promoted, they not being known to them. He charged them not to believe lies, nor to be led away by traitors, but to submit to his mercy. Finally he signed a pardon for them all, without any restrictions. As soon as the rebellion was quelled, the king went on more resolutely in his design of suppressing the monasteries; for his success in putting down so dangerous a revolt made him fearless of any new opposition that might arise.

The Larger Monasteries Put Down.

A new set of inspectors were appointed, and many monasteries which had not before been interfered with were now destroyed, and many of the greater abbots were induced to surrender. Some had been engaged in the late rebellion, and so, to avoid punishment, offered a resignation. Others favored the reformed faith, and did it on that account; some were found guilty of irregular lives, and to prevent discovery, offered their estates to the king; while others had made away with the treasures of their monasteries, and having thus provided for themselves, cared little what became of their houses, and the other members of the order.

By these means one hundred and twenty-one houses were in one year given up to the king. In some monasteries the inspectors made the monks sign a confession, in which a few of them acknowledged their idleness, gluttony, etc.; and others admitted that the manner of their so-called religious lives consisted in dumb ceremonies, by which they were blindly led, having no true knowledge of God's laws. Some resigned in hope that the king would re-establish their houses under new rules, and Latimer pressed Cromwell earnestly that two or three houses might be reserved for such purposes in every county. But it was mercilessly determined to destroy them all. Some of the heads of the monasteries were not so fortunate as to escape merely with the surrender of their houses. The abbots of Whalley, Jervaux, Sawley, and Glastonbury, with the priors of Woburn and Burlington, having taken part in the late riots, were executed for treason, and some of the friars were put to death for denying the king's supremacy; others, suspected of favoring them and of receiving books sent from beyond the sea, written against the king's proceedings, were imprisoned, and many of them perished in dungeons.

Great complaints were made of the inspectors appointed by the king to visit the monasteries. It was said, that they had in many places appropriated treasures to their own use; and had been guilty

of various crimes under the pretence of discharging their duty. The inspectors, on the other hand, published many charges of improper practices which they had found in those houses, so that several books were printed upon this subject. Yet all these stories had not much weight with the people. They deemed it unreasonable to destroy noble and historic buildings for the fault of some few unworthy individuals; therefore other charges were made, which had more effect.

Images and Relics Discovered.

They exhibited to the world many pretended relics, and wonderful images, to which pilgrimages had been made. At Reading there was preserved the wing of an angel, who, according to the monks, brought over the point of the spear that pierced our Saviour's side; and so great a number of pieces of the true cross were found, that if joined together, they would have made six.

The "Rood of Grace," an image at Boxley in Kent, had been much revered, and many pilgrims had been drawn to it, on account of its possessing the wonderful power of bowing its head, rolling its eyes, smiling, and frowning, to the great astonishment and terror of the credulous multitude, who supposed they had witnessed a miracle. But this was now discovered to be a cunningly made, wooden figure, hollow inside and containing clock-work. It was brought up to St. Paul's Cross; where all the hidden springs were shown by which its motions could be governed, by a priest who stood behind it.

At Hale's, in Gloucestershire, what was blasphemously called the blood of Christ was shown in a vial. It was believed that none could see it who were in mortal sin. Those who could bestow liberal presents, were gratified, by being led to believe that they were in a state of grace. This miracle consisted in the blood of an animal, which was renewed every week, being put in a bottle, of which the glass was very thick on one side and thin on the other. Either side was turned towards the pilgrim, as the priests were satisfied

or not with his gifts. Several other impostures of similar kind were discovered.

On the other hand, mere ruthless destruction and robbery often took place; the rich shrine of Thomas à Becket at Canterbury was destroyed, and the immense quantity of gold and precious stones, which had been given by the worshippers at the grave, were confiscated and carried away.

The Pope Denounces the King.

When these radical measures had become known at Rome, the pope immediately discharged against Henry all the thunders of his spiritual store-house. He freed his subjects from their allegiance, and his allies from their treaties with him; and exhorted all Christians to make war against the sacrilegious king and to drive him from the throne. But the age of crusades was past, and this display of impotent malice produced only contempt in the minds of the king and his advisers, who steadily proceeded in their work of destruction.

But, notwithstanding the king's disagreement with the pope on many subjects, there was one point on which they were alike—they were both intolerant bigots. While the king was excommunicated as a heretic, he was himself equally zealous in rooting out heresy as he understood it, and burning all who presumed to depart from the standard of faith which he had himself established.

Fall of Thomas Cromwell.

In 1540, Cromwell, who had so long been a favorite of the king, and had held the highest offices, was suddenly disgraced, and committed to the Tower. His iron-handed government had earned him many enemies. Even the proud nobility had long cowered before this man of humble birth. The clergy, also, believed that the suppression of the monasteries and the innovations in religion were due to his counsels. The fickle tyrant, Henry, whom he had served, was also displeased with him as the adviser of his marriage with Anne of

Cleves, whom he was now tired of and anxious to part from, so that he might marry Catherine Howard, niece of the duke of Norfolk. He suspected Cromwell likewise of secretly encouraging an opposition to the six articles of religion, and hoped, by sacrificing a man who was hated by the Romanists, to regain their support and favor.

Cromwell experienced the common fate of fallen ministers; his pretended friends forsook him, and his enemies satisfied their revenge against him without opposition. Cranmer, however, with rare fidelity, dared to avow an attachment for the doomed man, even at this time, and wrote a very earnest letter to the king in his favor. But Henry was not easily turned from his purpose, and being resolved on the ruin of Cromwell, was not to be persuaded.

In the house of lords a bill charging him with treason was passed with the utmost haste; but in the commons it met with opposition, and after a delay of ten days, a new bill was framed, and sent up to the lords, in which Cromwell was designated as "the most corrupt traitor ever known."

The king now proceeded with his divorce, and although there was no reason to dispute the legality of his marriage with Anne of Cleves, still, as she was disagreeable to his royal taste, his courtiers were too well trained to offer the least opposition to his wishes. The convocation unanimously dissolved the marriage, and gave Henry liberty to marry again; indeed it is probable that if he had desired to have two or more wives at once, the measure would have been sanctioned, so base and servile were the courtiers and priests by whom this tyrant was surrounded. The queen continued to reside in England, and had a pension awarded her for her support.

Cromwell, the once powerful minister, was soon after led out to the block and his head struck off with a blow of the executioner's axe.

The bishops now published a new "book of religion," in which they settled the standard of the national faith; and although the reformers were justly dissatisfied with many parts of it, yet with other

portions they saw more reason to be content: as many superstitious practices were condemned in it, and the Gospel covenant was rightly stated; every national church was also declared to be a complete body in itself, with power to reform heresies, and do everything necessary for the preservation of its purity and the government of its members.

The clergy, elated by the condemnation and death of Cromwell, persuaded the king to new severities; and three preachers, Barnes, Gerrard, and Jerome, were accused of holding heretical opinions and put on trial for their lives.

Martyrdom of Dr. Robert Barnes.

Dr. Barnes was educated at the university of Louvain, in Belgium. On his return to England he went to Cambridge, where he was made prior and master of the house of the Augustines. Eager to impart knowledge and truth, he began to instruct the students in the ancient languages, and with the assistance of Parnel, his scholar, whom he had brought from Louvain, soon established a broader system of education, and caused the university to bear a very different aspect.

This being done, Barnes began to read openly the epistles of St. Paul, and to teach in greater simplicity the religion of Christ. He preached and disputed with great warmth against the luxuries of the higher clergy, particularly against cardinal Wolsey, and against the hypocrisy and corruption of the times in general. After preaching thus for some months Barnes was accused of heresy, arrested, and brought to London. He was soon taken to the palace of cardinal Wolsey, and brought before the great man in his state chamber.

"Is this," said the cardinal, "that Dr. Barnes who is accused of heresy?"

"Yes, and please your grace," replied the cardinal's secretary.

"Well, Master Doctor," said Wolsey, "could you not find sufficient in the Scriptures to teach the people, but that my golden shoes, my torch-bearers, my marble stairs, and my velvet cushions, did so sore offend

you, that you must make us a by-word amongst the people, who that day on which you preached did laugh us to scorn? Verily it was a sermon fitter for the stage than the pulpit; for you said, 'The cardinal wears a pair of red gloves, I should say bloody gloves,' quoth you, 'that he should not be cold in the midst of his ceremonies.'"

Dr. Barnes answered, "I spake nothing but the truth, out of the Scriptures, according to my conscience, and according to the old doctors." And then he delivered him six sheets of paper written, to confirm and prove his words. The cardinal received them smiling, saying, "We perceive, then, that you intend to stand to your articles, and to show your learning."

"Yea," said Barnes, "that I do by God's grace, with your lordship's favor."

Wolsey answered, "Such as you bear us and the church little favor. I will ask you a question: Do you not think it necessary that I should have all this royalty, to represent the king's majesty in all the high courts of this realm, and to the terror and keeping down of wicked treasons and traitors? Would you have us to sell all these things or give them to the poor, who would shortly cast them in the dirt; and to put away this princely dignity, which is a terror to the wicked, and to follow your counsel?"

"I do think it proper," said Barnes, "to have these things sold and given to the poor. For this is not becoming your calling; nor is the king's majesty maintained by your pomp and royalty, but by God's grace, who saith, Kings and their majesty reign and stand by Me."

Barnes was then committed to the custody of the sergeant-at-arms who had brought him to London, and by whom he was the next morning brought before the bishops; who, on examining the articles of his faith, which he had delivered to the cardinal, asked him if he would sign them, which he did, and was thereupon committed to the Fleet prison.

On the Saturday following, he was again brought before the

bishops, who called upon him to know whether he would recant or burn. He was at first inclined rather to burn than recant, but was persuaded to submit to save his life, and the paper being made ready, he at length signed it with his own hand; yet his judges would scarcely receive him back into the church. Then they put him to an oath, and charged him to do all that they commanded him, which he accordingly promised.

He was then again committed to the Fleet, and the next morning was brought to St. Paul's church, with five others who had recanted. Here the cardinals, bishops, and clergy being assembled in great pomp, the bishop of Rochester preached a sermon against the doctrines of Luther, during which Barnes was commanded to kneel down and ask forgiveness of God, after which he was ordered, at the end of the sermon, to declare that he was treated more mercifully than he deserved, his heresies being so horrible and so detestable; then he kneeled down again and asked the people to forgive and to pray for him. This being ended, the cardinal departed under a canopy, with the bishops and mitred abbots, who accompanied him to the outer gate of the church, after which they returned. Then Barnes, and the others who had abjured, were carried thrice about a fire, after which they were brought to the bishops, and kneeled down for absolution. The bishop of Rochester standing up, declared that Dr. Barnes, with the others, were received into the church again. After this they were sent back to the Fleet to await the cardinal's pleasure.

Dr. Barnes having remained in the Fleet six months, was placed in the custody of the Austin Friars in London; from whence he was removed by the Austin Friars of Northampton, there to be burned; of which intention, however, he was perfectly ignorant. Being informed of the cruel designs of his enemies, he made his escape, and reached Antwerp, where he dwelt in safety, and was honored with the friendship of some of the best and most eminent men of the time, such as Luther, Melancthon, the duke of Saxony, and others. Indeed, so

great was his reputation, that the king of Denmark sent him as one of his ambassadors to England. Sir Thomas More, at that time lord chancellor, tried then to have him arrested on the former charge. The king, however, would not allow this, as it would have been a breach of the law of nations to offer violence to an ambassador. Barnes, therefore, remained in England unharmed, and departed again without restraint. He returned to Wittemberg, where he remained to publish his books, in print, that he had written, after which he returned again to England, and continued a faithful preacher in London, being well treated during the time of Anne Boleyn. He was afterward sent ambassador by Henry to the duke of Cleves, upon the business of the marriage between Anne of Cleves and the king; and gave great satisfaction in every office which was entrusted to him.

Not long after the arrival of Gardiner from France, Dr. Barnes and other reformed preachers were arrested and carried before the king at Hampton Court, where Barnes was examined. The king being desirous to bring about an agreement between him and Gardiner, granted Barnes leave to go home with the bishop, so that they might discuss the matter and settle their differences. But as they could not agree, Gardiner and his party sought to entangle and entrap Barnes and his friends in further disobedience, which not long after they succeeded in doing. For, the three—Barnes, Gerrard, and Jerome—were soon sent for to Hampton Court, whence they were taken to the Tower of London, there to remain till they were brought out to death.

The history of Barnes' two fellow-prisoners, Gerrard and Jerome, is as follows:

Thomas Gerrard.

Thomas Gerrard was a curate of London. Going to Oxford, he brought with him some books in Latin, treating of the Scriptures, with Tyndale's first translation of the New Testament in English; these books he sold to several students at Oxford university.

After Gerrard had been at Oxford for a time, and had sold all his books, news came from London that he was being looked for in that city, as a heretic, and charged with selling heretical publications. For it had become known to cardinal Wolsey, the bishop of London, and others, that Gerrard had a great number of those books, and that he had gone to Oxford intending to sell them. Therefore they determined to make a search through Oxford, to apprehend and imprison him, and to burn all his books, and him too if they could. But one of the officers of the university gave Gerrard secret warning of his danger and advised him to escape quickly and secretly from Oxford.

Gerrard was soon appointed, through the interest of a friend, to a church in Dorsetshire, and he set out for that county, but being waylaid by his enemies, was unable to continue his journey, and therefore returned to Oxford, where he was on the same night arrested as he lay in his bed, and shut up in prison till further directions were received respecting him. He escaped in disguise, but was retaken, and convicted as a heretic.

William Jerome.

William Jerome was vicar of Stepney. He was an earnest preacher of the Gospel, and opposed to the perversions and traditions of man. At last one of his sermons so offended the authorities that he was summoned before the king at Westminster, and there accused of heresy. In spite of his arguments, he was committed to the Tower of London, in company with Barnes and Gerrard.

Burning of Barnes, Gerrard, and Jerome.

Having remained in the Tower about three months the prisoners were brought out to die at Smithfield. As they stood before the people they appeared calm and composed. Before being committed to the flames they addressed the crowd as follows: Dr. Barnes being the first to speak. He said:

"I am come hither to be burned as a heretic, and you shall hear my belief; whereby you shall perceive what opinions I hold. I take God to witness I never, to my knowledge, taught any erroneous doctrine, but only those things which Scripture led me to; and that in my sermons I never upheld any error, nor moved nor encouraged any disobedience to the king."

After stating the articles of his belief, Barnes said to the sheriff, "Have you any charges against me for which I am condemned?" The sheriff answered, "No." "Then," said he, "is there here any man else that knows why I must die, or that by my preaching has been led into error? Let them now speak, and I will give them an answer." But no man answered. Then said he, "Well, I am condemned by the law to die, and as I understand by an act of parliament: but wherefore I cannot tell, but probably for heresy, for we are likely to burn. But they who have been the occasion of it, I pray God to forgive them, as I would be forgiven myself. And Stephen, bishop of Winchester, that now is, if he has brought about this my death either by word or deed, I pray God to forgive him, as heartily, as freely, as ever Christ forgave them that put him to death. And if any of the council, or any other, have brought it about through malice or ignorance, I pray God to forgive their ignorance and illuminate their eyes, that they may see and ask mercy for it. I beseech you all to pray for the king as I have done ever since I was in prison, and do now, that God may give him prosperity, and that he may reign long among you; and after him, that godly prince Edward may so reign, that he may finish those things that his father has begun. I have been reported to be a preacher of sedition, and disobedient to the king's majesty; but here I say to you, that you are all bound by the commandment of God to obey your prince with all humility and with all your heart; yea, not so much as in a look to show yourselves disobedient to him, and not only to do this for fear of the sword, but also for conscience sake before God."

Then said Barnes to the sheriff, "Mr. Sheriff, I require you on God's behalf to have me commended unto the king, and to tell him that I require of his grace these five requests. First, that where his grace hath received into his hands all the goods and substance of the monasteries.—"

Here the sheriff cried out "Silence!"

Barnes answered, "Mr. Sheriff, I warrant you I will speak no harm. I would only say that I hope it may please his grace to bestow the said goods, or some of them, to the comfort of his poor subjects; they surely have great need of them. The second that I desire his grace is, that he will see that the marriage law be held in more reverence than it is; and that men do not, for trifling causes, cast off their wives. The third, that profane swearers may be punished; for the vengeance of God will come on them for their oaths. The fourth, that his majesty would establish Christ's true religion; and seeing he has begun, go forward and make an end; for many things have been done, but much more is to do; and also, that it would please his grace to read God's word himself, for it has been heretofore less held in honor than many traditions invented by man."

"Now," said Barnes, "how many petitions have I made?" The people answered, "Four." "Well," said he, "even these four are sufficient, which I desire you that the king's grace may be told of, and say, that I most humbly desire him to look earnestly upon them; and that his grace take heed that he be not deceived with false preachers and teachers and evil counsel, for Christ saith, that such false prophets shall come in sheep's clothing." Lastly Barnes begged all men to forgive him, if he had said any evil at any time, or given any person cause to be offended. He asked all to bear witness that he died in the faith of Jesus Christ, by whom he doubted not but to be saved, and he desired them all to pray for him. Then he turned him about, and put off his clothes, making ready for the fire, there patiently to take his death.

Jerome and Gerrard, professed in like manner their belief, so that the people might understand there was no error in their faith; protesting that they denied nothing that was either in the Old, or New Testament, which was approved by their sovereign lord the king, whom they hoped might long continue among them, with his most dear son, prince Edward.

After the three poor prisoners had prayed the Lord to support them through this their affliction, they took each other by the hands; then quietly gave themselves up to the tormentors, who fastened them with iron chains to the stake, and lighting the fagots soon ended their mortal lives and cares.

The Sermons That were Preached.

At this time the sermons of the Romish priests ordinarily gave but little of the simple teaching of Christianity. They discoursed rather upon the saints, the virtues of their sacred relics, and told so much that was merely legend or tradition that the more intelligent among their hearers came to disbelieve all they said. The preachers of the reformed faith, on the other hand, took pains to instruct the people in the principles of religion,—a subject upon which many of them had remained, up to this time, in total ignorance. This caused their sermons to be listened to with eager interest. But it must be said that, there were some among these preachers whose hatred of Rome led them to introduce in their discourses much bitterness and railing against the priesthood, which was not consistent with the mild precepts of Christianity. This caused an order to be made that none should preach without a license. There was also printed a book of homilies containing parts of Scripture, together with some practical exhortations founded on them, for the use of itinerant preachers. It is said that unjust complaints were sometimes made against licensed preachers by their opponents, who falsely charged them with uttering words they had never spoken. For their own protection the preachers began

to write, and read aloud their sermons. This was the beginning of a custom afterward almost universal.

Story of Robert Testwood.

Robert Testwood, a skilled musician, of London, was a member of the choir of the college of Windsor. Owing to his upholding Luther's doctrines he was much disliked by some of the chief men of the college. Testwood happened one day to be at dinner with Dr. Rawson, one of the professors, and a clergyman named Ely. The clergyman began to rail against laymen knowing only the English tongue, who pretended to understand the Scriptures and to be better learned, than scholars who had been brought up in the universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Testwood, taking the hint, said, "Mr. Ely, by your permission, I think it be no harm for laymen, such as I am, to read and to know the Scriptures."

"How can you," cried Ely, "that be unlearned, know them, or understand them? Now answer me this: St. Paul saith, 'If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; and in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head.' Now, sir," continued Ely, "what meaneth St. Paul by those coals of fire?" "Indeed, sir," replied Testwood, "he meaneth nothing else by them (as I have learned) but burning charity, that by doing good to our enemies we should thereby win them." "Ah, sirrah," said Ely, much taken aback, "you are a famous scholar indeed!"

After this they talked about the pope—as the papal supremacy was much discussed at that time—and Ely demanded of Testwood, whether the pope ought to be the head of their church or no? Testwood, after some argument, refused to acknowledge the pope, and said, "Every king in his own realm and dominion, ought to be the head of the church under Christ." At which words Ely rose from the table in a great passion, calling him a heretic; and so left the room.

Testwood was very sorry to see Ely so angry; and after dinner he

went out and found him walking in the churchyard. Testwood wished to talk the matter over with him, but Ely would not come near, but pointed out Testwood to others who passed by, saying, "Beware of this fellow, for he is the greatest heretic and schismatic that ever came into Windsor."

Ely intended, at the dean's coming home, to have accused Testwood; but a few days after, the act confirming the king's supremacy passed in the parliament. The dean, Dr. Sampson, returned and gave orders for all the professors of the college to assemble before him. Then Ely consulted with the others, and they agreed to accuse Testwood. "But he that layeth a snare for another man," says the proverb, "shall be taken in it himself." And so it happened in this instance. For when all were assembled in the chapter-house, the dean began contrary to every man's expectation, to talk against the pope of Rome's supremacy and usurped authority, proving the same contrary to Scripture and reason; and at length declared openly, that, by consent of the parliament, the pope's supremacy was utterly abolished out of England for ever; and so commanded every man there, to call him pope no more, but bishop of Rome, and whoever would not do so, or did henceforward maintain or favor his cause in any manner, should not only lose the benefit of that house, but be reputed as an utter enemy of God and the king. The professors and teachers hearing this, were all thunderstruck. Yet, in spite of that, Ely was so hot against Testwood, that he began to tell his tale; but the dean, interrupting him, called him a fool, and required him to hold his peace. The dean then caused all the pope's pardons which hung about the church to be brought into the chapter-house and burned.

After this, as Testwood was one day walking in the church, he saw some pilgrims making their offerings to certain images and statues of saints; upon which he reproved them for their idolatry, and exhorted them to worship God alone. To show them the utter help-

lessness of those images of wood and stone, he struck off the nose of one of them, and showing it to the credulous worshippers, said, "Lo, good people you see what it is, nothing but earth and dust; it cannot help itself: and how then can you believe it will help you? For God's sake, brethren, be no more deceived."

This action gave great offence to the priests, and not less to the image-dealers, who foresaw the ruin of their trade, if such ideas got about. They even threatened Testwood's life, who thereupon refused to leave his house, but wrote an account of the whole matter to Thomas Cromwell, then high in favor with the king. The professors fearing Cromwell, ceased to molest Testwood who went about his duties as before. He was still, however, looked upon as a heretic, and his evident love for the doctrines of the reformers, kept alive the anger of his enemies, and in the end brought about his martyrdom, as will be told further on.

About this time certain friends of Testwood drew down upon themselves the same suspicions, and in the end suffered the same punishment as was dealt out to him.

Persecution of Anthony Pearson and Other Friends of Testwood.

Anthony Pearson, who about this time began to preach at Windsor, was much liked by the lovers of the Gospel, who went in great numbers to hear him. This gave offence to the priests and their followers; and Dr. London, a priest of Windsor, with Simons, a lawyer, who had before accused Testwood for defacing the image, made great efforts to establish a charge of heresy against Pearson and his friends. With this view they made notes of some of his sermons against the mass, and other forms of service practiced by the church of Rome. They then fixed on several persons to be accused as the principal upholders of what they called his heretical doctrines, among whom were Sir W. Hobby, Sir T. Cardine, and Dr. Haynes, dean of Exeter. They

also employed spies to report the names of those persons who did not come to confession. Having collected all these particulars, Dr. London sent the account to Gardiner, bishop of Winchester, with a complaint of "the great disquietude, brought upon the members of the church, by the evil doctrines and examples of these pernicious heretics," and a request that his lordship would "assist them in purging the town of such wicked persons."

The bishop accordingly told the king that the heretics had spread throughout the realm, and were to be found even in his own chapel; he therefore begged his majesty that he might have leave to enforce the laws against them; to which the king consented. The bishop immediately got a warrant for searching the houses of those who had been accused by Dr. London, in order to find proofs of heresy. They succeeded in finding certain books and writings against the forms of the church of Rome and the six articles, in the houses of four persons, viz., Testwood, Benet, Marbeck, and Filmer. All these men (except Testwood, who was confined to his room by illness), were therefore at once arrested, sent to London, examined before the council, and committed to prison.

Marbeck was a man of remarkable intelligence and industry. He had begun a Concordance of the Bible in English, which was seized with his other papers, and laid before the council. This caused a great commotion. The bishop of Winchester asked Marbeck if he understood Latin, and would scarcely believe that he did not; for both he and the other lords of the council thought his Concordance was a mere translation from the Latin. They said that "if such a book should go forth in English, it would take away the credit from those scholars who knew the Latin tongue."

Drawing some sheets out from the writing, the bishop of Salisbury laid them before the bishop of Hereford, who after examining them for awhile, admitted that Marbeck had been better employed than many of his own priests.

Then the bishop of Salisbury asked, "Who helped you in preparing this book?" "Truly, my lord," replied Marbeck, "I had no help at all." "How could you," said the bishop, "invent such a book, or know what a Concordance meant, without an instructor?" "I will tell you, my lord," said the prisoner, "how it was that I came to begin it. When Thomas Matthew's Bible came out in print, I much wanted one of them; but being a poor man, not able to buy it, I determined to borrow it from one of my friends, and to write a copy of it. And when I had written out the five books of Moses on fair white paper, and had begun the book of Joshua, my friend Mr. Turner chanced to steal upon me unawares, and seeing me writing out the Bible, asked me what I meant thereby. And when I had told him the cause, 'Tush,' quoth he, 'thou goest about a vain and tedious labor. But I can propose a profitable work for thee, to set out a Concordance in English.' 'A Concordance,' said I, 'what is that?' Then he told me it was a book to find out any word in the Bible by the letter, and that there was such an one in Latin already. Then I told him I had no learning to go about such a thing. 'Enough,' quoth he, 'for that matter, for it requireth not so much learning as diligence. And seeing thou art so industrious a man, and one that cannot be unoccupied, it were a good exercise for thee.' So as it seemed to me a good thing to be done, I set to work; and this, my lord, is all the instruction that ever I had, before or after, of any man."

"And who is this Turner?" asked the bishop of Salisbury. "Marry," said Dr. May, "an honest and learned man, and a bachelor of divinity, and at one time a fellow in Magdalene College, in Oxford." "How could you," said the bishop of Salisbury, "with this instruction, bring it to this order and form, as it is?" "I borrowed a Latin Concordance," replied Marbeck, "and began to practise, and at last, with great labor and diligence, brought it into this order, as your lordship doth see." "It is a great pity," said the bishop of Ely, "he had not the Latin tongue." "Yet I cannot believe," said the bishop of Salis-

bury, "that he has done any more in this work than copied it out after some other man that is more learned."

"My lords," said Marbeck, "I marvel greatly why I should be so much examined for this book, and cannot tell whether I have committed any offence in writing it or no. If I have, then were I loth for any other to be molested or punished for my fault. Therefore, to clear all men in this matter, this is my request, that you will try me on the rest of the book that is undone. You see that I am yet but at the letter L, beginning now at M, therefore take out what word ye will of that letter, and so of every letter following, and give me the words on a piece of paper, and set me in a place alone where it shall please you, with ink and paper, the English Bible, and the Latin Concordance; and if I bring you not these words written in the same order and form, that the rest is, then it was not I that did it, but some other."

"By my truth, Marbeck," cried the bishop of Ely, "that is honestly spoken, and will bring many out of suspicion."

Marbeck being sent back to his prison chamber, fell to work, and so applied himself that by the next day, when the bishop sent for him again, he had filled three sheets of paper and more, which he handed to the bishop, who, after looking at them, said, "Well, Marbeck, you have indeed removed all doubt, and I assure you," putting up the paper into his bosom, "the king shall see this ere I be twenty-four hours older." But he did not keep his word, and never showed it to the king; neither was Marbeck released, but being given into the charge of his keeper was led back to prison again.

Trial of Pearson, Testwood, and their Companions.

After a time, Anthony Pearson, Henry Filmer, and John Marbeck, were sent to Windsor, and locked up in the town jail; and Testwood, who had been forced to keep to his bed, was brought out of his house upon crutches, and confined with them. There was a session of court specially held to try them. By the advice of Dr. London, and Simons,

the lawyer, all the farmers belonging to Windsor, were notified to appear, because they could not pick out Romanists enough in the town to serve upon the jury.

When the judges had taken their places, and the prisoners were brought into court, the usual charges of heresy were preferred against them by the king's attorney. After all had been heard and the arguments on both sides ended, the jury went out. After they had been together about a quarter of an hour, Simons went to confer with them. After that, one of the jurymen came out to the bishop, and talked with him and the other commissioners a good while; whereby many thought that the jury could not agree. But soon after they appeared and delivered their verdict: which was, that the prisoners were all guilty.

The commissioners now could not decide who should pronounce judgment. All the others declining, Fachel said, "If it must be done, one of us must do it, and if no other man will, then will I." And so he, the lowest in degree of all the commissioners, gave judgment.

Marbeck, being the last upon whom sentence was passed, cried out to the bishop, "Ah, my lord, you told me otherwise when I was before you and the other two bishops. You said that I was in a better case than any of my fellows; and is your saying come to this? Ah, my lord, you have deceived me!"

The prisoners being condemned and led away, prepared themselves to die on the morrow, comforting one another in the death and passion of their blessed Saviour, trusting that the same Lord, who had thought them worthy to suffer so far for his sake, would not now withdraw his strength from them, but would surely give them faith and power to overcome the fiery torments to which they were to be exposed.

On the morrow, which was Friday, as the prisoners were all preparing themselves to go to the stake, word was brought them that they should not die that day. The cause was this: the bishop of Sarum had sent a letter to the bishop of Winchester in favor of Marbeck;

upon receiving which the bishop went to the king, and obtained his pardon. So Marbeck was released, at which many rejoiced.

Burning of Pearson, Testwood, and Filmer.

On the next day, which was Saturday, the three remaining prisoners were to be led out to die. Dr. Blithe and Mr. Arch, two of the officers of the college, came to them; and Arch asked the prisoners, "If they would be confessed?" to which they said yea. Then he demanded, "If they would receive the communion?" "Yea," said they again, "with all our hearts." "I am glad," said Arch, "to hear you say so; but the law is, that it may not be administered to any that are convicted of heresy. However, it is well for you that ye desire it."

The three prisoners were then taken to the hall to confess, because the prison was full of people. Dr. Blithe took Anthony Pearson to him to confess, and Arch took the other two. But Pearson would not stay long with the doctor, but came down again, saying, "He wanted no more of his doctrine." And soon after the other two came down also.

Moving apart from the people in the prison, Pearson began to say the Lord's prayer, which he continued till the officers came to fetch him and his fellow-prisoners away; then taking their leave of Marbeck, they praised God for his deliverance, wishing to him an increase of godliness and virtue, beseeching him heartily to help them with his prayers to God, to make them strong in their afflictions; and so they parted.

As the prisoners passed through the street, they asked all the people to pray for them, and to stand fast in the truth of the Gospel, and not to be moved by their seeming afflictions, for it was the happiest event that ever happened to them. When Filmer came to his brother's door, he wished to say farewell to him, but Dr. London kept him out of sight; so when he had called for his brother three

or four times, and found he came not, he said, "And will he not come? Then God forgive him." Being at length arrived at the place of execution, Anthony Pearson, with a cheerful countenance, embraced the post in his arms, and kissing it, said, "Now welcome mine own sweet wife; for this day shalt thou and I be married together in the love and peace of God."

Being all three bound to the post, a young man, a friend of Filmer, brought him drink, saying, "Wilt thou drink?" "Yea," cried Filmer, "I thank you; and now my brother," continued he, "I desire you, in the name of the living Lord, to stand fast in the truth of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, which you have received;" and so taking the vessel in his hand, he asked Pearson if he would drink also. "Yea, brother Filmer," replied he, "I pledge you in the Lord."

Then all three drank; and Filmer, encouraging the others, said, "Be merry, my brethren, and lift up your hearts to God, for after this sharp breakfast, I trust we shall have a happy meeting in the kingdom of Christ, our Lord and Redeemer."

At these words, Testwood, lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, prayed the Lord above to receive his spirit. And Anthony Pearson, pulling the wood toward him, said, "Now am I armed like a true soldier of Christ, by whose merits only I trust this day to enter into joy." And so they yielded up their souls to the Father in heaven, with such humility and steadfastness, that many who saw their patient suffering, confessed that they could have found it in their own hearts to have died with them.

Account of Adam Damlip.

Adam Damlip was educated as a priest of the church of Rome. He served as chaplain to Fisher, bishop of Rochester, and after the death of the bishop, Damlip left England and traveled through France, Holland, and Italy.

Coming at last to Rome, where he expected to find godliness and virtue, Damlip found instead, such looseness of life and contempt of

the religion of Christ—even among the priests of the church—that he refused longer to remain at Rome; although urged to do so by cardinal Pole, who wished him to give three lectures each week in his house, for which he offered him a considerable sum of money.

Returning to England, Damlip began to preach in the west country against the practices of the church of Rome. He was soon arrested, and brought to London, sentenced by Gardiner to the Marshalsea prison, and confined there for two years. During his imprisonment he grew to be esteemed by every person in the prison; but especially by the keeper himself, whose name was Massy. Being allowed to go at liberty within the walls, Damlip did much good among the common and dissolute sort of prisoners, in rebuking vice and sin, and he kept the usually turbulent company in such good order, that the keeper found him a great help.

One day Damlip wrote out a petition for his release, in which he stated also his religious belief, and gave it to the keeper, desiring him to take it to the bishop of Winchester. The keeper said he would do so, and went the next day to the bishop, returning at night very late. When he came in, the prisoners saw that he was sad and much cast down, so they knew something was amiss. At last, casting his eyes upon Damlip, the keeper said, "O Adam, I can tell thee tidings." "What is it, master?" said Damlip. "Upon Monday next, thou and I must go to Calais." "To Calais, what to do?" "I know not," replied the keeper, "but this was given to me," and then he pulled out of his pocket a wax seal, with a little label of parchment attached to it, which seemed to be a warrant.

When Damlip saw the fatal seal he said, "Well, well, master, now I know what the matter is." "What?" asked the keeper. "Truly, master, I am to die at Calais." "Nay," said the keeper, "I trust it will not be so." "Yes, yes, master, it is most true." Then the keeper, and the prisoners who were confined there, went together to supper, much distressed on account of Damlip; yet he himself was

merry and glad, and supped as heartily as ever he did. Seeing this some of those at the table said they marvelled that he could eat his meat so well, knowing he was so near his death. "Ah, masters," replied he, "think you that one who has been God's prisoner so long in the Marshalsea, has not yet learned to die? Yes, yes, and I doubt not but God will strengthen me therein."

On the following Monday, early in the morning, the keeper, with three others of the knight-marshal's servants, took Adam Damlip to Calais, and there committed him to the mayor's prison. The following Saturday was the day appointed for his execution. The offence which his persecutors laid to his charge was heresy; but because by an act of parliament all such offences, done before a certain day, were pardoned, yet, because he had received a trifling sum from cardinal Pole, given to assist him in his travels, he was accused and convicted of treason.

On the day before Damlip's execution, one Mote, a priest, came to him and said, "Know you what death you are to die? Your four quarters shall be hanged at four parts of the town." "And where shall my head be?" asked Damlip. "Upon a pike on the Lantern gate," said Mote. "Then," answered Damlip, very calmly, "I shall not need to provide means for my burial"

At the place of execution Sir R. Ellerker, then knight-marshal there, would not allow the poor prisoner to declare his faith or tell the cause for which he died, but said to the executioner, "Dispatch the knave, and have done." Mote, who was appointed to preach there, told the people that Damlip had been a sower of seditious doctrine; and although he was for that pardoned by the general pardon, yet he was condemned for being a traitor against the king.

When the prisoner would have replied to this, Sir R. Ellerker would not suffer him to speak a word, but commanded him to be seized, declaring he would not leave the place till he had seen the traitor's heart out. And so most meekly and patiently, the innocent

martyr submitted to his death; he was first hanged by the neck until he was dead, and then his body was cut into four quarters.

It is said that retribution soon overtook Sir R. Ellerker, and he suffered a just punishment for his cruelty. In a skirmish with the French at Boulogne, he was slain, and after thieves had stripped him naked, they mutilated his body, and so left him an example and warning to all bloody and merciless men.

Martyrdom of Kerby and Clarke.

The next English martyrs upon record are Kerby and Clarke. These men were arrested at Ipswich, and committed to the care of the jailor there, named Bird, a very humane man.

While they were in prison, Kerby was visited by one Robert Wingfield, and a Mr. Bruess. Wingfield said to him, "Remember the fire is hot, take heed of thy determination, that thou take no more upon thee than thou shalt be able to bear. The terror is great, the pain will be extreme, and life is sweet. Better hadst thou beg for mercy, while there is yet hope of life, than rashly to begin, and then to shrink."

Kerby answered, "Ah, master Wingfield, come thou to my burning, and thou shalt say, 'There standeth a Christian soldier in the fire:' for I know that fire and water, sword, and all other things, are in the hands of God, and he will suffer no more to be laid upon me than he will give me strength to bear."

"Ah, Kerby," replied Wingfield, "if thou be in that mind, I will bid thee farewell; for I promise thee I am not so strong that I am able to burn." And so both the prisoners said they would pray for him; they shook him by the hand, and he left them.

Kerby and Clarke were soon brought up for examination, before lord Wentworth and the other commissioners. The articles of accusation were read to them, and they were asked "Whether they believed, that after the words spoken by a priest, as Christ spake them

to his apostles, the bread and wine were the very body and blood of Christ, as he was born of the Virgin Mary, and never bread afterward."

To this question the prisoners firmly answered, "No, we do not so believe, but believe the sacrament which Christ instituted at his last supper with his apostles, was only to put men in remembrance of his precious death and blood-shedding for the remission of sins; and that there was neither flesh nor blood to be eaten, but bread and wine, and yet more than bread and wine, for that it is consecrated to a holy use."

Then many persuasions and threats were used to induce them to change this their belief; but they both continued faithful and constant, choosing rather to die than to live, if life could be had only by professing what they did not believe to be true.

Sentence was then passed upon them: Kerby to be burned at Ipswich on the next Saturday, and Clarke to be burned at Bury on the Monday after. The prisoners were then led away, Kerby to prison at Ipswich, and Clarke to Bury St. Edmunds.

On the following Saturday, at about ten o'clock, Kerby was brought to the market-place, where a stake was ready, with wood and straw. He was then fastened to the stake with irons; lord Wentworth, with many other noblemen and gentlemen of the neighborhood, being in a gallery, where they might see his execution, and hear what he would say. There was also a great number of people standing round about. In the gallery, was Dr. Rugham, formerly a monk of Bury, wearing a surplice, with a stole about his neck.

Silence being ordered, Dr. Rugham began to speak to the assembly. As often as he quoted the Scriptures in his discourse, and applied them rightly, Kerby told the people that he was right, and bade them believe him. But when he did otherwise, Kerby called out, "You say not true; believe him not, good people!"

After this was done, the under-sheriff asked of Kerby whether he

had anything more to say. "Yea, sir," said he, "if you will give me leave." "Say on, then," said the sheriff.

Then Kerby, taking his cap from his head, cast it from him, and lifting up his hands, repeated a hymn, and the apostles' creed, with some prayers in the English tongue. While Kerby was thus speaking, lord Wentworth hid his face behind one of the posts of the gallery, and wept, as did many others.

"Now," said Kerby, "I have done: you may do your work, good sheriff." After this, fire was set to the wood, and with a loud voice the martyr commended his soul to heaven; striking upon his breast, and holding up his hands so long as strength remained; and thus he ended his life; the people being filled with wonder at such great constancy.

On the following Monday, about ten o'clock, Roger Clarke was brought out of prison, and led on foot to the gate, called Southgate, in Bury. On the way he met the procession of the host, but he went on, and would not bow, or kneel, but vehemently rebuked what he called their idolatry and superstition.

On arriving at the place of execution, the stake being ready, and the wood lying near, he kneeled down, and prayed. Then rising up he spoke in a clear voice to the people, while they were fastening him to the stake; after which fire was set to him.

His sufferings were dreadful, for the wood was green, and would not burn, so that he was choked with smoke; and moreover, being set in a pitch-barrel, with some pitch still sticking to its sides, he was in great anguish thereby. But at last a man standing near took a fagot, and striking at the ring of iron which was about his neck, and then upon his head, he fell down on one side into the fire, and so ended his pain.

Arrest and Trial of Anne Askew.

This woman came of respectable people and had been decently reared. Having joined the reformers and openly expressed her opin-

KERBY SPEAKS TO THE PEOPLE IN REPLY TO DR. RUGHAM.

ions, she was arrested and put on trial for her life. She underwent several examinations, in which she answered the questions that were asked her with much boldness. After remaining some time in prison, application was made by her relatives for her release. Upon hearing this the bishop of London ordered that she should be brought before him, at three o'clock the next day, attended by her friends.

After having been examined by the bishop, Anne was persuaded to sign a paper, upon which had been written a formal promise to return to the Romish church. She was then released, but was again arrested, about a year after her first trial. The following is an account written by herself in a letter to a friend, of what took place at her last examination.

Trial and Torture of Anne Askew.

"I was sent from Newgate prison to an inn, the sign of the Crown, where Mr. Rich, and the bishop of London, with all their cunning and flattering words, went about to persuade me from God; but I did not heed them. Then came to me Nicholas Shaxton, and counselled me to recant, as he himself had done. I said to him, 'That it had been good for him never to have been born;' with many other like warnings. Then Mr. Rich sent me to the Tower, where I remained till three o'clock, when he came with one of the council, and asked me to tell them the names of every man or woman of my sect.

"My answer to their question was, 'That I knew none.' Then they asked me of lady Suffolk, lady Sussex, lady Hertford, lady Denny, and lady Fitzwilliams. To this I answered, 'If I should pronounce anything against them, I would not be able to prove it.'

"Then said they unto me, 'That the king was informed that I could name, if I would, a great number of my sect.' I answered, 'That the king was as much deceived by them in that, as he was in other matters.'

"Then they commanded me to tell how I was supplied with food

in prison, and who encouraged me to stick to my opinions. I said, 'that there was no creature that therein did strengthen me. And as for the help that I had in the prison, it was by the means of my maid. For as she went abroad in the streets she told my sad case to the apprentices, and they did send me money by her; but who they were I never knew.'

"Then they said, 'That there were several ladies that had sent me money.' I answered, 'That there was a man in a blue coat who delivered me ten shillings, and said that my lady of Hertford sent it me: and another in a violet coat gave me eight shillings, and said my lady Denny sent it me. Whether it were true or no I cannot tell; for I am not sure who sent it me, but as the maid did say.' Then they said, 'There were some of the council who maintained me.' I said, 'No, that it was not so.'

"Then did they put me on the rack, because I confessed no ladies or gentlewomen to be of my opinion, and thereon they kept me a long time, and because I lay still and did not cry, my lord chancellor and Mr. Rich took pains to rack me with their own hands till I was nigh dead. The lieutenant then caused me to be loosed from the rack, when I immediately fainted away and they recovered me again.

"Then was I brought to a house and laid in a bed, with as weary and painful bones as ever had patient Job. My lord chancellor sent me word, if I would change my opinions I should want for nothing; if I would not, I should forthwith to Newgate, and so be burned. I sent him again word, that I would rather die than break my faith. May the Lord open the eyes of their blind hearts, that the truth may enlighten them.

"Farewell, dear friends, and pray for me."

The torture of Anne Askew is thus described by another writer:

She was led down into a dungeon, where Sir Anthony Knevet, the lieutenant, commanded his jailer to try her with the rack; which being done as much as he thought sufficient, he was about to take her down,

supposing that he had done enough. But Wriothesley, the chancellor, not satisfied that she should be loosed so soon, having confessed nothing, commanded the lieutenant to strain her on the rack again. This the lieutenant, out of pity, refused to do.

He was then threatened by the chancellor, "That he would report his disobedience to the king;" but remaining unmoved by their threats, Wriothesley and Rich, throwing off their gowns, would needs play the tormentor themselves till the prisoner's bones were almost broken, so that she had to be carried away in a chair. When the racking was ended, the chancellor and Rich both rode off to the court.

In the meantime, while they were making their way by land, the more merciful lieutenant, taking boat, hastened to the court to speak with the king before the others. He asked pardon of the king, and told him about the racking of Mrs. Askew, and the threats of the lord chancellor, "because he refused to rack her, which he for compassion could not find it in his heart to do, and therefore desired his highness's pardon." When the king had heard this he seemed not to approve their severity, and granted the lieutenant his pardon.

Burning of Anne Askew.

On the day appointed for her execution, Anne Askew was brought to Smithfield in a chair, being still unable to walk from the hurts she had received in prison.

When she arrived at the stake, she was fastened to it by a chain round her body. Three other persons were brought to suffer with her, for the same cause. These were Nicholas Belenian, a priest of Shropshire; John Adams, a tailor; and John Lacels, a gentleman of the king's household.

The martyrs being all chained to the stake, Dr. Shaxton, who was appointed to preach, commenced his sermon, and this being ended, the martyrs began their prayers.

The crowd of spectators was very great, and on a bench near the

stake sat the lord chancellor, the duke of Norfolk, the earl of Bedford, the lord mayor, and other persons of consideration. The chancellor sent to Anne Askew letters, offering her the king's pardon if she would recant; but she refused even to look upon them. Then the letters were likewise offered to the others, who inspired by the courage of the woman, refused not only to receive them, but also to look upon them, and continued to cheer and exhort each other to be firm to the end of their sufferings, and so to deserve the glory they were about to enter; whereupon the lord mayor, commanding fire to be put to them, cried, with a loud voice, "Let justice be done."

And thus these heroic spirits were surrounded with flames of fire, and offered themselves up willingly a living sacrifice.

Thomas Benet Posts A Notice on the Church Door.

Thomas Benet was born at Cambridge and educated at the university. Becoming converted to the reformed faith he was so grieved in conscience, and troubled in spirit to see the uncontrolled power of the pope in England, that he said, speaking privately to his friends, "these things I can no longer endure, but must needs, and will declare them wrong. And for my own part, for the testimony of my own conscience, and for the defence of God's true religion, I will yield myself most patiently (as near as God will give me grace) to die and to shed my blood therefore; for I believe that my death will be more profitable to the church of God, and for the edifying of his people, than my life can ever be."

Benet's friends at first tried to dissuade him from such a dangerous course, but at length yielded to his arguments, and promised to pray to God for him, that he might be made strong in the cause, and continue faithful to the end. Benet then prepared for the struggle by giving away all his books and papers to his friends. He then wrote out two notices, or placards, which he nailed upon the doors of the

cathedral in the night. The notices bore the following words: "The pope is antichrist. Worship God only and not saints."

In the morning, when these notices were found upon the church-door, there was a great stir; the clergy were alarmed, and search was made for the "heretic" who had been so bold as to defy them. The bishop directed that sermons should be preached every day against this heresy.

Benet, who kept close his own secret, went the Sunday following to the cathedral, and there, by chance sat down by two men who had been the busiest in all the city searching for the heretic. They seeing Benet, and having before suspected him, said, "Surely this fellow is the heretic that hath set up the bills, and it were good to examine him." But, when they had well watched him, and saw the quiet and sober behavior of the man, his attentiveness to the preacher, his godliness in the church, being always occupied with his book, which was a Testament in the Latin tongue, they were put off from their purpose, and had no will to accuse him, but departed, and left him reading his book.

The priests being unable to discover the guilty one, at length determined to pronounce a curse against him, whoever he might be. This was done, with much ceremony, in the following manner: one of the priests, robed all in white, went up into the pulpit. The congregation, with some of the two orders of friars and monks, stood round about, and the priest began his sermon from the book of Joshua: "There is blasphemy in the camp."

After preaching a long time, he concluded by saying that "the foul and abominable heretic who had put up such blasphemous bills, was for this blasphemy doubly cursed; and prayed God, our Lady, St. Peter, patron of that church, with all the holy company of martyrs, confessors, and virgins, that the heretic might be discovered who had put up such blasphemous bills." Then followed the curse, which was uttered by the priest in a most solemn voice.

But Benet, so far from being afraid, laughed aloud at what he called their monkish mummery. Upon this, those who stood next to him, in great surprise, asked him "for what cause he laughed."

"My friends," said he, "who can forbear, seeing such merry conceits and practices."

Immediately he was seized, and the cry raised, "Here is the heretic, here is the heretic! hold him fast, hold him fast!" If it had not been for the crowd and confusion it would have gone hard with Benet at this time, but his enemies, being not quite certain that he was the man, released him, and let him go home to his house.

In spite of this narrow escape, the next morning, early, Benet sent a boy with more notices to fasten upon the church-door. As the boy was sticking them on, he was seen by a man going to early mass, who asked him, "Whose boy are you?" and charged him with being the guilty one who had put up the bills upon the doors. The man then pulled down the bill and brought it, together with the boy, before the mayor. It was soon found out that Benet had sent the boy, so he was at once arrested and put in prison.

The next day the magistrates of the city had Benet before them and questioned him. To them he confessed what he had done, saying, "It was even I that put up those bills, and if it were to do, I would do it again; for in them I have written nothing but what is very truth." "Couldst not thou," asked they, "as well have declared thy mind by word of mouth, as by putting up those blasphemous bills?" "No," said Benet; "I put up the bills, that many should read and hear what false teachers ye are, and that they might know your antichrist, the pope, to be that boar out of the wood, which destroyeth and throweth down the hedges of God's church. Ye well know if I had been heard to speak but one word of this, I should have been clapped fast in prison, and the truth of God hidden. But now I trust all your doings will come to light; for God will so have it, and no longer will suffer you."

The next day Benet was sent to the bishop, who committed him to prison, where he was kept in the stocks and fastened with strong irons. Then the bishop, with Dr. Brewer, his chancellor, and others of his clergy and friars, began to examine and accuse him.

Benet made so good a defence against these charges and so skilfully proved and defended his faith that he surprised them, and they began even to feel pity for his situation. The friars took great pains with him to persuade him to recant and acknowledge his fault, but it was in vain, for he said God had appointed him to be a witness.

Benet was for eight days constantly beset by priests and friars, who tried all their arts to persuade him to be reconciled to the church of Rome; but their efforts were vain, for he remained firm in the faith, and would not move an inch for all their entreaties.

His accusers, at last, finding both threats and persuasions alike useless, proceeded to judgment, and condemned him to the flames. This being done, and the writ brought from London, they delivered him to Sir Thomas Dennis, then sheriff of Devonshire, to be burned.

Benet showed no fear, but even seemed to rejoice that his end was so near, and yielded himself, with all humbleness, to suffer a most cruel death. Being brought to the place of execution, near Exeter, he made an earnest prayer to God, and asked all the people present to pray for him. He also begged them to seek the true knowledge and honor of God, and to leave the vain pleasures of this world; so that all the hearers were astonished, and most of them said, "Truly this is God's servant, and a good man."

But two men named Thomas Carew and John Barnehouse, standing near the stake, urged him to confess his errors, and to call on our Lady and the saints. He answered, "No; upon God only we must call."

Barnehouse was so angered at this answer, that he took a furze-bush upon a pike, and setting it on fire, thrust it into the martyr's face, saying, "Heretic! pray to our blessed Lady, or by Heaven I will make thee do it!"

To this Benet patiently answered, "Alas, sir, trouble me not;" and holding up his hands, he prayed to God; whereupon the sheriff's men set the wood and furze on fire, and Benet, lifting up his eyes toward heaven, cried out, "O Lord, receive my spirit!" And so he continued in his prayers, until his life was ended.

King Henry VIII.'s Sickness and Death.

The king's health began to fail. He became so fat and unwieldy that he could not go up or down stairs, but was let down and drawn up in an elevator, when he wanted to sit in his garden. He had an ulceration in his leg, which gave him much pain, the humors of his body discharging themselves that way, till at last a dropsy came on. He had grown more fierce and cruel than ever, and those about him were unwilling to tell him death seemed near, for fear he would accuse them of treason and send them to the Tower. At last, he made his will and signed it. He ordered Gardiner's name taken from the list of his executors. When Sir Anthony Brown endeavored to persuade him not to put that disgrace on an old servant, he insisted upon it; for he said, "he knew Gardiner's temper, and could govern him; but it would not be in the power of others to do it, if he were put in so high a trust."

On the 27th of January, 1547, the king's spirits sank, and it was evident that he had not long to live. Sir Anthony Denny had the courage to tell him that death was approaching, and begged him to call on God for his mercy. Henry asked that Cranmer be sent for, but was speechless before he arrived; though able, by signs, to show that he understood what was said to him. Soon afterward he became unconscious, and died. He was in the fifty-sixth year of his age, and had reigned thirty-seven years and nine months. Henry's death was concealed from the people for three days; and the parliament continued to sit till the 31st of January, when his decease was made known to the public.

CHAPTER XXI.

INCIDENTS IN THE REIGN OF KING EDWARD VI. OF ENGLAND.

Edward VI., the son of Henry VIII. and his third wife, Jane Seymour, was only ten years old when his father died. A council was formed to rule in Edward's name. At the head of it was his uncle, the duke of Somerset, who was made protector. Somerset was a Protestant, and with the help of Cranmer made many changes in the forms of worship in England.

King Henry VIII. had wished to arrange a marriage between his son and Mary, queen of Scots, who at this time was only about five years of age. The protector tried to carry out this plan; but the Scots would not agree. An army was sent against them, and they were defeated at Pinkie, near Edinburgh. To prevent the young queen from being carried off to England, her friends sent her to France, where she was educated, and afterward married to the eldest son of the French king.

Religious Changes.

The protector and Cranmer, the archbishop of Canterbury, continued to make many changes in the church. Priests were allowed to marry, images in churches were destroyed, a new prayer-book in the English language was made, and mass was forbidden to be said.

These changes, together with the poverty from which the people suffered, caused revolts in Devonshire, Cornwall, and Norfolk. The common people were in great distress, the laws were severe, work was scarce, and thieves and "sturdy beggars" abounded. Somerset was

sorry for the poor people; but he was not a wise ruler, and could make no plan to help them. The lords who were about him had no pity for their sufferings; they put down the revolt by force, and things went on as before.

Fall of Somerset.

The protector was fond of money as well as of power. He built himself a grand palace in London, which is still known as the Somerset House. To make room for it, he blew up a chapel with gunpowder and pulled down a church. Such actions shocked the people, and set them against him. He had to give up his high position as protector, and not long afterward was put to death on a charge of trying to seize the government again by force.

The new protector who filled his place was Dudley, earl of Warwick; he was made duke of Northumberland. He sent Gardiner and Bonner, the Roman Catholic bishops of London and Winchester, to prison in the Tower, and put Latimer and Ridley, two Protestant bishops, in their places. As king Edward grew older he became a strong Protestant.

Death of Edward.

On the 6th of July, 1553, Edward, who was then only sixteen years of age, died of consumption. The duke of Northumberland, afraid of what might happen should Mary become queen, had persuaded Edward to set aside his father's will, and name the Protestant Lady Jane Grey as his successor. She was the granddaughter of Mary Tudor, a daughter of Henry VII; and was at this time a young girl of about the same age as the king. When Edward's will had been made in favor of Lady Jane, the protector married her to his own son, lord Guilford Dudley. In this way he hoped, as father-in-law of the future queen of England, to keep the government of the kingdom in his own hands.

During the reign of Edward VI. much good was done by the

founding of eighteen grammar schools in different parts of the kingdom. No person was put to death for his religion during his reign. Although so young Edward was a good scholar himself, and he also had a kind heart. He founded Christ's Hospital, in London, generally known as the Bluecoat School for orphans, from the strange, old-fashioned dress of the boys, which they still wear. It consists of a long blue coat, like a monk's gown, reaching to the ankles, with a broad leathern belt, bright yellow stockings, and buckled shoes.

CHAPTER XXII.

PERSECUTION IN ENGLAND DURING THE REIGN OF QUEEN MARY.

We now come to the most thrilling period in the history of the English martyrs, the reign of Mary, that bloody queen whose name has ever since been associated with cruelty and murder. It is true that even she has found defenders, who have claimed that nearly all the people who suffered death during her reign had been convicted of treason—for rising in defence of Lady Jane Grey's title to the crown. But the answer to this is that treason was not punished by the stake in England. Traitors were not burned, but beheaded, or hanged. Then, too, they were tried before the regular courts—not by the bishops. Even admitting that the bishops had the power to judge they could not punish such offenders. Moreover, the records of the trials of the martyrs are still in existence, and show that they were carried on exactly in accordance with the bishops' own bloody statute against heretics. Nothing is more certain, therefore, than that few, if any of the persons burned in England, during the reign of queen Mary, were ever accused of treason or tried at common law.

Queen Mary: a Short History of Her Life.

Mary was the daughter of Henry VIII. and Catharine of Arragon. She was born in the earlier part of her parents' married life, at Greenwich, in 1516. Historians disagree as to the extent of Mary's personal responsibility for the many executions of Protestants which took place during her reign. Those most favorably disposed toward her say that her evil name for cruelty is largely due to the rebellious state of England at that time, and to the severe measures taken by her ministers to

restore order. But, at least, there is no reason to doubt she could have stopped the dreadful executions of Protestants which disgraced her reign, had she so desired.

It is certain that Mary's disposition was embittered, and her early life made miserable by her father's efforts to secure a divorce from her mother, and his unfeeling treatment of them both. During the greater part of that unhappy period, mother and daughter seem to have been kept apart, and strictly forbidden to see each other. Removed from court, and treated as illegitimate, Mary was, on the birth of Anne Boleyn's daughter compelled to give up her rank of princess, her household was broken up, and she was sent to serve as lady-in-waiting upon her infant sister. Mary's health was, moreover, poor, and even while she was seriously ill, Henry refused to permit her mother to visit her, and even when Catherine herself lay dying, Mary was forbidden to take a last farewell. After Anne Boleyn had fallen from favor, and was executed, Mary's rights as princess were restored by her father, but she was first forced to acknowledge his supreme power, to deny the pope's authority, and confess that her own mother's marriage to the king had been unlawful; all of which was not only contrary to her belief, but most humiliating to her pride.

During the reign of Mary's brother, Edward VI., she bitterly disapproved of the changes made in the form of worship throughout the kingdom. It is said that she thought seriously of escaping from England and taking refuge in France. She regarded the cause of the pope as her own, for not only had he held her mother's marriage to be legal, but by education and by nature she was a faithful daughter of the church of Rome. When Edward's parliament passed an Act of Uniformity, requiring services in the churches to be in English, Mary continued to attend mass in her private chapel under the old form. When this was forbidden she appealed for protection to the emperor Charles V. of Spain, who, being her cousin, went to the extreme of threatening England with war if Mary's religion was interfered with.

Edward's early death was followed by efforts to deprive Mary of her rights, and to make Lady Jane Grey queen. When this trouble had been overcome, and Mary found herself at last seated on the throne of England, she naturally turned to those who had defended her own and her mother's cause in past times of adversity. The counsels of the pope and Charles V. of Spain were chiefly relied upon to guide her course, and she soon agreed to marry Philip II. of Spain, the son of the emperor, though he was eleven years younger than herself, and much disliked by most of her subjects; she also determined to restore the old religion. Both these projects met with bitter opposition. Parliament sent a deputation to entreat the queen not to marry a Spaniard. When her determination became known, insurrections broke out in different parts of the country, and the queen was even at one time besieged in her own palace at Westminster. This rebellion being put down at last, Mary carried out her plans, married Philip II. of Spain, and restored the power of the Roman church in England.

But it seemed she was destined to be unhappy to the last; she soon found her husband did not love her, and had married her only to gain English ships and money to aid in carrying on Spanish wars. This being opposed by the nation, Philip but seldom came to England. Deserted and miserable, Mary listened more and more to those gloomy counsellors, the persecuting bishops; and England during the last three years of her reign was darkened by the smoke of martyr's fires. Her health which had always been poor became worse; she suffered from a painful chronic disease, and in November, 1558, the sixth year of her evil reign, she died of a fever. Nearly three hundred persons were burned alive in England while Mary was queen.

Mary's Crown Disputed by the Friends of Lady Jane Grey.

Upon the death of Edward VI., the crown belonged, according to law, to his eldest sister, Mary. But the duke of Northumberland

proclaimed Lady Jane Grey, his son's wife, queen of England. Lady Jane was a beautiful young girl of only sixteen, amiable in disposition, and of quiet, studious tastes. When the lords who came to offer her the crown fell on their knees before her, and told her she was queen, she was so astonished that she fainted. On recovering, she expressed her sorrow for young king Edward's death, and said that she knew she was not fit to govern the kingdom; but that if it was required of her to be queen, she prayed God to direct her aright.

But the people were not at all favorable to Lady Jane; they knew that Mary had the right to the throne. The duke of Northumberland sent soldiers to seize Mary and prevent her from going to London; but she was too quick for them, and entered the city, where the people received her with shouts of joy. After only ten days of royalty, Lady Jane gave up the crown with great willingness, saying that she had only accepted it in obedience to her father and mother, and went gladly back to her home and her books. The duke of Northumberland was soon after sent to the Tower and beheaded, and Mary was crowned at Westminster in the usual form.

Cruel Execution of Lady Jane Grey.

Mary was no sooner firm upon her throne than Lady Jane Grey was brought to trial for treason. Her youth—she was at this time only seventeen—and her beauty, did not save her. She was quickly convicted, and her death-warrant signed by the pitiless queen. Before her execution they tried to persuade the poor young girl to become a convert to the Romish church, but she steadily refused to forsake the reformed faith.

On the morning Lady Jane was to die she saw from her prison-window the bleeding and headless body of her husband brought back in a cart from the scaffold on Tower Hill, the place of public execution, where he had laid down his life. She had refused to see him before he was led out to die, lest she should break down when her

own turn came, and not make a good end. Even when she saw his mutilated corpse carried past in the gallows cart, she showed a constancy and calmness that were wonderful.

Mounting the scaffold Lady Jane advanced with a firm step and composed face, and addressed the bystanders in a steady voice. There were not many there to see her die; for she was too young, too innocent and fair, to be murdered before the crowd on Tower Hill, as her husband had just been; so the place of her execution was within the Tower itself. Before she put her head on the fatal block she said she had done an unlawful act in taking what was queen Mary's right, but that she had done so with no bad intent, and that she died a humble Christian. She then begged the headsman to despatch her quickly, and to cause her to suffer no longer than he could help. She was very quiet while they bandaged her eyes, then they guided her to the block and the executioner struck off her head.

Beginning of Queen Mary's Reign.

Other executions for treason followed until, having avenged herself upon all who had sought to prevent her reaching the throne, Mary turned to the chief business of her reign, the restoration of the Roman Catholic form of worship, and the power of the pope in England.

Cranmer, the archbishop of Canterbury, was sent to prison in the Tower. So were Latimer, Ridley, and many others. Those fierce and gloomy priests Gardiner and Bonner were brought out of prison, and put into their old places. The married priests were forced to give up their churches. Mass was ordered to be said, and the new English prayer-book was forbidden.

Although there were some who welcomed the restoration of the old form of worship, no one wished to have the pope at the head of the English church again. This, however, was what Mary was determined upon. She would not call herself head of the church, as she believed the pope had a right to that place; but as the queen

of England, with the power in her own hands, she exerted every effort to re-establish his supremacy.

Marriage of Queen Mary.

As previously told, Mary took for a husband, her cousin, Philip II., king of Spain, for he was the most powerful and the "most Catholic" sovereign in Europe, and could best help her in carrying out her plans. This marriage did not please the English people. They had heard of the cruel tortures in the gloomy prisons of the inquisition in Spain; there were even some among them who had suffered from the rack of the inquisitors; and they at least, had no longing to be again in the power of the king of that country.

Philip himself was a haughty and bigoted tyrant; he cared nothing for his wife; who, however, loved him as devotedly as it was possible for one of her nature to love any one; and as time went on was heart-broken by his coldness and neglect. Philip was very angry because parliament refused to give him the title of king of England; he therefore remained there only about a year, and then returned to Spain.

The queen, having persuaded parliament to acknowledge the pope as head of the church, he sent cardinal Pole as his legate to England, and Mary made him archbishop of Canterbury. Then a law was passed giving power to the church to give over for burning all persons who refused to acknowledge the pope. Terrible scenes were soon to be witnessed in England as a result of this law.

Trial and Execution of Rev. John Rogers.

Rev. John Rogers, an aged minister, was in charge of the church of St. Sepulchre, Snow Hill, London. He was the first to fall a victim to the law which had just been passed. He had long been known as an earnest upholder of the reformed faith, and had acted at one time as chaplain to the English society of merchants at Antwerp. While in that city he had become acquainted with Tyndale, the translator,

and had aided him in distributing the New Testament in English. Believing marriage to be lawful for the clergy as well as for other men, Rogers had married a wife in Antwerp, and continued to live there until Edward ascended the throne of England. He then returned to his native country, and was promoted by bishop Ridley to be an assistant at St. Paul's, London; he also kept his place as vicar of St. Sepulchre's.

Rogers continued to hold these places until the death of king Edward. In the second year of queen Mary's reign he preached a sermon against the growing power of the pope in England, enlarged on the virtues of the late king, and urged the people to remain true to the reformed religion. For this sermon he was summoned before the council, but he defended himself so ably that he was dismissed with a warning.

This indulgence on the part of the council displeased the queen, as she considered Rogers a mischievous heretic, so he was arrested a second time; yet such was the respect felt for him that he was again let go, but cautioned not to leave his own house. This order he obeyed, although he might have made his escape if he would. He knew he could have a church in Germany if he applied for it, and he had a wife and eleven children to support, but all these things did not move him; he did not court death, but he was willing to meet it fearlessly when it came.

Rogers remained confined in his own house for several weeks, until Bonner, bishop of London, had him committed to Newgate prison, where he was shut in with thieves and murderers. He was afterward brought a third time before the council, where Gardiner, bishop of Winchester, presided. It was not, however, with any intention of showing mercy to the prisoner, nor with a view of convincing him of error, that he was brought there, for his death had already been decided on. After he had been examined before the council, he was turned over to Bonner, bishop of London, who declared him to be

an obstinate heretic. A report of this was sent in the regular way to the court, and a writ was issued for the burning of Rogers at Smithfield. This dreadful sentence does not seem to have alarmed him; for he is said to have prepared himself even with cheerfulness for the day he was to suffer.

On the 4th of February, in the year 1555, in the morning, the prisoner was warned suddenly by the keeper's wife, to prepare himself for the fire. Being sound asleep, he could scarcely be awakened. At length being roused, and told to make haste, he said, "Is then this the day? If it be so, I need not be careful of my dressing." Rogers was taken first to Bonner to be degraded; that done, he begged of Bonner one favor. And Bonner asking what that should be, he said, "Only that I might talk a few words with my wife before burning." This request, it is said, Bonner refused to grant. Now when the time had come, the prisoner was brought from Newgate to Smithfield, the place of his execution. Here Woodroofe, one of the sheriffs, asked him if he would change his religion to save his life; but Rogers answered, "That which I have preached I will seal with my blood." "Then," said Woodroofe, "thou art a heretic." "That shall be known," replied Rogers, "at the day of judgment." "Well," said Woodroofe, "I will never pray for thee." "But I will pray for thee," replied Rogers.

So Rogers was brought by the sheriffs toward Smithfield, repeating the fifty-first psalm by the way, all the people greatly wondering at his constancy; and there, in the presence of Rochester, comptroller of the queen's household; Sir Richard Southwell; the sheriffs, and a large number of people, he was fastened to the stake and burned to ashes.

It is related, that "Roger's wife and eleven children, ten of whom were able to walk and one was at the breast, met him by the way as he went toward Smithfield. This sorrowful sight of his own flesh and blood did not move him; but he constantly and cheerfully took

his death with wonderful patience in the defence of Christ's gospel. A little before his burning at the stake, his pardon was brought, if he would have recanted, but he utterly refused it. He was the first martyr of all the blessed company that suffered in queen Mary's time at the fire."

Martyrdom of Laurence Saunders.

The next to suffer was Rev. Laurence Saunders. He had been educated at Cambridge, and found his first employment with Sir William Chester, a rich merchant of London, who was afterward sheriff of that city. Saunders had not been long in this place, when he became weary of a tradesman's life. He lost his spirits, and pined to be released from an employment so little to his taste. His master, who was a kindly man, took notice of his clerk's despondency and asked the reason for it. The young man told him that he wanted to continue his studies in college, so as to prepare himself for the ministry, whereupon the merchant generously gave him back his papers of apprenticeship, and sent him home to his relations.

Overjoyed at his release, Saunders lost no time in returning to his studies at Cambridge, fully determined to qualify himself as a preacher. He especially devoted himself to the study of the Greek and Hebrew languages, so that he could read the Scriptures in the original tongues. Having completed his course, at the beginning of king Edward's reign, when the reformers were in the ascendant, Saunders began to preach with great success. His first appointment was at Fotheringham, where he read a divinity lecture; but that college soon being closed, he was appointed a preacher at Lichfield. He married about this time, and won the respect of all by his active and useful life in the ministry.

While Saunders was thus attending to the work of his parish, king Edward died, and queen Mary succeeded to the throne. In the second year of her reign a royal proclamation was sent out requiring all

persons to attend mass. Many refused to obey this, and no one was more determined in his refusal than Laurence Saunders. He continued to preach whenever he had an opportunity, and recommended the prayer-book, with the Scriptures, to the people.

One day as Saunders was coming to the city of London, Sir John Mordant, a councillor to queen Mary, overtook him, and asked him where he was going. "I have," said Saunders, "an appointment to preach at London, and now I am going there to instruct my people according to my duty."

"If you will follow my counsel," said Mordant, "let them alone, and go not to them." To this Saunders answered, "How shall I then be excused, if any of them be sick and desire consolation, if any want good counsel and need instruction, or if any should slip into error and receive false doctrine?"

"Did you not, said Mordant, preach last Sunday in Bread street, in London?" "Yes, truly," said Saunders, "that is where my church is." "I heard you myself," said Mordant: "and will you preach there again?" "If it please you," said Saunders, "to-morrow you may hear me preach again in that same place."

"I would advise you," said Mordant, "not to preach." Saunders answered, "If you can and will forbid me by lawful authority, then must I obey."

"Nay," replied Mordant, "I will not go so far as to forbid you, but I do give you warning." And then they both entered the city, and parted from each other,—Mordant, in a spirit of malice, going at once to give information to Bonner, bishop of London.

The next morning, being Sunday, Saunders preached as he had intended; exhorting his people to be steadfast in the truth, and not to fear those who can only kill the body. He was listened to by a great crowd of people, which gave much offence to the clergy, particularly to bishop Bonner. No notice, however, was taken of him in the forenoon, but in the afternoon, when he made ready to

preach again, Bonner sent an officer to arrest him. The minister went away quietly with the officer, and Sir John Mordant appeared to give evidence against him.

When Saunders appeared before bishop Bonner, he was roughly charged with disobeying the queen's command. "How happeneth it, cried the bishop, that, notwithstanding the queen's proclamation to the contrary, you have continued to preach!"

Saunders did not deny that he had preached. He said he saw the perilous times at hand, and did but exhort his flock to persevere in the doctrine which they had learned; saying also, that he was moved and urged forward to it by the command to obey God rather than man: and, moreover, that nothing had stirred him thereto but his own conscience.

"A goodly conscience, surely!" said the bishop. "This your conscience would make our queen not entitled to her crown: would it not, I pray you?"

Saunders replied, "We do not declare or say that the queen has no right to the throne. But let those take care who have declared it, and whose writings are yet in the hands of men:"—by this meaning the bishop himself, who had, to get the favor of Henry VIII., written a book in which he openly declared queen Mary to be illegitimate, and therefore not able to inherit the throne. "And," said Saunders, "as to our preaching, we do only profess and teach the purity of the Word; and, although we may now be forbidden to speak with our mouths, our lives hereafter shall testify."

The bishop being put out of countenance by this, cried, "Carry away the frenzied fool to prison." Saunders answered, that he did give God thanks who had given him at last a place of rest and quietness, where he might pray for the bishop's conversion.

Saunders remained in the Marshalsea prison for a year and three months; during which time he sent letters to Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, and also to others, complaining of the cruelty of the queen, and

injustice of the bishops. His wife used to come to the prison to see him, carrying her young child in her arms. When Saunders saw the child he clasped him to his breast, and rejoiced greatly, saying, how happy he was in having such a son; and all who were in the prison admired the beauty of the boy.

At last, being brought before the council for his final examination, Saunders was asked many questions, all of which he answered boldly, caring more to uphold what he considered the truth than to save his life. He was soon found guilty of heresy, and sent to the Compter prison to await his sentence. Saunders' treatment in this place was less severe than it had been in the Marshalsea prison, and he was able to see his friends, many of whom visited him. But this was not to last long. His enemies were untiring in their efforts to hasten on his dreadful punishment. In a few weeks the sheriff of London came and took him out of prison, and delivered him to the queen's guard, who had been ordered to take him to the city of Coventry to be burned.

As the company were coming into the town of Coventry, a poor shoemaker came to the prisoner as he stood among the soldiers, and said to him, "O my good master, God strengthen and comfort you." "Good shoemaker," cried Saunders, "pray for me; for I am the unworthiest man to be chosen for this sacrifice that ever was appointed to it; but I doubt not that my gracious God and Father is able to make me strong enough for it." That night he was put into the common jail among the other prisoners, where he slept little, but spent the night in prayer. On the next day he was led to the place of burning in a park without the city. He had but an old gown and shirt to wear, and was barefooted, and he often fell flat on the ground, and prayed.

When he was come near to the place, the officer, who was appointed to see the execution done, cried out that the prisoner was one of those who marred the queen's realm with false doctrine and heresy, "where-

SAUNDER S WIFE AND CHILD VISIT HIM IN PRISON

fore thou hast deserved death," said he; "but yet, if thou wilt revoke thine heresies, the queen will pardon thee; if not, yonder fire is prepared for thee."

To this Saunders answered, It is not I, nor my fellow-preachers of God's truth, that have hurt the queen's realm, but it is yourself, and such as you, who have always resisted God's holy word; it is you who have, and who do mar the queen's realm. I maintain no heresies; but the doctrine of God, the blessed Gospel of Christ, that I hold to, that I believe, that I have taught, and that will I never revoke.

Then cried the officer, "Away with him!" And away they hurried him to the stake. When he had come to it he fell to the ground, and prayed; and then rose up again, took the stake to which he was to be chained, in his arms, and kissed it, saying, "Welcome the cross of Christ, welcome everlasting life." Such were the last words of Laurence Saunders, who may well be compared to the ancient martyrs of the church; both in fervent zeal for the truth and constant patience in his suffering, as also for the cruel torments that he sustained in the flames of fire. For so his cruel tormentors hated him that they burned him with green wood rather than dry fuel, which put him to much more pain. But the grace and consolation of Christ, who never forsakes his servants, gave him patience to bear all their torments.

Sufferings and Death of Bishop Hooper.

The name of this good man will ever be remembered for his devotion to the reformed faith, and for the sufferings he cheerfully endured in upholding it.

John Hooper was a graduate of Oxford university. He entered the ministry and began to preach early in the reign of king Henry VIII. Being suspected of heresy he was obliged to flee to France. Borrowing for this purpose a horse to carry him to the sea-coast, he took ship, and after many hardships reached Paris. However, he did not stay there long, but in a short time returned to England, and

lived with his friends, until he was again threatened, and compelled to take to the sea again and thus escape through France to the northern part of Germany. In Germany, he became acquainted with learned and religious people, and was kindly entertained at Basle, and especially at Zurich, by his faithful friend, Bullinger. At Zurich, Hooper, after a time, married, and lived in much comfort, devoting most of his time to the study of Hebrew, so as to fit himself for the translation of the Scriptures.

At length, when the persecutions of Henry VIII. had ceased, and king Edward began to reign over England, Hooper, together with many other English exiles, prepared to return home. Bidding farewell to Bullinger, and his friends in Zurich, Hooper took ship for England, and coming to London, he began to preach. His sermons were eagerly listened to, and the people came in great numbers to hear him; so that often when he was preaching, the church would be so full that none could enter further than the doors.

After Hooper had thus labored in London for some time, king Edward VI. appointed him one of his chaplains, and soon after made him bishop of Gloucester. Not only was this high place given him, but also, the bishopric of Winchester was committed to his care.

As bishop Hooper had lived so long in Germany he especially disliked Romish ceremonies, and before he went to his bishopric, he requested the king that he might not be obliged to observe them. This request the king granted, though much against the wishes of some of the other bishops.

Bishop Hooper differed from the men of the time, in other ways, for instead of seeking worldly honors, he would never have accepted any advancement had it not been pressed on him. Having the care of two dioceses, he held and guided them both together, as if they had been but one. His spare time, of which he had but little, he spent in hearing and settling disputes, and in study of the Scriptures. He also visited the schools, and encouraged young people in the pur-

suit of learning. He had children of his own, whom he dearly loved, and treated with all the tenderness of a good parent.

Bishop Hooper kept a hospitable house, with a table set daily for the poor—which was a very urgent and necessary charity in those times, because many persons who had been driven out of the convents and monasteries, wandered starving up and down the land.

Bishop Hooper continued to fulfill his duty as a faithful pastor during the whole of king Edward's reign; but the death of the king changed all this. No sooner did Mary have the kingdom within her grasp, than she sent a sergeant-at-arms to arrest bishop Hooper on two charges. First, that he had unlawfully deprived bishop Heath of his diocese of Gloucester; second, that he had made accusations before king Edward against bishop Bonner.

The following is Hooper's own account of his imprisonment.

Imprisonment of Bishop Hooper.

"On the 1st of September, 1553, I was sent to the Fleet, and although I paid the warden the customary fee of five pounds to have the liberty of the prison, yet was I closely confined in a cell in the tower chamber of the Fleet for three months, and used very harshly. Then, by the kind pleading of a good gentlewoman, I was allowed to come down to dinner and supper, though not suffered to speak with any of my friends; but as soon as dinner or supper was done, to go back to my cell again. Even whilst I came down thus to dinner and supper, the warden and his wife sought quarrels with me, and complained untruly of me to their master, Gardiner, bishop of Winchester.

"After three months of this imprisonment, Babington the warden, and his wife, quarrelled with me about the observance of mass; thereupon the warden went to Gardiner, and obtained leave to put me into the common prison with thieves and outcasts. Here I remained a long time, having no bed but a little pad of straw, until some good people

sent me bedding to lie on. On the one side of the room is the sink and filth of the house, and on the other side the town ditch, so that the stench of them caused me to fall ill.

"During all the time I lay sick, with the doors all closed and made fast upon me, I have called and cried for help. But the warden, although he hath known me many times ready to die, and when even the prisoners of the wards have called to help me, he hath commanded the doors to be kept fast, and charged that none of his men should come to me, saying, 'Let him alone, if he were to die it were a good riddance of him.'

"And this, notwithstanding, I paid many pounds in fees to the said warden, as well as for my board, which was twenty shillings a week, besides my man's table, until I was wrongfully deprived of my bishopric; and since that time I have paid him as much as the best gentleman in his house, yet he hath used me worse and more vilely than the worst criminal that ever came to the jail.

"The warden also imprisoned my man, William Downton, and stripped him of his clothes to search for letters, and could find none but only a little list of good people's names, that gave me their alms to relieve me in prison; and to betray them also, the warden delivered this list of names to Gardiner, my most bitter enemy.

"I have suffered imprisonment almost eighteen months; my goods, living, friends, and comfort have been taken from me; the queen owing me by just account eighty pounds or more. She hath put me in prison, and giveth nothing to support me, neither is there any one allowed to come to me whereby I might have relief. I am in the hands of a wicked man and woman, Gardiner and the queen, so that I see no escape (saving God's help), but to die in prison before I come to judgment. But I commit my just cause to God, whose will be done, whether it be by life or death."

Hooper was at last taken from his dungeon and brought before Gardiner, and other bishops appointed to examine him. Gardiner

urged Hooper to forsake the evil and corrupt doctrine (as he termed it) preached in the days of king Edward VI., and to return to the unity of the church, and to acknowledge the pope to be head of the same, according to the act of parliament. Bonner promised that as he himself, with others of his brethren, had received the pope's blessing and the queen's mercy, even so mercy was ready to be shown to Hooper and others, if they would join with them, and acknowledge the pope's supremacy.

Hooper answered, that in his opinion, the pope taught doctrine contrary to the Scriptures, and was scarce worthy even to be accounted a member of Christ's church, much less to be the head of it. Whereupon the assembled bishops ordered him back to the prison again. Hooper was brought before the commissioners for a further hearing about a week later, and after much questioning and argument was commanded to stand aside, until John Rogers, whose history has already been told, had been examined. Both examinations being ended, the two sheriffs of London were commanded, about four o'clock, to take the prisoners to the Compter prison, in Southwark, there to remain till the morrow at nine o'clock, to see whether they would repent and come back again into the church.

So Hooper went before with one of the sheriffs, and Rogers came after with the other, and being out of the church door, Hooper looked back, and waited a little till Rogers drew near, when he said, "Come, brother Rogers, must we two take this matter first in hand, and stand in the fire of those fagots?" "Yea, sir," said Rogers, "by God's grace." "Doubt not," said Hooper, "but God will give us strength." Thus they passed along and there was a great press of people in the streets, who wondered at their courage.

On the next day they were again brought by the sheriffs before the bishop and commissioners. And after long and earnest talk, when they perceived that Hooper would by no means yield to them, they condemned him to be degraded, and read to him his condemnation.

That done, Rogers was brought before them, and treated in like manner, and so they delivered both of them to the secular power, the two sheriffs of London, who were ordered to carry them to prison.

When it was dark, Hooper was led by the sheriff's men armed with many weapons, first through the bishop of Winchester's house, and so over London bridge, through the city, to Newgate prison. And some of the officers were told to go on before, and put out the hucksters' candles, who used to sit with lights in the streets; either because they feared the people would make some attempt to take their prisoner away by force, or else because they thought darkness more fit for such a business.

But notwithstanding this, many of the people had some knowledge of Hooper's coming, and came forth at their doors with lights, and spoke to him, praising him for his constancy in the true doctrine which he had taught them, and hoping God would strengthen him in the same to the end. Hooper, as he passed by, asked the people to pray for him, and so he went through Cheapside to the place appointed, and was delivered a close prisoner to the keeper of Newgate, where he remained six days, nobody being permitted to come to him, or talk with him, but his keepers.

After Hooper had been one week in Newgate, Bonner, bishop of London, came to the prison, and degraded him. This was done by first putting on him the robes worn by priests, and then taking them off again with solemn ceremony. They did not put on him the bishop's robes, because they did not admit of his right to that office. While they were stripping him of the robes, he told them he was glad to part with them, as he no longer wanted to be of their company.

A few hours after they had left him, the keeper came and told him he would be sent down to Gloucester, the next day, to suffer death. Upon hearing this Hooper lifted up his hands and thanked God that he was to die among his own people, as he thought it would be the means of confirming them in the faith he had taught. He then sent

these and many other words they took leave of each other; Kingston with bitter tears, and Hooper also with tears trickling down his cheeks. At his going Hooper told Kingston that all the trials he had borne in prison had not so much affected him.

On the same day, in the afternoon, a blind boy, after long pleading with the guard, got leave to be brought into Hooper's presence. This boy had not long before been put in prison at Gloucester, for refusing to go to mass. Hooper, after he had examined him concerning his faith, and the cause of his imprisonment, looked at him steadfastly and said, "Ah, poor boy! God hath taken from thee thy outward sight, for what reason he best knoweth: but he hath given thee another sight much more precious, for he hath endued thy soul with the eyes of knowledge and faith. God give thee grace continually to pray unto him, that thou lose not that sight, for then wouldest thou be blind both in body and soul."

This same night Hooper was given over to the custody of the sheriffs of Gloucester. The name of the one was Jenkins, and of the other, Bond. These men, with the mayor and aldermen went to Hooper's lodgings, and saluted him, and took him by the hand. Hooper then said to them, "Master mayor, I give most hearty thanks to you, and to the rest of your brethren, that you have been willing to take me, a prisoner and a condemned man, by the hand; I see by this that your old love and friendship towards me continues; and I trust also that you have not forgotten those things which, as your bishop and pastor appointed by the late king, Edward, I taught you in times past. For which true doctrine, because I will not now account it falsehood and heresy, as many other men do, I am sent hither to die, and am come where I taught it, to confirm it with my blood. And now, master sheriffs, my only request to you is that there may be a quick fire, and I will go to it as obediently as you yourselves could wish. And if you think I act or speak wrongly at that time, hold up your finger, and I will cease. For I am not come here as one forced

or compelled to die—for it is well known I might have had my life, and kept my place—but as one ready and willing to give up all for the truth. I trust, by God's grace, to-morrow to die a faithful servant of God, and a true obedient subject to the queen."

When Hooper had spoken these brave words to the mayor, sheriffs, and aldermen, many of them wept and lamented. Nevertheless, the two sheriffs were determined to lodge him in the common jail, if the guard had not made earnest entreaty for him, declaring how quietly and patiently he had behaved himself on the way; adding, that any child might keep him safe enough, and that they themselves would rather take pains to watch with him, than that he should be sent to the common prison. So it was decided that he should remain in Robert Ingram's house; and the sheriffs and the sergeants, and other officers appointed, watched that night themselves. Hooper's wish was, that he might go to bed early, saying he had many things to do in the morning. So he lay down, at five o'clock, and slept soundly for some hours; then arising, he spent the rest of the night in prayer. When it was day, he desired that no man should be allowed to come into his chamber, but that he might be alone till the hour of execution.

At nine o'clock Hooper was told to prepare himself, for the time was at hand. When he was brought down from his chamber by the sheriffs, and saw the weapons carried by the guard, he said, "Master sheriffs, I am no traitor, neither need you have so many armed men to bring me to the place where I must suffer. If ye had desired me, I would have gone alone to the stake, and have troubled none of you." Then he looked upon the crowd assembled, to the number of seven thousand, and said to those about him, "Alas! why are all these people here? Perhaps they expect to hear something from me now, as they have in times past, but alas! speech is forbidden me. However, the cause of my death is well known to them. When I was appointed here to be their pastor, I preached to them true and sincere doctrine, out of the word of God: and because I will not now

account the same to be heresy and untruth, this kind of death is prepared for me."

Hooper was soon led forward between the two sheriffs, wearing a gown of Robert Ingram's, and having a staff in his hand to steady himself with; for the pain of the rheumatism, which he had taken from the dampness of his prison, made him lame. Being strictly forbidden to speak, he could not be seen once to open his mouth, but he would sometimes lift up his eyes towards heaven, and then look very cheerfully upon such persons as he knew. It was remarked, that never during all the former time that he was among them did he look with so cheerful and ruddy a countenance as he did then. When he came to the place appointed, where he was to die, he beheld with a smile the stake and the preparations made for his burning, which was to take place near the great elm tree, over against the college of priests, where he used to preach.

All the space round about, and even the boughs of the trees were filled with people; and in the chamber over the college gate stood the priests of the college. Then Hooper kneeled down to pray (as he was not allowed to speak to the people) and beckoned to one whom he knew well to hear the prayer, so as to make report of it when he should be dead. After he was some time in prayer, a box was brought and laid before him, upon a stool, with what was said to be his pardon from the queen, if he would recant. But he cried, "If you love my soul, away with it!" The box then being taken away, Lord Chandos said, "Seeing there is no remedy, despatch him quickly." Hooper said, "My lord, I trust your lordship will give me leave to make an end of my prayers." Then Lord Chandos said to Sir Edmund Bridges' son, who was listening to Hooper's prayer at his request: "Edmund, take heed that he do nothing else but pray; if he do, tell me, and I shall quickly send him to the fire." While this was going on, there stepped near to the place where he was kneeling one or two persons to hear his prayer. As soon as the mayor had espied these

men who were listening to the prayer, they were commanded to move away, and were not suffered to hear any more.

Having ended his prayer Hooper arose and began to prepare himself for the stake. He first put off Ingram's gown which he had borrowed, and gave it to the sheriffs, requesting them to see it restored to the owner; and then he took off the rest of his clothes, to his doublet and hose. These he wished to wear at the stake, but the sheriffs would not permit that, and his doublet, hose, and waistcoat were taken off. A pound of gunpowder in a bag was then put under each of his arms by the guard. Hooper then asked the people standing near to repeat the Lord's Prayer with him, and to pray for him.

This they did with tears, both while he stood awaiting the fire, and during the time of his pains. Now when he went up to the stake, three irons were brought to fasten him to it, one for his neck, another for his middle, and the third for his legs. But he refused them, saying, "You have no need thus to trouble yourselves. For I doubt not but God will give me strength sufficient to bear the fire, without bonds. Nevertheless, they brought the hoop of iron for his middle, and put it around him; but when they offered to bind his neck and legs with the other hoops of iron, he refused them, saying, "I shall not flinch." Then being ready, he looked upon the people who could see him well, for he was tall, and stood also on a high stool, and beheld all round about him; and in every direction there was nothing to be seen but weeping and sorrowful people. Then lifting up his eyes and hands to heaven, he prayed to himself. By and by the man appointed to make the fire came to him, and asked his forgiveness. Hooper asked why he should forgive him, saying that he knew not any offence that he had committed against him. "O sir," said the man, "I am he who must make the fire." Hooper said, "Thou dost not offend me; God forgive thee thy act, but do thine office, I pray thee."

And now the order was given to light the fire. But as all the

fagots were green it was a good while before they would burn. At last they blazed up around the form in their midst, but the wind blew the flame from him, so that he was only scorched by the fire. A few dry fagots were then brought, and a new fire kindled, but it was a long time before it burned strongly, so that Hooper begged them to use more despatch to put him out of his misery. After patiently enduring these torments for fully three-quarters of an hour, he died without a struggle, and hung lifeless from the iron which fastened him to the stake.

Such was the end of one of the foremost men among the reformers of that time. Eloquent, charitable, and untiring in his labors to win souls to Christ, he met his dreadful death with a heroism as great as that of any of the martyrs of ancient times.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ENGLAND DURING THE REIGN OF QUEEN MARY—*Continued.*

Martyrdom of Dr. Rowland Taylor.

Rowland Taylor was born at the town of Hadleigh, in the county of Suffolk, which was one of the first places in England to accept the reformed faith. After coming of age, and being admitted to the ministry, he began to preach in his native town, and continued to do so during the reign of the young king Edward. Archbishop Cranmer, who was a good judge of men, and loved to reward merit, took Taylor into his family, and gave into his charge the church of Hadleigh. Here he proved himself a most excellent preacher and a faithful pastor. He became the friend of every person in his parish, and taught many the Scriptures while visiting from house to house. He was not only a preacher of sermons, but practised what he preached. He was full of pity for the poor, and his charity was bounded only by his means.

In the course of Taylor's labors he often met with opposition, and even with abuse from those who did not agree with him, but he bore all patiently, saying that in this world we must go through evil as well as good report.

After some years passed in this way he married a good woman and began to keep house. It was said of him that he never sat down to dinner with his family, without first inquiring whether there was any poor man at his door who needed food. He was also a tender, affectionate husband, and brought up his children in the fear of God, often saying that to lay a deep foundation is the only way to build a good house.

In this excellent manner, Dr. Taylor, as he was now called, continued to fill his place at Hadleigh, as long as king Edward lived; but no sooner was that monarch dead, than the times took a very different aspect.

In obedience to queen Mary's proclamation, a Romish priest came to Hadleigh to say mass. Two gentlemen of the town named Clarke and Foster, with others of the old faith, aided him in rebuilding the altar, and it was arranged that mass should be said on Palm Sunday. But some who were opposed to this met together in the evening, and pulled down the altar; it was, however, built up again, and a watch was appointed, lest it should be destroyed a second time. On the day following, Clarke and Foster came with an armed guard, bringing with them the priest who was to perform the service of mass. The priest was dressed in his robes for the occasion, and the guard was ordered to protect him if he should be attacked by the people.

Dr. Taylor was sitting in his house when he heard the church bell begin to ring. He went out to learn the cause, and seeing a crowd around the church tried to enter, but was at first unable to open the door. At last, getting in by another way he found an armed guard drawn up around the chancel and a priest at the altar saying mass. Dr. Taylor at once cried out against this, and called the priest an idolator, who replied by calling Dr. Taylor a traitor for disobeying the queen's proclamation. Dr. Taylor said he was no traitor, but a minister of the gospel, commanded to teach the people; and then ordered the priest to retire, as one who came there to poison the minds of the people with false doctrine. Foster, who was the principal supporter of the priest, also called Dr. Taylor a traitor, and violently dragged him out of the church; although Mrs. Taylor, on her knees, begged that he might be released.

Foster and Clarke next brought accusation of heresy against Dr. Taylor to the chancellor Gardiner, who sent a messenger, commanding him to appear to answer the charge.

When Dr. Taylor's friends heard this, they were much alarmed, as justice was not to be expected from the party then in power, and they advised the accused minister to go abroad to save his life. But this he would not do; saying that it was more honorable to suffer for the cause of truth, than to flee from the wrath of wicked men. "God," said he, "will either protect me from suffering, or he will enable me to bear it." He said, also, "That he believed his dying for the truth would be of more service to the cause than flying from the persecutions of his enemies."

When his friends saw that they could not persuade him, they took leave of him with tears. He then set out for London, accompanied by a servant, named John Hull, who had been a considerable time in his family. This faithful servant also advised his master to make his escape, but to no purpose.

Gardiner, when he saw Taylor, according to his usual custom assailed him with abuse, calling him "knave, traitor, heretic," with many other hard names; all of which Taylor heard patiently, and at last said to him,

"My lord, I am neither traitor nor heretic, but a true subject and a faithful Christian man, and am come, according to your command, to know what is the reason that your lordship hath sent for me."

Then said the bishop, "Art thou come, thou villain? How darest thou look me in the face for shame? Knowest thou not who I am?"

Dr. Taylor then answered the bishop boldly, saying he knew he was the persecutor of God's people. He also put Gardiner in mind of the oath he had taken at the beginning of king Edward's reign, to oppose the papal supremacy; but Gardiner answered that the oath had been forced from him, so that he was not obliged to abide by it. After some further questioning Taylor was committed to prison.

While in prison, Dr. Taylor spent the greater part of his time in prayer, in reading the Scriptures, and in teaching the poor prisoners

who were confined with him in that dismal place. The prison to which Dr. Taylor was sent was called the King's Bench. Here he met a good man named John Bradford, whose companionship cheered him much. After Dr. Taylor had been some time in prison, he was ordered to appear at Bow church, in Cheapside, to answer to the dean concerning his marriage. When he was brought before this officer, he defended marriage in such a masterly manner, that the dean did not venture, as was his custom in such cases, to pronounce a divorce, but only deprived him of his pastorate. He was then sent back to prison, and kept there about a year and a half; after which he was brought out to be examined again before the chancellor.

Being charged with heresy by the chancellor, and the other bishops who were present, Dr. Taylor admitted that he was opposed to the practices of the church of Rome, and that he would hold to his faith until the last, believing it consistent with the doctrines laid down by Christ and his apostles. The consequences of such a free and open declaration of faith can readily be imagined. The chancellor at once pronounced the prisoner guilty of heresy, and sentenced him to be first degraded and then burned. He was hurried to a prison in London—in Southwark—called the Clink, where he remained till night, when he was sent to another prison, called the Compter. After he had been there seven days, Bonner, bishop of London, with others, came and degraded him from the priesthood.

The night after Taylor was degraded, his wife, with his son Thomas, and John Hull, the serving-man, came to see him; and the keeper kindly permitted them to go into his cell and sup with him. There was a great difference between the keeper of the bishop's prison and the keeper of the Compter. The bishop's keepers were always hard and cruel, like their master; but the keepers of the royal prisons, for the most part, showed as much kindness as they dared to those condemned for their religion.

After supper, the doctor walked two or three times across the room;

and then, turning to his son, he said, "My dear son, may God bless thee, and give thee his Holy Spirit, to be a true servant of Christ; to hear his word, and constantly to stand by the truth all thy life long; and, my son, see that thou flee from all sin and wicked living; be virtuous; attend closely to the Bible, and pray to God sincerely. In all things that come to pass, see that thou be obedient to thy mother; love her and serve her; be ruled and directed by her now in thy youth, and follow her good counsel in all things. When thou hast become a man, and if God bless thee with means, love and cherish the poor people, and make it thy chief aim to be rich in alms. When thy mother is old provide for her according to thy abilities, and see that she want for nothing; then will God bless thee, and give thee a long and prosperous life upon earth."

Then turning to his wife, Taylor said, "My dear wife, I need not tell thee to continue steadfast in the faith. I have tried to be unto thee a faithful yokefellow; and so hast thou been to me; for the which I doubt not, my dear, but God will reward thee. Now the time is come that I am to be taken away, and thou wilt be freed from the wedlock bond: therefore I will give thee my counsel, what I think best for thee. Thou art yet a young and comely woman, and, therefore, it may be proper for thee to marry again; for, doubtless, thou wilt not be able thyself, alone, to support our dear children, nor be out of trouble till thou art married. Therefore, should Providence bring to thee some good, honest man, willing to support the poor children, marry him, and live in the fear of God."

Having said these words, Taylor prayed with his family; and then he gave his wife an English prayer-book of the time of king Edward VI.; and to his son Thomas he gave a Latin book, containing writings of the early Christian fathers, telling of the courage and constancy of the ancient martyrs.

The next day, as early as two o'clock in the morning, the sheriff of London, and his officers, came to the prison to get Taylor and take

him to Hadleigh, to be burned. Now his wife had heard that they would take him away, so she watched all night in St. Botolph's church porch, near by, having with her two children, the one named Elizabeth, thirteen years of age (who, being an orphan without father or mother, Taylor had brought up through charity from three years old), and the other named Mary, his own daughter.

Now, when the sheriff and his company came by St. Botolph's church, Elizabeth cried out, saying, "O my dear father! Mother, mother, look! there is my father being led away!" Then his wife called, "Rowland, Rowland, where art thou?" for it was a very dark morning, so that the one could hardly see the other. Taylor answered, "Dear wife, I am here," and stopped. The sheriff's men would have forced him to go on; but the sheriff said, "Stay a little, masters, I pray you, and let him speak to his wife;" and so they stayed.

Then she came to him, and he took his daughter Mary in his arms; and he, his wife, and Elizabeth kneeled down, and said the Lord's prayer. At this sad sight the sheriff wept apace, and so did others of the company. After they had prayed, he rose up and kissed his wife, and took her by the hand, and said, "Farewell, my dear wife; be of good comfort, for I am quiet in my conscience. God shall find a father for my children." And then he kissed his daughter Mary, and said, "God bless thee, and make thee his servant;" and kissing Elizabeth, he said, "God bless thee. I pray you all stand strong and steadfast to Christ and his word." Then his wife said, "God be with thee, dear Rowland; I will meet thee at Hadleigh."

And so he was led forth to the inn called the Woolpack, and his wife followed him. As soon as they came there, he was put into a chamber, where he was kept with four yeomen of the guard and the sheriff's men. As soon as he was come into the chamber, he fell down on his knees and prayed. The sheriff then, seeing Taylor's wife there, would not let her speak any more with her husband, but gently desired her to go to his house and take it as her own, and promised her that

ROWLAND TAYLOR PARTS FROM HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN

her husband should lack nothing, and sent two officers to conduct her there. But she wished rather to go to her mother's; so the officers led her there, and charged her mother to keep her till they came again.

Dr. Taylor remained at the Woolpack inn until eleven in the forenoon, when the sheriff of Essex came to receive him, and they set out together on horseback. As they came out of the gate of the inn, John Hull, the faithful servant, was there waiting, having with him Taylor's son Thomas; John lifted up the boy that he might see his father, and then set him on the horse before him. The prisoner, taking off his hat, said, "Good people, this is my son." He then lifted up his eyes towards heaven, and prayed for the boy, laying his hand upon his head, and blessing him. After this he gave him back to John Hull, whom he shook by the hand, and said, "Thou hast been the faithfulest servant a man ever had."

When they came to Brentwood, the prisoner was greeted by his friends who saw him pass by; so they put on him a close hood, having two holes for his eyes, and one for his mouth, to breathe at. They did this so that no man should know him or speak to him. Yet, all the way, Taylor was as joyful as if he had been going to take possession of an estate instead of to die a dreadful death. At Chelmsford they were met by the sheriff of Suffolk, who was to take him into that county to be executed. At supper, the sheriff of Essex very earnestly persuaded the prisoner to return to the Romish religion, and said, "Good master doctor, we are right sorry for you: God has given you great learning and wisdom, wherefore you have been in great favor in times past with the rulers of this realm. Besides this, you are a man of goodly person, in your best strength, and by nature likely to live many years, and without doubt you should in time to come be in as good reputation as ever you were, or rather better. For you are well beloved of all men, as well for your virtues as for your learning, and it were a great pity you should cast yourself away willingly, and so come to such a painful and shameful death. You would do much

better to recant your opinions, and return to the church of Rome, acknowledge the pope to be the supreme head of the church, and reconcile yourself to him. You may do well yet, if you will; and doubtless may find favor at the queen's hands." But Taylor firmly refused to listen to their entreaties, so that the sheriff and his company were amazed at his constancy.

The next day they went on to Hadleigh. When they had come near to the town there waited, in the road, a poor man with five small children; who, when he saw Dr. Taylor, held up his hands, and cried out, "O dear friend and good pastor, Dr. Taylor, God help thee, as thou hast many a time helped me and my poor children!" The sheriff and others that led Taylor were astonished at this; and the sheriff rebuked the poor man for crying out so. But soon the streets of Hadleigh were filled on both sides of the way with men and women, who waited to see their good pastor; and when they beheld him led to death, they cried one to another, "Ah! there goes our good friend, who so faithfully hath taught us, so fatherly hath cared for us, and so kindly hath governed us. Good Lord, strengthen him, and comfort him!"

At last, coming to Aldham common, the place where Taylor was to suffer, he asked, "What place is this, and why are so many people gathered here?" It was answered, "It is Aldham common, the place where you must burn; and the people are come to look upon you." Taylor replied, "Thanks to God, I am near home!" Then he alighted from his horse, and with both his hands rent the hood, which had been put on him to prevent his being known, from his head. He then stood a little apart from the guards, and looked about him.

When the people saw his familiar face and long white beard, they burst out weeping, and cried, "God save thee, good Dr. Taylor!" Then he would have spoken to the people, but as soon as he opened his mouth to speak, one of the guards thrust the end of a staff into his mouth, and prevented his uttering a word.

Then Taylor asked of the sheriff permission to speak; but the sheriff refused, and bade him remember his promise to the council.

"Well," replied Taylor, "a promise must be kept." What promise he referred to is unknown; but the common saying was, that after he and others were condemned, the council sent for them, and threatened they would cut their tongues out of their heads, unless they would promise that at their burning they would keep silence, and not speak to the people. Wherefore they, desiring to have the use of their tongues for the little time they might live, promised that they would remain silent when brought to the stake.

When Taylor saw that he could not speak, he sat down, and seeing a man, long at enmity with him, named Soyce, he called him, and said, "Soyce, I pray thee come and pull off my boots, and take them for your labor. Thou hast long looked for them, now take them." Then he stood up and took off his clothes to his shirt, and gave them away. This being done, he said with a loud voice, "Good people, I have taught you nothing but God's holy word, and those lessons that I have taken out of God's blessed book, the Bible; and I am come hither this day to confirm it with my blood." No sooner had he spoken these words, than Homes, yeoman of the guard, who had used the prisoner very cruelly all the way, gave him a great stroke upon the head with a staff, and said, "Is that the keeping of thy promise, thou heretic?" Seeing they would not permit him to speak, Taylor kneeled down and prayed, and a poor woman that was among the people came close and prayed with him; but they thrust her away, and threatened to tread her down with horses. In spite of this, she would not go away, but remained and prayed with him. When he had prayed, he went to the stake, and set himself into a pitch-barrel, which they had prepared for him to stand in, and so stood with his back upright against the stake, with his hands folded together, and his eyes toward heaven.

The fagots were then brought, and the fire kindled. One man

standing near cruelly cast a piece of wood out of the fire at him, which struck him upon the head, and broke his face, so that the blood ran down. Then said Taylor, "O friend, I have hurt enough; what needed that?"

Sir John Shelton standing by, as Taylor was speaking and saying the fifty-first psalm, "Have mercy upon us," struck him on the lips; "Ye knave," said he, "speak in Latin, or I will make thee." Taylor, holding up both his hands, called upon God, and said, "Merciful Father of heaven, for Jesus sake, receive my soul into thy hands!" So he stood still in the fire, without either crying or moving, with his hands folded together, till at last, Soyce, with a halberd, struck him on the head, and he fell down into the fire.

William Hunter.

This young man, who was but nineteen years of age at the time of his trial, was the son of honest and religious parents, who had brought him up in the reformed faith, and apprenticed him to one Thomas Taylor, a silk-weaver, in Coleman street, London.

When queen Mary began her reign, orders were issued to the priests of every parish to summon all their people to attend mass the Easter following. Young Hunter refused to obey the summons, and was threatened with trial before the bishop, to answer for his disobedience. In consequence of this, his master, afraid of being blamed, told his young apprentice that he must leave his house, at least for a time; upon which Hunter left his place and went to his father at Brentwood, in Essex.

While there he went one day into the chapel, and seeing the Bible lying on the desk, he opened it, and began to read. Being seen by an officer of the bishop's court, he was taken to task for opening the sacred volume. The officer said, "Why meddlest thou with the Bible? understandest thou what thou readest? canst thou teach the Scriptures?" To this Hunter replied, "I do not presume to do it;

but finding the Bible here, I read it for my comfort and improvement."

The officer at once informed a priest that Hunter had taken to reading the Bible. The priest sent for him, and said, "Sirrah, who gave thee leave to read the Bible, and explain it?" He answered him as he had done the officer; and on the priest's saying it became him not to meddle with the Scriptures, he frankly said he intended to read them as long as he lived. The priest then accused him of being a heretic and threatened to complain of him to the bishop.

A neighboring justice, named Brown, having heard that young Hunter was accused of heresy, sent for his father to inquire into the particulars. The old man told him, that his son had left him, and that he knew not where he had gone. The justice not believing what he said, threatened to commit him to prison, unless he would immediately cause his son to be brought before him. To this the old man replied with tears in his eyes, "Would you have me seek out my own son to be burned?"

He was, however, compelled to go in search of William. Meeting him by accident, the son asked his father if he were seeking him; to which the old man answered, with tears, that it was by order of the justice, who threatened to put him in prison. The son, to secure his father from any danger on his account, said he was ready to accompany him home, which he at once did.

The next day young Hunter was arrested by the constable of the parish, who put him in the stocks for twenty-four hours, and then took him before the justice. The justice called for a Bible, turned to the sixth chapter of St. John, and asked him the meaning of it, as it related to the sacrament.

Hunter explained it, and persisted in his denial of the real presence in the eucharist. The justice then charged him with heresy, and wrote an account of his conduct to the bishop of London. In consequence of this, young Hunter was summoned to appear at the consistory

court held at St. Paul's. He was present at the time appointed, and was severely reproved for having fallen from the true faith. To this he boldly answered, that he had not fallen from the true faith, but believed and confessed it with all his heart.

After Hunter had been brought several times before the bishop, with no other result, sentence was passed on him. It was that he should be imprisoned in Newgate for a time, and from there taken to Brentwood; "where," said the bishop, "thou shalt be burned."

Hunter was then carried back to Newgate, and in a few days removed to Brentwood, where he was confined at an inn till the day of his execution. During this time he was visited by many of his neighbors and acquaintances. His father and mother came to him, and prayed God that he might continue to the end in the good way which he had begun; and his mother said to him, that she was glad she had such a child, willing to lose his life for Christ's sake. Then Hunter said to his mother, "For the little pain which I shall suffer, which is but short, Christ has promised me a crown of joy; are you not glad of that, mother?" With that his mother kneeled down on her knees, saying, "I pray God will strengthen my son to the end."

On the morning of the 27th of March, 1555, as soon as it was day, the sheriff began to prepare for the burning of William Hunter. The sheriff's son, who was Hunter's friend, came and took him by the hand, saying, "William, be not afraid of these men who are here present with swords and spears, to guard you to the place where you shall be burned." William answered, "I am not afraid; for I have that in my heart which shall bear me up until the end." At this the sheriff's son could speak no more to him for weeping.

Then Hunter plucked up his gown, and went forward cheerfully, the sheriff's servant taking one arm, and his brother the other. While on his way he met his father, in tears, who spoke to him, and said, "God be with thee, son William:" and William said, "God be with you, good father, and be of good comfort; for I hope we shall

meet soon again, where we shall be happy." His father said, "I hope so, William."

So William went to the place where the stake stood, but the sheriff's men were not ready. Then he knelt down upon a fagot and read the fifty-first psalm, till he came to these words, "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."

Then one of the sheriff's officers, named Tyrill, interrupted him, saying, "Thou liest; thou readest false; for the words are 'an humble spirit.'" But William said, "My translation says, a contrite heart." Master Tyrill replied, "Your translation is false. You translate books to suit yourselves, like heretics." "Well," said William, "there is no great difference in these words." Then said the sheriff, "Here is a letter from the queen. If thou wilt recant, thou shalt live: if not, thou shalt be burned." "No," answered William; "I will not recant, God willing." He then rose and went to the stake, and stood up beside it. Then came one Richard Ponde, a bailiff, and made fast the chain about him.

Then one of the sheriff's men, named Brown, said, "There is not wood enough here to burn a leg of him." At this Hunter cried out, "Make haste and despatch me quickly; and then, turning to the people who crowded around he said, "Pray for me while I yet live, good people."

"No," said Brown, "pray for thee? I would no more pray for thee than I would pray for a dog." Hunter answered, "Now that you have me at the stake, I hope it be not laid to your charge at the last day. I forgive you." Then said Brown, "I ask no forgiveness of thee." "Well," said William, "If God forgive you, my forgiveness is of little worth."

As he stood among the fagots a priest offered him a book, but Hunter cried out, "Away, thou false prophet! beware of him, good people, and do not listen to his teaching!"

Hunter's brother stood near him, and encouraged him to make a good end. As soon as the fire was kindled, he said, "Be of good cheer, William;" to which the man at the stake replied, "I fear neither torture nor death; Lord, receive my spirit!" These were his last words; the fire burned rapidly, and the martyr was soon consumed, yielding up his life with patience and courage.

Trial and Execution of William Pigot, Stephen Knight, and Rev. John Lawrence.

These three men having been informed against by the spies of Bonner and Gardiner, were summoned to appear before bishop Bonner at his court in London, where they were examined. They answered the questions put to them without fear, and said they were firmly resolved to hold to their faith. They were severely reproved by the bishop, warned to turn from their heretical opinions, and for that time dismissed. A few days after, they were again examined but made the same answers as before. In consequence of this the bishop again warned them to give up their heresies, and not to throw away their lives by obstinately continuing disobedient to the law. But the three were too well convinced of the truth of the gospel to be moved from their faith. They told the bishop that they would not recant, nor could they change the opinions which they held. Bonner then began an argument with Lawrence, the clergyman, and asked him of what order he was; he answered, that he had been admitted to priest's orders eighteen years before, and that he had been formerly a Black friar. "But I am one no longer," said Lawrence.

A few days after their examination, Lawrence, Pigot, and Knight were again summoned before the bishop, who, with his usual persistence urged them to recant, to return to the faith of Rome, and not be the wilful cause of their own destruction. But no arguments could persuade them to change their faith; they all declared they would abide by their opinions, because they were founded on the word of

God. After this bold declaration bishop Bonner proceeded to pass sentence on the three prisoners as irreclaimable heretics. He then degraded Lawrence with the usual ceremonies; after which they were all delivered to the sheriff, who put them in Newgate prison.

On the 28th of March, 1555, being the day appointed for the execution of Pigot and Knight, they were removed early in the morning to the places where they were to be burned, the former at Braintree and the latter at Malden, in Essex. When Knight arrived at the stake, he kneeled down and prayed. It is related that both these martyrs, Pigot and Knight, suffered the terrible death to which they had been condemned with amazing fortitude and resignation, proving to all who saw the dreadful sight, that, "as is the day" of the sincere believer, "so likewise will be his strength."

On the day following, Rev. John Lawrence was burned at Colchester. He was carried to the stake in a chair, being unable to walk, from the sores made by the irons with which his legs had been fastened, and the weakness of his body from want of proper food while in prison. The chair was fastened to the stake, and he sat quietly in it for some time, praying to God to enable him to bear the fiery trial. At length the fagots were lighted, and in the midst of the flames he died in the steadfast hope of an eternal life in heaven.

Martyrdom of Dr. Robert Farrar, Bishop of St. David's.

The spies of the persecuting bishops had, for some time, employed themselves in collecting evidence against this worthy man; who, not only in the former reign, but also after the crowning of queen Mary, had been particularly active in spreading the reformed doctrines. Information of this having been given to the bishop of Winchester, then lord chancellor, Dr. Farrar and several others were summoned to appear before him.

After listening to the charges against the prisoners, the bishop said, addressing himself particularly to Dr. Farrar, "It is well known to you

that the queen and parliament have restored religion to what it was at the beginning of the reign of Henry VIII.; yet you have put yourself in debt to her gracious majesty by disobeying her commands." Undisturbed by this speech of the lord chancellor, Dr. Farrar answered, that in regard to the debt, he never expected to pay it. "Your lordship will remember," said he, "that upon two former occasions I have solemnly sworn never to acknowledge the pope's authority over the realm of England, and therefore it is needless to repeat what I have already declared."

After a long debate, Gardiner sternly asked Farrar if he would recant, and acknowledge the pope's supremacy. To this he firmly replied that he was astonished that his lordship should suppose for an instant that he would recede from an oath he had made—an oath he could not break consistently with his duty to God, and his love for his native country. Upon this Gardiner broke out into abuse, as was his custom when enraged. He called Dr. Farrar a "froward knave," and told him he should know his fate in a few days. To this Farrar firmly replied, he was ever ready to obey the bishop's summons, but that he would never prove false to a cause which he had solemnly sworn to uphold, at his orders, or those of any man living.

Dr. Farrar was sent to Newgate prison, where he was a short time confined; after which he was taken into Wales, to receive his sentence of condemnation. On his arrival at Caermarthen he was delivered to the sheriff of the county, who took him before Henry Morgan, who had just been appointed bishop of St. David's, by whom he was committed to the custody of the keeper of Caermarthen jail. A few days after, he was sent for by bishop Morgan, who urged him to recant, assuring him of the queen's favor as well as an office of dignity in the church. But Farrar would not listen to any of his promises. Morgan then asked him the two following questions: "Whether he believed the marriage of priests was allowed by the laws of the holy church? and whether in the blessed sacrament of the altar, after the words of

consecration duly pronounced by the priest, the bread and wine were miraculously changed into the very body and blood of Christ." Dr. Farrar refused to answer these questions, unless the bishop showed a warrant authorizing him to ask them. He was then sent back to prison.

After other disputes with bishop Morgan, Farrar appealed from him, as an incompetent judge, to cardinal Pole. Notwithstanding this, sentence was immediately pronounced against him as a heretic, and he was delivered over to the civil authorities, after being first degraded by Morgan.

No time was now lost in bringing the matter to an end. The prisoner was guilty of upholding the doctrines of the Reformation, and had denied the papal jurisdiction in England. He was therefore condemned to be burned in the market-place of Caermarthen, and the execution took place, amidst a great crowd of spectators.

The following circumstance shows the wonderful courage and resolution possessed by this martyr, and how determined he was to hold to his principles to the last. A friend visited Dr. Farrar a few days before his execution, and grieved over the cruel fate that awaited him. Farrar told his visitor not to regard him as the victim of ill-considered zeal; and said that if he once saw him flinch from the pains of burning, he might then put no faith in the truth of his belief, but look upon it as merely mistaken enthusiasm.

Wonderful to relate, Farrar resolutely fulfilled his promise, and amazed his friend, who came to condole his fate. There he stood motionless in the midst of the flames, holding out both his hands, until at last one of the officers struck him on the head with a staff, and put an end to his life.

Sufferings of Rawlins White, a Poor Fisherman of Wales.

During the reign of queen Mary, so eager was the search for victims, that not only the leaders of the Protestant cause suffered,

but many of the poorest and humblest in the land were brought before the bishops' court and sentenced to be burned.

Rawlins White was a poor fisherman who pursued his humble calling upon the stormy sea which breaks upon the coast of Wales. He had listened many times to the simple teaching of the travelling preachers, who carried the truths of the gospel to the plainer people of England during the reign of Edward VI. He had thus obtained a fair knowledge of the Scriptures, and became himself a preacher to his rough companions.

For a number of years White continued in this way, until the death of king Edward VI., and the crowning of queen Mary, brought about a change in the religion of England. After this he used to meet secretly with his friends to pray and read the Bible. But spies soon found out the little congregation, and White, as their leader, was arrested on the charge of heresy, taken before the bishop of Llandaff for a hearing, and afterward to prison.

On the day appointed for White's examination, the bishop and his court assembled in the chapel. The prisoner was charged with not only being a heretic himself, but a spreader of heresy among others. The bishop, addressing the prisoner, told him that he had frequently been notified to give over his heretical practices, but had always turned a deaf ear to the warning. The bishop then said that out of kindness they had once more sent for him, to endeavor by mild means to bring him to a sense of his errors. He also assured him that if he would repent of the crimes he had committed against God and the laws of his sovereign, they would show him mercy; but that if, in spite of the royal clemency, he persisted in his heresies, they were determined to punish him with the utmost rigor of the law.

White showed no signs of fear at this stern threat of the bishop, and told his lordship that he was a Christian, and held no doctrines contrary to Scripture; if he did, he begged to be convinced of the same out of the Bible itself, which, he said, should always be his guide.

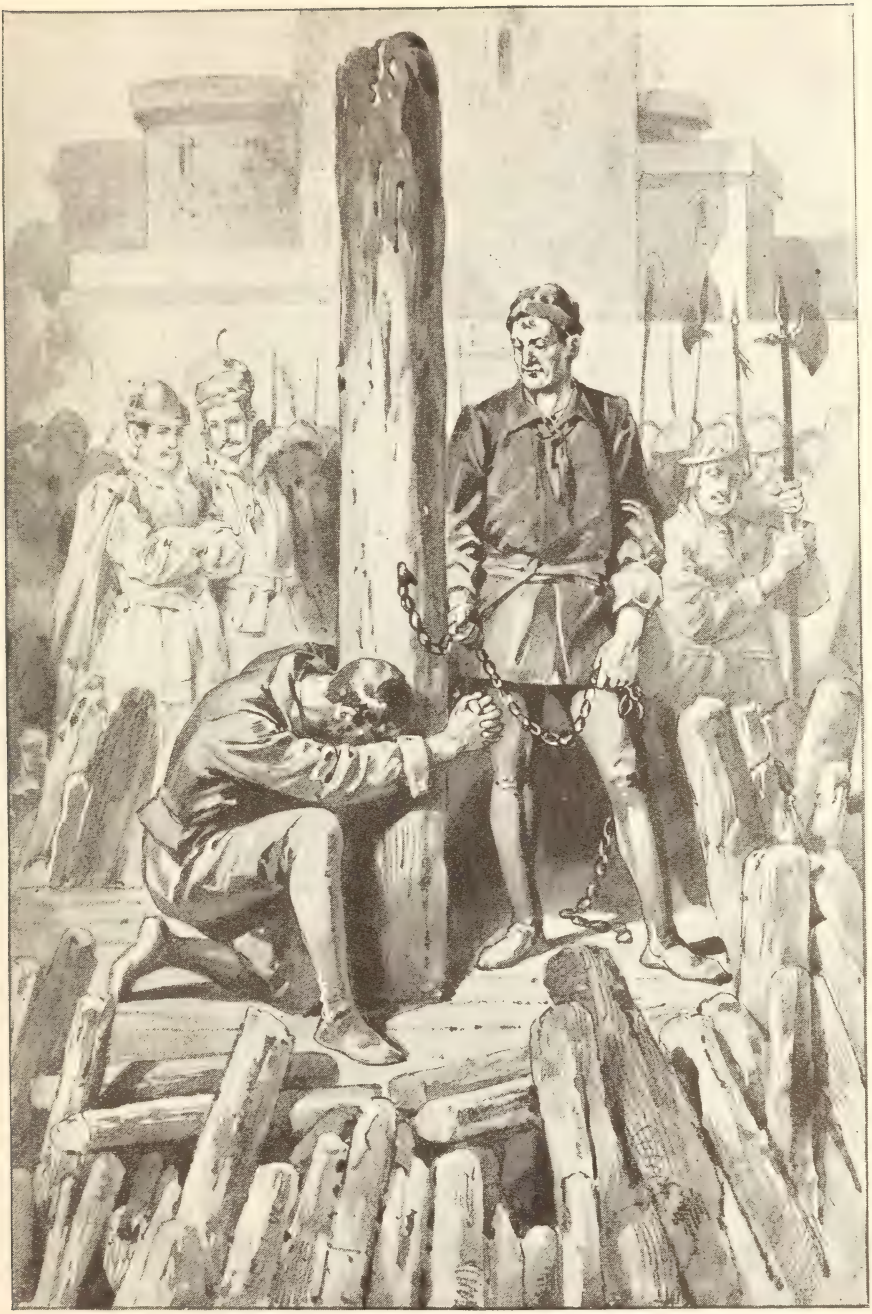
After much argument the bishop assured the prisoner that if he would not recant he must be condemned as a heretic. To this White replied that he might proceed as he thought proper, but that he could not justly condemn him as a heretic, as he did not maintain any opinion contrary to the word of God. The bishop then asked all the people present to join with him and pray that it would please God to turn the heretic's heart, and bring him to a knowledge of the true religion.

Accordingly, they all engaged in prayer; this being finished, the bishop asked the prisoner how he found himself disposed in his mind. "The very same as before," replied he.

Then the bishop, finding that White could not be influenced to change his opinions, read the sentence, after which the condemned man was carried to Cardiff, and shut up in a place called Cockmarel, a damp and filthy prison, where he lay till the warrant for his execution came from London.

Upon the day set for his burning, White was brought out of prison, guarded by a company of soldiers. When he saw all these armed men, "Alas!" said he, "what meaneth this? Soldiers are not needed. By God's grace I will not run away. With all my heart I give Him thanks that I am considered worthy to bear all this for His name's sake."

When White had come to where his poor wife and children stood weeping, the sudden sight of them so pierced his heart that the tears trickled down his face. But soon after, as if to reprove this weakness, he struck his breast with his hand, saying these words, "Ah, flesh, movest thou me so! wouldst thou prevail? Well, I tell thee, do what thou canst, thou shalt not have the victory!" By this time he had come near to the place of his sacrifice, and there found a stake ready set up, with some wood to make the fire. Seeing this, he went forward very boldly to the stake, and fell down upon his knees, and rising again, said these words, "Earth unto earth, and dust unto dust; thou art my mother, and unto thee I shall return." Then he went



RAWLINS WHITE KNEELING AT THE STAKE.

cheerfully, and set his back close to the stake. When he had been there awhile, he said to a friend who stood near (the one who wrote down the account of this scene), "I feel a great fighting between the flesh and the spirit, and the flesh would very fain have his way; therefore I pray you, if you see me tempted to save myself from the fire, hold your finger up to me, and I trust I shall remember myself."

As White was thus standing with his back close to the stake, a smith came with a great chain of iron. As the smith put the chain about him, and was making it fast, White said to him, "I pray you, good friend, nail the chain fast; for it may be that the flesh will strive mightily, but may God in His great mercy give me strength and patience to bear the fire." Now, when the smith had fastened the prisoner to the stake, the officers began to lay on more wood, with a little straw and reeds. In this work the poor man at the stake seemed no less interested than the rest; for as far as he could stretch out his hands, he would pluck the straw and reeds, and arrange them about him in places most convenient for his speedy despatch. He did this with so cheerful a countenance, that all the people were astonished.

When all things were ready, and there was nothing to do but light the fire, there was a stand put up directly opposite the stake, in front of White. On this platform stepped a priest, who began to address the people, who were there in great numbers, it being market-day. As the priest went on with his sermon, and spoke of many things about the authority of the church, White listened with much interest, so that he seemed to forget that death was so near. At last, the priest came to the sacrament of the altar, and then he began to denounce White's opinions, and quoted Scripture to support his doctrine. Hearing this, the man at the stake suddenly started up, and beckoned with his hands to the people, calling out, "Come hither, good people, come hither, and hear not the false prophet's teaching!"

Then some that stood by cried out, "Light fire, light fire!" which

being done, the straw and reeds flared up with a great and sudden flame. In this the poor man held out his hands, crying with a loud voice, "O Lord, receive my soul! O Lord, receive my spirit!" until he could not open his mouth. At last, the fire burned so hotly, that he was consumed and his body fell over the chain into the fire. Thus died Rawlins White for the truth as he believed it.

Rev. George Marsh.

George Marsh was well brought up by his parents, who were worthy people of the reformed faith. When about twenty-five years of age he married a young woman of the county, and rented a farm, at which employment he spent a number of years. His wife dying, he broke up his home and went to the university of Cambridge, where he studied, and afterward entered the ministry. For a while he was curate to Lawrence Saunders; in which place he was well liked. He preached with great earnestness and succeeded in making many converts.

But Marsh soon aroused the enmity of the church party; he was arrested and kept in prison, by the bishop of Chester, four months, and during all that time was not permitted to see his friends. His jailer was even ordered to take notice of whatever persons came to ask for him, and to give their names to the bishop.

After having been taken from his prison and examined several times, Marsh was brought, for the last time, into the cathedral church of Chester, to be tried before the mayor, the chancellor, and principal people of the city. The chancellor read aloud the answers Marsh had given during his former examinations, and asked the prisoner whether he still held to the same opinions. To this Marsh answered, "Yea." Then said the bishop, "There is no disputing with an heretic." And taking a writing out of his bosom, he began to read the sentence of condemnation.

When the bishop had read about half the sentence, the chan-

cellor said, "I pray you, my lord, wait, wait! for if you read any further, it will be too late to recall it." So the bishop ceased reading for a while, and then the priests and the people tried once more to persuade the prisoner to save himself from the fire, by changing his belief. They urged him to kneel down and pray, and said they would pray for him. So they knelt down, and he prayed with them. Then the bishop asked Marsh again, whether he would not accept the queen's mercy in time. He answered, he loved her grace as faithfully as any man; but yet he dared not deny Christ, lose his everlasting mercy, and suffer everlasting death.

Then the bishop took the writing again in his hands, and read about five or six lines more of the sentence. Once more the chancellor called out to the bishop, and said, "Stop once again, my lord! for if that next word is spoken, all is past; no repentence will then save him." So the bishop, laying down the paper, said, "I am willing to stop, if it will avail anything." Then to Marsh; "How sayest thou? wilt thou recant?" Many of the priests and poor people also urged the prisoner to do so, and called to God for grace; and pulled him by the sleeve, and bade him recant and save his life. Marsh answered, "I desire to live as much as any of you, if in so doing I should not deny my faith." Then the bishop read out his sentence to the end, and said, "Now there is no more mercy for thee;" and after this the bishop delivered him to the sheriffs.

Marsh was put in a dungeon or dark cell, and no one was allowed to speak to him; but some of his friends would come in the evening, and through a hole in the wall call to him, and ask him how he did. He would answer them most cheerfully, that he was well, and even thankful to God for appointing him to suffer for the truth.

When the day came on which Marsh was to be burned, the sheriff brought him, with irons on his feet, to the place of execution. Some of the bystanders offered him money, and expected to see him carry a little purse in his hand, as it was the custom for felons going to exe-

cution to get money to give a priest to say masses for them after their death, by which they might, as they thought, be saved. But Marsh said he had no need of money; but asked that some good man would take the money that was offered him, and give it to the prisoners or poor people. So he went all the way to his death with his book in his hand, looking upon it, and many of the people said, "This man does not go to his death like a criminal or one who deserves to die."

When Marsh had come to the place of execution without the city, one Cawdrey, the deputy-chamberlain of Chester, showed him a writing under a great seal, saying that it was a pardon for him if he would recant. The prisoner answered, that he would gladly be pardoned, but would not receive it upon that condition. After that he began to speak to the people, telling the cause of his death, and would have begged them to hold to their faith. But one of the sheriffs said, "We must have no sermonizing now." So Marsh answered, "Master, I cry you mercy;" and then kneeling down made his prayers.

Arising from his knees Marsh took off his clothes to his shirt, and quietly submitted to being chained to the post. Above his head they fastened a cask filled with pitch. Then they lighted the fire, but it was so badly made that he suffered greatly, but endured it patiently to the end, stretching out his arms at the last, and quietly yielding up his life.

Thomas Hawkes.

Thomas Hawkes came of a respectable family of Essex. He was carefully reared and sent to serve as a page at the court of king Edward VI. As he grew in years he was noted for his comeliness of person and his gentle manners. Following the fashion of the court, when he became a man he entered the service of the lord of Oxford, where he remained for some time, being liked by all the household.

But when Edward died, religion was changed, and those who held to the reformed faith began to be in danger. Hawkes was one of these,

so, rather than change his faith, he decided to leave his place and go back to his own home. He had married while at Oxford, and soon after coming home a son was born to him. As he did not want to have the child baptized by a Romish priest he put off the baptism for three weeks. His enemies hearing of this, had him brought before the magistrate charged with being unsound in religion. After a hearing he was sent up to London and put into the hands of Bonner, bishop of London.

When Hawkes was brought before the bishop, he was asked why he kept the child unbaptized so long. To this the prisoner replied that he believed he was doing better for the child than by taking it to a priest. After a good deal of argument, the bishop asked him if he would have his child baptized according to the form set forth in the service-book of Edward VI. To this Hawkes replied, that it was the very thing he desired from his soul. This question, however, was a mere device to find out Hawkes' real faith. So the bishop sent him a prisoner to the Gate-house, in Westminster, commanding the keeper to confine him closely, and not to permit any person whatever to speak with him.

During Hawkes' imprisonment, various plans were laid to make him recant, such as arguments, reading, taking him to hear sermons, and the like; but all proved useless, his constant answer to all who spoke to him on that subject, being, "I am no changeling." At last the bishop summoned him, with several others, to appear publicly in the consistory court at St. Paul's, where the charges against him were read. They then urged him to recant, that they might not be obliged to pass the awful sentence of death upon him. To this he firmly replied, that he would rather suffer death than renounce his faith in the gospel. The bishop then read the sentence of condemnation against him, and five others at the same time; after which he was sent back to prison.

While in prison, waiting till he should be taken to the stake,

THOMAS HAWKES KEEPS HIS PROMISE TO HIS FRIENDS.

Hawkes was allowed to see his friends, many of whom called on him. Some of them asked him if it would be possible for him to give them some token to show that a man could suffer the fire without despairing. Hawkes promised, "by the help of God, to show them that the most terrible torments could be endured in the glorious cause of Christ and his gospel, the comforts of which were able to lift the believing soul above all the injuries men could inflict." Accordingly, it was agreed between them, that if the pains of burning were bearable, the martyr should lift up his hands toward heaven, before he died, as a signal to his friends.

Soon after, Thomas Hawkes was led to the place of execution. After being fastened to the stake with a chain, he addressed the crowd, and especially Lord Rich, pointing out to him the sin and dreadful consequences of shedding innocent blood.

After Hawkes had made a prayer, the flames were kindled around him, and soon blazed with such fierceness that his speech was taken away by their violence; his frame shrunk and the people thought him dead—when suddenly, the martyr, mindful of the promise he had made to his friends, held his hands high above his head, and, as if in an ecstasy of joy, clapped them thrice together.

The awe-struck multitude stood speechless at this unlooked-for signal from one whom they thought already dead; but his friends, remembering the promise he had made them in prison, were thus convinced of the wonderful power of faith to support believers through every trial.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ENGLAND DURING QUEEN MARY'S REIGN—*Continued.*

Martyrdom of Margaret Polley.

So bitter was the feeling against those of the reformed faith, during the reign of queen Mary, that even women did not escape the fire. Margaret Polley, of Rochester, was brought before Maurice, bishop of Rochester, charged with holding heretical opinions. After asking her many questions and finding that she held firmly to her belief, the haughty bishop called her an "obstinate heretic" and "silly woman," telling her she knew not what she said, and that it was the duty of every Christian to believe as the mother church taught. The bishop then asked the following questions: "Will you, Margaret Polley, recant the error which you maintain, be reconciled to the church, and do penance for your sins?" To this the prisoner replied, "I cannot believe otherwise than I have spoken." Upon hearing this reply, the bishop pronounced sentence of condemnation against her; after which she was carried back to prison, where she remained for upwards of a month.

Margaret Polley was a woman in the prime of life, well learned in the Scriptures, and much beloved by all who knew her. During her imprisonment she was often urged to recant, but refused all offers of life on such terms. When the day appointed for her execution had come, she was led from the prison at Rochester to Tunbridge, where she was burned, thus giving up her life for her faith.

Trial and Execution of Robert Smith.

Robert Smith was a teacher at Eton college, and became converted to the reformed faith by hearing the sermons preached there. After

this he spent much of his time studying the Scriptures and was respected by all who knew him, for his virtuous life and Christian character.

When Mary was made queen, Smith was deprived of his post in the college, and soon after sent up prisoner to the bishop of London, by whom he was committed to Newgate, after having been examined several times, by the bishop at his palace. Being asked by Bonner his opinion concerning confession to the priests, he declared, "he had never been confessed since he arrived at years of discretion, because he never thought it needful, nor was it commanded of God to confess his faults to any man."

Bonner, bishop of London, then asked Smith his opinion concerning other ceremonies of the church, all of which he answered frankly, according to his belief. After this examination was ended the prisoner was sent back to prison. Some days afterward, he was brought before the bishops' court again, when he made the same answers as he had before. He was therefore condemned as a heretic, and delivered to the sheriff.

After the charges against him had been read, Smith appealed to the mayor, sheriff, and others. Turning to the lord mayor he said, "I beg of you, my lord, that I may here before your court answer to these charges that are laid against me; and if anything that I have said, or will say, can be proved to be heresy, I shall with all my heart forsake the same, and cleave to the truth, and all this audience shall be witness to it."

Lord Mayor. But, Smith, surely thou canst not deny what thou hast already testified to.

Smith. But, my lord, I deny that which the bishop hath charged against me, because he hath both added to and taken away from my testimony; but what I have actually spoken, I will never deny.

Bishop Bonner. By my word, master Smith, you shall preach at the stake.

Smith. Well sworn, my lord; you keep a good watch on your words.

Bishop Bonner. Well, master heretic, I am no saint.

Smith. No, my lord, nor yet a good bishop. For a bishop, saith St. Paul, should be faultless, and a vessel dedicated unto God; and are you not ashamed to sit in judgment on the innocent?

Bishop Bonner. Well, master prisoner, I suppose you are faultless.

Smith (*appealing to the mayor*). My lord mayor, I beg you that I may have justice. I am here to-day an innocent man, wrongfully accused of heresy. And I require you, if you will be just, to let me have no more favor at your hands than the apostle had at the hands of Festus and Agrippa, who being heathens and infidels, gave him leave to speak for himself. This require I at your hands, who being a Christian judge, I hope will not deny me that right which the heathen have admitted: if you do, then shall all this audience speak shame of your act.

Upon hearing this the lord mayor was put out of countenance, and said nothing, but the bishop cried out again to the prisoner, "that he should preach at the stake," and called out to the sheriff, "Away with him!"

Then the sentence of death was begun to be read, the first words of it being,—"In the name of God." Hearing this, Smith cried out, "You begin in a wrong name." Then he asked the bishop where he learned in Scripture to give sentence of death against any man for his conscience sake. To this Bonner made no answer, but went on reading. Then Smith turned to the lord mayor, and said, "Is it not enough for you, my lord mayor, and you the sheriffs, that you have left the straight way, but you must condemn Christ's followers causeless?"

Bishop Bonner. Well, Smith, you must confess that I offered you a fair chance to save yourself, though now, I suppose, you will call me bloody bishop, and say I seek thy life.

Smith. Well, my lord, if neither I nor any of this congregation

do call you so, yet shall these stones cry it out, rather than it shall be hidden.

Bishop Bonner. Away with him, away with him!

Smith then addressed himself to the spectators in the following manner: "Ye have seen and heard, my friends, the great injustice done me this day, and ye are all witness, that we have referred the justice of our cause to the Scriptures, which appeal not being admitted, we are condemned unheard." Then addressing the lord mayor, he said, "You, my lord, have exercised your authority unjustly, and will not attend to the cry of the poor, but I commit my cause to God, who judgeth aright, at whose awful bar both you and I must stand equal, and where sentence will be passed without partiality, and according to to the eternal laws of truth."

After his condemnation, Smith was carried back to Newgate prison, where he was closely confined till the 8th of August, 1555, the day appointed for his execution. On the morning of that day he was taken under a strong guard to Uxbridge, and there led to the stake. He bore his awful punishment with the most amazing fortitude, in full faith that he was giving up a brief life for one that was immortal. It is related of him, "that being burned and blackened with the fire, all that stood by thought him dead, when suddenly he straightened himself upright in the fire, raising his arms to heaven, and then, bending down again, ended his mortal life."

Robert Smith had received a very liberal education, and during the time of his imprisonment, he wrote a great number of letters and tracts. He had also a good turn for poetry.

An Account of the Lives, Trials, and Executions of Hugh Latimer, Bishop of Worcester, and Nicholas Ridley, Bishop of London.

Hugh Latimer was born at Thirkeston, in Leicestershire, England, about the year 1475. His parents provided him with a good education,

sending him to Cambridge university, where he became acquainted with the most influential and distinguished men among the reformers. Becoming convinced of the truth of their doctrine, he threw himself into the cause with all the enthusiasm of his nature, and soon proved his sincerity, as well as his courage, by writing a letter to king Henry VIII. protesting against a law that had been passed, forbidding the free use of the Bible in England.

When Cromwell came into power he appointed Latimer to a church in Wiltshire; at which place he took up his residence, and performed the duties of his pastorate satisfactorily to all except the Romanists. They continually sought an opportunity to annoy him, for his active support of the reformed doctrine, and at last they succeeded in having him summoned to appear before the bishops' court, at London, for examination.

Latimer set out for London in the depth of winter, and while suffering from an illness, which made it difficult for him to travel. On his arrival at London, he found a court of bishops ready to receive him. But instead of being examined about his sermons, as he had expected to be, a paper was put into his hands, which he was ordered to sign, declaring his belief in all the forms of worship and all the practices of the church of Rome.

Latimer, after reading the paper refused to sign it, when the archbishop, with a frown, ordered him to consider what he did. "We intend not, Latimer," said he, "to be hard upon you; therefore we dismiss you for the present; take a copy of the articles; examine them carefully, and God grant that at our next meeting we may find you in better mind."

At the next, and several succeeding meetings, the same scene was acted over again. Latimer remained firm, and the bishops continued to persuade him. Three times every week they regularly sent for him, with a view either to draw something from him by questions, or to prevail upon him at length to sign the paper. At last, tired out with this

usage, when Latimer was again summoned, he would not go, but sent a letter to the archbishop, in which he told him, "That the treatment I have lately met with has thrown me into a fever which has made me too ill to attend this day." He also remonstrated with his grace for keeping him so long from his duty, and said that it seemed to him most unaccountable, that they, who never preached themselves, should thus hinder others from preaching.

The bishops, however, continued to call upon Latimer to appear before them, when their plans for disgracing him were suddenly put an end to by a very unexpected event. Latimer was made bishop of Worcester, by the favor of Anne Boleyn, then the privileged wife of Henry, to whom he had, most probably, been recommended by Thomas Cromwell.

Latimer had now a larger field than ever in which to spread the principles of the Reformation, and he labored earnestly to fulfil the duties of his high office. Historians of those times speak of him as being remarkably thorough and conscientious; and tell us that in controlling the affairs of his diocese he was uncommonly active and resolute. In visiting, he was frequent and observant; in ordaining, strict and wary; and in preaching, eloquent and persuasive. Attending the parliament and convocation gave him a further opportunity to promote the work of reformation, whereon his heart was so much set. Many alterations were made in the laws concerning religion, and the Bible was to be translated into English and recommended to general use. Latimer, well satified with the prospects, went to his diocese, having made no longer stay in London than was absolutely necessary. He had no talents, and pretended to have none, for state affairs.

Three years later, Latimer was again invited to attend parliament. Now Gardiner, bishop of Winchester, was his great enemy; and, choosing a time when the bishops were with the king, Gardiner kneeled down and solemnly accused Latimer of preaching against certain

customs he had witnessed at court. Being asked by Henry, with some sternness, what he had to say to this charge, Latimer, far from denying the accusation, justified it; and turning to the king, with that courage which a good conscience inspires, said, "I never thought myself worthy, nor did I ever ask to be a preacher before your grace; but I was summoned to court against my will, and am ready, if you mislike my sermons, to give place to my betters; for I grant, there may be many better fitted for the place than I am. And if it be your grace's pleasure to have them for preachers, I shall be content to bear their books after them. But if your grace choose me for a preacher, I would desire you to give me leave to free my conscience, and to frame my doctrine according to my audience. I would be a very dolt, indeed, to preach the same sermons at court as I do in the country."

The frankness of Latimer's answer baffled his accuser; the severity of the king's countenance changed into a gracious smile, and the bishop was dismissed with that obliging freedom which Henry never showed but to those whom he liked.

However, as Latimer could not give his vote for the act of the six articles, drawn up by the duke of Norfolk, he thought it wrong to hold any office in a church where they must be obeyed; so therefore he resigned his bishopric, and retired into the country, where he purposed to live a quiet life.

But Latimer had not long enjoyed this peaceful serenity, when an unhappy accident carried him again into the stormy atmosphere of the court. It happened that, while walking in his grounds he was hurt by the fall of a tree, and the injury was so dangerous, that he was obliged to seek better advice than could be given by the country physicians. He therefore went to London, where he had the misfortune to see the ruin of his friend and patron Lord Thomas Cromwell; a loss which he was soon made sensible of. For Gardiner's spies quickly found him out in his concealment; and a trumped-up charge of having spoken against the six articles being brought against him, he was sent to the

Tower, where, without any judicial examination, he suffered, through one pretence and another, a close confinement for the remaining six years of Henry's reign.

At Henry's death the Protestant interest revived under his son Edward, and Latimer was set at liberty. An address was made to the protector, to restore him to his bishopric. The protector was very willing to gratify the parliament, and offered Latimer his bishopric again. He refused it, however, and chose rather to accept an invitation from his friend, archbishop Cranmer, to take up his residence with him at Lambeth. Here his chief employment was to hear the complaints and redress the wrongs of poor people; and his character, for services of this kind, was so universally known, that unfortunate persons from every part of England appealed to him. In these employments he spent more than two years, during which time he assisted the archbishop in preparing the homilies for the use of preachers, which were authorized in the reign of king Edward. Latimer was also appointed to preach the Lent sermons before the young king.

Latimer was thus employed during the remainder of Edward's reign, and continued the same course, for a short time, in the beginning of the next; but when queen Mary was settled on the throne all preaching was forbidden except by licensed priests, known to belong to the church party. The bishop of Winchester, who was now prime minister, having sought to arrest Latimer from the first, sent a message to bring him before the council. He had notice of this some hours before the messenger's arrival, but he did not try to escape. The messenger found him ready for his journey, at which he expressed surprise. Latimer told him, that he was as ready to go with him to London, and answer for his faith, as he ever had been to take any journey in his life. He said he doubted not that God, who had permitted him to preach the word before two princes, would enable him to do the same before a third.

The messenger then told Latimer that he had no orders to

seize his person, and giving him a letter, went away. Latimer opened the letter, and found it a summons from the council. He resolved to obey it, and set out immediately. As he passed through Smithfield, he said prophetically, "This place of burning hath long groaned for me." The next morning he waited upon the council, was bitterly reproached for the course he had taken in the past, and sent to the Tower, from which prison, after some little time, he was removed to Oxford.

Nicholas Ridley.

Nicholas Ridley, bishop of London, was arrested and put in prison at about the same time as Latimer. As these two distinguished prisoners were afterward brought before the court, and tried together, a short history of Ridley will now be given, after which the story of both Latimer and Ridley will be taken up again.

Nicholas Ridley, bishop of London, received the first part of his education at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. From there he was sent to the university of Cambridge, where his unusual abilities secured for him the place of master of Pembroke hall. After being a master for some years, he left Cambridge, and travelled into various parts of Europe for the purpose of completing his education. Upon his return to England, he was made chaplain to Henry VIII. and bishop of Rochester; later, he was made bishop of London by Edward VI.

Ridley had been brought up a member of the church of Rome, but was converted to the reformed faith, and became an active worker in the ranks of the reformers.

In an account of Ridley's life, written about this time, the following personal description is given of him: "In person he was comely and well proportioned. It was his disposition to take all things in good part, bearing no malice nor rancor from his heart, but soon forgetting all injuries and offences done against him. He was very kind to his relatives, and yet not indulging them any more than right would

require. He was much given to prayer and contemplation; for duly every morning, as soon as he was dressed, he went to his bed-chamber, and there upon his knees prayed for half an hour. This being done, immediately he went to his study (if no other business came to interrupt him) where he remained till ten o'clock. At dinner he talked little, unless occasion demanded. The dinner done, which was not very long, he used to sit an hour or thereabouts talking, or playing at chess. He then returned to his study, where he would stay, except visitors or business abroad prevented him, until five o'clock at night, when he would come to prayers as in the forenoon. These being finished, he went to supper; and after supper he would sometimes play again at chess, or return to his study, where he would remain until about eleven o'clock at night, which was his usual hour for going to bed. In his life he was godly and virtuous, and in his house peace and contentment reigned."

But when Mary came to the throne, Ridley shared the same fate as many others who preached the reformed doctrine. Being accused of heresy, he was first removed from his bishopric, then sent prisoner to the Tower of London, and afterwards to prison at Oxford; from there he was committed to the custody of Mr. Irish, mayor of that city, in whose house he remained till the day of his execution.

Trial of Ridley and Latimer.

Ridley and Latimer were finally brought before the divinity school at Oxford for examination, on the 30th of September, 1555. Ridley was heard first, and at the beginning of his trial was severely censured by the bishop of Lincoln, because when he heard the words "the cardinal's grace," and "the pope's holiness" read out in the indictment, he kept on his cap. The bishop said: "Master Ridley, if you will not be uncovered, out of respect to the pope, and the cardinal his legate, by whose authority this court is held, your cap shall be pulled off your head."

After the charges had been read, the bishop of Lincoln made a formal appeal, in which he begged Ridley to return to the holy mother church, and pointed out to him its antiquity, and universal authority, and the powers of the pope, the immediate successor of St. Peter. After he had finished Ridley answered him, and boldly contradicted all his statements. After some further argument it was decided by the court to ask the prisoner the usual set of questions prepared for those suspected of heresy. This was done, and his answers not being satisfactory to the court, Ridley was given into the custody of the mayor of Oxford and ordered to appear the next day in St. Mary's church, to give his final answers.

Latimer was now told to stand forward. The bishop of Lincoln then appealed to him, as he had done to Ridley, to return to the church of Rome, and the same questions were asked him as had been prepared for his fellow prisoner. Latimer's replies were no more satisfactory to the court than Ridley's had been, so he was also sent back to prison in the custody of the sheriff, and ordered to appear the next day in St. Mary's church.

On the following day the court met to continue the trial. Ridley was the first to be called. The bishop of Lincoln repeated to him his answers made the day before, and assured him that he had full liberty to make whatever alterations in them he pleased, and that he would be permitted to deliver the same to the court in writing. After some debate, Ridley took out a paper, and began to read; but the bishop interrupted him, and ordered an attendant to take the writing from him. Ridley asked permission to read on, declaring the contents were only his answers to the questions that had been asked him before; but the bishop and others, having privately examined the paper, would not permit him to read it in open court. When the list of questions was again used upon Ridley, he referred the court to his paper for his answers to them.

At last the bishop, finding Ridley immovable in the stand he had

taken, addressed him thus: "Dr. Ridley, it is with the utmost concern that I see your stubbornness and obstinacy in persisting in your errors and heresies; but unless you recant, I must proceed to the last part of my duty, though very much against my will and desire." Ridley made no reply, so the sentence of condemnation was pronounced; after which he was taken back to his prison.

Latimer Sentenced.

It was now Latimer's turn to be brought before the court for a final hearing. Standing in the place just quitted by his friend Ridley, he listened unmoved to the warning words of the bishop of Lincoln.

Latimer was told that although the court had already heard his replies to certain questions, yet it would, mercifully, give him time to think over the same, and to make what alterations he desired. The questions were then read to him a second time, but Latimer changed not a single word of his former answers. Being once again urged to recant, he refused, declaring, that he never would deny God's truth. Then sentence of condemnation was pronounced against him, and he was sent to rejoin his friend Ridley in prison.

Burning of Ridley and Latimer.

On the evening before these two martyrs were to mingle their ashes in the same fire, Ridley sat at supper in the room of his keeper. It is told of him that "he was as cheerful as ever he had been, and invited the keeper and his wife, as well as all who were at the table with him, to his 'marriage' on the morrow, for thus he spoke of his burning." He said that he hoped his sister would be there, and asked his brother, who was sitting at the table, whether he thought she could find it in her heart to come. He answered, "Yes, I dare say, with all her heart." To which Ridley said, "I am glad of it."

At this talk the keeper's wife wept, but Ridley comforted her, saying, "O my friend, quiet yourself, though my breakfast on the morrow

shall be somewhat sharp and painful, yet I am sure my supper will be more pleasant and sweet." When they arose from the table, his brother offered to stay all night with him. But he said, "No, no, that you shall not. For I intend to go to bed, and to sleep as quietly to-night as ever I did." On this, his brother departed, telling him to be of good cheer, and to take his cross quietly, for the reward would surely be great.

The place of execution was on the north side of the town of Oxford, near the ditch over against Baliol college; the stake had been set up there the day before. For fear of an attempt to rescue the prisoners by the people, Lord Williams, and some of the principal citizens of Oxford, were commanded by the queen's letters to attend, sufficiently armed to resist any attack. When everything was in readiness, the martyrs were led out by the mayor and bailiffs.

Ridley wore a furred black gown, such as he was accustomed to wear as a bishop, with a tippet of velvet, furred likewise, about his neck, and a velvet cap upon his head. He walked in a pair of slippers to the stake, between the mayor and an alderman.

After Ridley came Latimer in a shabby woollen coat, much frayed and worn, with a cap and a handkerchief on his head. He wore, also, a new long shroud down to his feet. This sight stirred men's hearts to mourn; as they thought on the one hand of the honor these two men had once had, and on the other, of the dreadful end to which they were now coming.

As they passed by the prison, Ridley looked up at the window of the cell in which Cranmer lay, hoping to see him at the window, and to speak to him. But at that time Cranmer was busy with friar Soto and his fellows, disputing together, so that he could not see him. Then Ridley looking back, saw Latimer coming after. To whom he called out and said, "Oh, are ye there?" "Yea," said Latimer, "I am coming as fast as I can." At length they came to the stake, the one after the other. Ridley first came near it, and earnestly holding

up both his hands, looked toward heaven. Soon after, seeing Latimer coming with a wondrous cheerful look, he ran to him, and embraced him, and they that stood near heard him say, "Be of good cheer, brother Latimer, for God will either lessen the fury of the flames, or else strengthen us to bear them."

Ridley then went to the stake, and kneeling down prayed; and behind him kneeled Latimer. Afterward they arose, and talked together a little while, till they who were appointed to see the executions, found places where they were shaded from the sun. Then Dr. Smith began to preach a sermon to them upon this text of St. Paul, in the thirteenth chapter of the first epistle to the Corinthians: "Though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." The preacher argued that the holiness of the cause, and not the manner of death, brings salvation to man. After speaking thus for some time, he ended his discourse with an appeal to the prisoners to repent, and come home again to the church and thus save their lives and souls.

Then said Ridley to Latimer, "Will you answer the sermon, or shall I?" Latimer said, "Begin you first, I pray you." "I will," said Ridley.

Then Ridley and Latimer kneeled down upon their knees facing Lord Williams, the vice-chancellor of Oxford, and other commissioners appointed to attend the execution, who sat upon a bench near them. Ridley said, "I beseech you, my lord, that I may speak but two or three words."

Lord Williams bent his head to the mayor and vice-chancellor, to ask, as it appeared, whether he might grant Ridley permission to speak. Then the bailiffs and Dr. Marshall, the vice-chancellor, ran hastily toward Ridley, and with their hands stopped his mouth, and said, "Master Ridley, if you will change your erroneous opinions, and recant the same, you shall not only have liberty to speak, but your life as well." "Not otherwise?" said Ridley. "No," replied Dr.

Marshall; "it is certain that if you will not do so, there is no remedy but you must die."

"Well," said Ridley, "so long as the breath is in my body I will never deny the Lord and his known truth; God's will be done to me." And with that he rose up, and said with a loud voice, "I commit our cause to Almighty God, who shall impartially judge all." Latimer said, "Well, there is nothing hid but that it shall be made manifest;" and added, that he could answer Smith well enough, if he might be allowed to speak. But no more time was allowed them. They were told to make ready for the fire, and without further words began to obey. Ridley took his gown and tippet, and gave it to his brother-in-law, Shipside, who, all the time of his imprisonment, although he was not allowed to enter the prison, remained at Oxford at his own expense, to provide Ridley with the things necessary to his comfort. Some articles of his apparel he gave to others; the bailiffs took some; besides which, he gave away a few trifles to gentlemen standing by, several of whom wept when they received them. To Sir Henry Lea he gave a new coin, and to some of Lord Williams' gentlemen such other small things as he had about him. Some of the bystanders even plucked the buckles from his garters, and happy was he who could get anything from him, which would serve as a token of remembrance.

Latimer had nothing to give the bystanders, but quietly permitted his keeper to pull off his hose, and his other apparel, which was very simple. And now being stripped to his shroud, he seemed as comely a person as one could desire to see; for although in his clothing he had appeared a withered and crooked old man, he now stood quite upright. Then Ridley, standing as yet in his belt, said to his brother, "It were best for me to wear my belt still." "No," said his brother, "it will put you to more pain; and the belt will do a poor man good." Ridley said, "So be it, then," and unlaced himself. Then, clad only in his shirt, he stood by the stake, and held up his hand, and said, "I

beseech thee, Lord, take mercy upon this realm of England, and deliver the land from all her enemies."

Then the smith took a chain of iron, and fastened it about the waists of both Ridley and Latimer. As he was knocking in a staple, Ridley took the chain in his hand, and shook it, and looking aside to the smith, said, "Good fellow, knock it in hard, for the flesh suffers not without a struggle." Then his brother brought some gunpowder in a bag, and would have tied it about his neck, but Ridley asked what it was. His brother said, "gunpowder." Then said Ridley, "I will take it. And have you any," said he, "for my brother Latimer?" "Yea, indeed, that I have," said his brother. "Then give this to him," said Ridley, "lest the other come too late." So his brother went, and carried the gunpowder to Latimer.

Then Ridley spoke to Lord Williams, saying, "My lord, I must be a suitor in the behalf of several worthy men, and especially in the cause of my poor sister. I have made application to the queen in their behalf. I beseech your lordship to be a mediator to her grace for them. There is nothing in all the world that troubles my conscience, I praise God, this only excepted. While I was bishop of London, I gave some poor men places under me. Now I hear that the new bishop will not give the places to them, but, contrary to all law and conscience, has taken from them their livings, and will not suffer them to enjoy them. I beseech you, my lord, be a mediator for them; you shall do a good deed, and God will reward you."

The only response to this appeal was a lighted torch, which had been made ready, and was now brought and laid down at Ridley's feet. Then said Latimer: "Be of good courage, brother Ridley, and play the man: FOR WE SHALL THIS DAY LIGHT SUCH A CANDLE BY GOD'S GRACE IN ENGLAND, AS I TRUST SHALL NEVER BE PUT OUT."

The torch was then placed among the fagots. When Ridley saw the fire flaming up towards him, he cried with a loud voice, "Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit; Lord, receive my spirit!" Latimer

RIDLEY AND LATIMER ARE BURNED AT OXFORD

prayed as earnestly on the other side, saying, "O Father of heaven, receive my soul!" The fire burned fiercest beside Latimer and he received the flame as if embracing it; and after he had stroked his face with his hands, he sank down, and soon died, as it appeared, with very little pain. His great age, for he was eighty years old, doubtless caused death to come quickly. But Ridley lingered longer because of the badness of the fire on his side, which only burned underneath, being kept down by the quantity of wood they had piled around him. When he saw this he begged them to let the fire come to him. His brother-in-law hearing him, and being anxious to shorten his sufferings, heaped more fagots upon him, but this only served to keep the fire under. He therefore lingered in great pain until one of the guard, with his pike-staff, pulled away some of the fagots. When Ridley saw the fire flame up, he leaned himself to that side; and when the flame touched the gunpowder, he was seen to stir no more, but fell down in the fire, on the other side, at Latimer's feet.

Hundreds who beheld the dreadful sight were moved to tears. In the words of the historian, "There was none that had not clean banished all humanity and mercy, who did not lament to behold the fury of the fire rage upon their bodies. There were signs of sorrow on every side. Some took it grievously to witness their deaths, whose lives they held full dear. Some pitied their persons, who thought their souls had no need of pity. Ridley's brother moved the compassion of many by his great grief. But those, especially, who remembered the places of honor they had held, the favor they had enjoyed with their princes, and the learning they were masters of, could not refrain from sorrow and tears, to see so great dignity, so many godly virtues, and the study of so many years, put into the fire, and consumed in a moment."

The Trial and Martyrdom of Rev. John Philpot.

John Philpot came of a good family of Hampshire, England. His father had the honor of being knighted, and as he possessed a

fair estate he was able to give his son the advantages of an excellent education. He sent him to Oxford university, where he studied civil law and other branches of learning; acquiring at the same time a good knowledge of the Greek and Hebrew languages.

After finishing his college course, young John Philpot travelled abroad. While in Italy, going from Venice to Padua, he fell into a discussion with a Franciscan friar travelling in the same coach, and narrowly escaped arrest for heresy. Returning to England during the reign of Edward VI., Philpot was appointed archdeacon of Winchester, under Dr. Poinet, who then succeeded Gardiner in that bishopric. He held this office during the reign of king Edward, to the entire satisfaction of those who came under his care. When the king died, and Mary, his sister, succeeded to the throne, she called a convocation of the church officers. Philpot was present, and with a few others of the clergy boldly upheld the cause of the Reformation against all the threats and persuasions of the queen's ministers.

For having taken this bold stand, Philpot was called to account, and during the next three months was compelled to appear no less than seven times before bishop Bonner, and other commissioners, for examination. Bonner at last becoming weary of a conflict with so able an adversary, determined after the seventh examination to end the matter. Accordingly, on the 13th of December, 1555, he summoned Philpot to appear before him at St. Paul's, for the last time. Fixing his stern gaze upon the prisoner, the persecuting bishop addressed him thus: "You are accused, Philpot, of mortal offences, but it is not even yet too late to save your life; for if you will return you shall be mercifully and gladly received, charitably used, and shall enjoy all the favor I can show you. But I tell you truly, if you continue obstinate I have the authority to condemn you. I therefore now demand of you whether you can show any cause why I should not sentence you to the fire?"

In answer to this harsh question Philpot replied, "I can say that

these twenty years I have been in the faith of the true church, but that is not your church, into which you would force me to come. Truly, I have many times sworn, both in the reign of king Henry VIII. and of Edward his son, to hold out against the usurped power of the pope of Rome, and this oath I think I am bound in my conscience to keep. But if you, or any of this court, can, by Scripture show that my oath was unlawful, and that I am bound by God's word to come into your church, I will gladly yield unto you, otherwise not." Upon hearing this firm reply, bishop Bonner cried out to take the prisoner back to his dungeon, and vowed he would pronounce sentence of death upon him within three days.

Accordingly, on Monday, December 16th, Philpot was again brought before Bonner, there being also present the bishops of Bath, Worcester, and Litchfield. Finding the accused still of the same mind, Bonner began to read the sentence. When he was about half way through, and had given no sign of stopping, the bishop of Bath plucked him by the sleeve, and said, "My lord, my lord, give him one more chance for his life; ask him again if he refuses to recant." Bonner replied, "Oh, let him alone for that!" and read on, without a break until he had finished the sentence of death.

Philpot was then taken by the sheriff's men, and led through the bishop's house into Paternoster-row. His faithful serving-man was waiting for him, and when he saw his kind employer dragged along by the men, he cried: "O master, master, where are they taking thee?" "Quiet thyself," said Philpot; "come with me, if thou wilt."

When they had come to Newgate prison the sheriff's officers delivered their prisoner to the keeper. His man, who had followed after, tried to go in also. Then one of the officers said to him, "Hence, fellow! what wouldst thou have?" "I would speak with my master," said the man. Philpot then turned about, and said to the man, "Come to-morrow and thou shalt speak with me." But when the under keeper understood he was his servant, he gave him leave to go in. So

JOHN PHILPOT IN NEWGATE PRISON.

Philpot and his man were put into a little chamber on the right hand, and remained there a short time. Alexander, the chief keeper, then came in, and said tauntingly, "Ah, hast thou not done well to bring thyself hither?" "I am content," said Philpot, "for it is God's will. I hope you will show me some favor, for you and I have been long acquainted." "If you will recant," said the keeper, "I will show you all the favors I can." "Nay," said Philpot, "I will never recant that which I have spoken, whilst I have my life, for it is most certain truth, and in witness thereof I will shed my blood." Then Alexander said, "That is the way with the whole pack of you heretics." He at once ordered him to be put upon a block, and as many irons fastened to his legs as he could carry.

While they were fastening the irons on Philpot's legs, the clerk of the prison whispered in the keeper's ear that the prisoner had been seen giving some money to his servant for safe keeping; so Alexander called the man, and said, "What money hath thy master given thee?" He answered, "My master hath given me none." "None?" said Alexander, "hath he given thee none? That I will soon know, for I will search thee." "Do with me as you like, and search me all you can," said the servant; "he hath given me only a token or two to send to his friends, and to his brothers and sisters."

"So," said Alexander to Philpot, "thou art then a supporter of heretics; thy man hath money to carry to some of thy friends, but he shall be known well enough." "Nay," said Philpot, "I send but a few trifles; there he is, let him make answer to it. But, good Alexander, be so much my friend, that these irons may be taken off." "Well," said Alexander, "give me my fees, and I will take them off; if not, thou shalt wear them still."

Then Philpot asked the keeper, "And what is your fee?" He said, "Four pounds." "Ah," said Philpot, "I have not that much; I am but a poor man, and I have been long in prison." "What wilt thou give me, then?" said Alexander. "Sir," said he, "I will give thee

twenty shillings, and that I shall have to send my man for. If that will not satisfy you I will give thee my gown in pledge; I shall have little need of it, for the time I shall be with you will be short, for the bishop told me I should soon be despatched." "What is that to me?" said Alexander. "You shall wear your irons while you are here."

With that he left him, ordering him to be put in a dungeon. Then one of the keepers took him on his back, and carried him down. Philpot said to his servant, "Go to the sheriff, and tell him how I am being abused, and ask him to be good to me." So his servant went, and took another person with him. When they came to the sheriff, and told him how Philpot was being treated in Newgate, he took his ring from off his finger, and gave it to the person that came with Philpot's man, and bade him go to Alexander the keeper, and command him to handle the prisoner more gently, and to take off his irons; also to give back to his man what they had taken from him.

When the men returned to the prison they went to Alexander, and delivered their message. The keeper took the ring, and said, "Ah, I see Master Sheriff is a favorer of Philpot, and all such heretics as he is; therefore to-morrow I will tell of this to his betters." Nevertheless he went to Philpot where he lay, and took off his irons, and gave back to him the things he had taken from his servant.

A few days after, while Philpot was at supper, there came a messenger from the sheriffs, to tell him to make ready, for the next day he was to be burned at the stake. Philpot answered, "I am ready; God grant me strength, and a joyful resurrection." So in the morning the sheriffs came about eight o'clock, and calling for him, he cheerfully came down to them. His faithful man was also there to greet him, and said, "O dear master, farewell!" His master answered, "Farewell, my faithful friend!" And so he went with the sheriffs to the place of execution; and when he came near Smithfield, the way was muddy, and two officers took him up to bear him to the stake. Then he laughed, and said, "What, will you make me a prince? I am con-

tent to go to my journey's end on foot." When they had come to the place, and had set him on his feet again, he kneeled down and said, "I will now keep my vows in thee, O Smithfield!"

On coming to the stake, Philpot looked upon it, and then repeated a psalm, and prayed. And when he had made an end of his prayers, they bound him to the stake, and lighted the fire, amid the flames of which the martyr soon resigned his soul unto Him who gave it.

CHAPTER XXV.

ENGLAND DURING THE REIGN OF QUEEN MARY—*Continued.*

History of Thomas Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Cranmer was born in the year 1489 in a village called Arselacton, in Nottinghamshire, England. His family was an ancient one, dating back to a Norman ancestor who came over with William the Conqueror. Cranmer's father died in early life, leaving his son an orphan while yet a child.

When fourteen years old the boy was sent by his mother to Cambridge university to be educated. After he had completed his course there his abilities were so well thought of that he was chosen a fellow, or resident professor, of the college, and held this position until his marriage, in 1521, when he lost it, as only single men could be fellows of the university. His wife dying, however, one year after their marriage, he was re-elected to his old position. The following year he was made a doctor of divinity, and being learned in theology, was chosen divinity lecturer of his college, and appointed by the university as one of the examiners of young men studying for the ministry. While filling this office Cranmer specially encouraged the study of the Bible, then greatly neglected, as being indispensable for those who expected to teach divine truth.

A terrible pestilence known as the plague, which was common in England and many parts of Europe at this time, broke out at Cambridge soon after Cranmer had received this last appointment; so to escape it he moved with some of his pupils to a place called Waltham Abbey. Here he met Gardiner and Fox, one the secretary and the other the almoner of king Henry VIII. As the king's desire to obtain

a divorce from Catherine, his queen, was common talk at this time, Gardiner and Fox asked Cranmer what had best be done to help the king attain his object, and Cranmer shrewdly advised that application be made to the English and foreign universities for their opinions as to the legality of a divorce. This advice was so well thought of that Cranmer was presented to the king, who questioned him further on the subject, and was so much pleased with his views that he requested him to write out his opinions in full. Afterward, the king appointed Cranmer his chaplain, and admitted him to that favor which he continued to enjoy throughout the king's life.

A few years later, Cranmer was sent by Henry, with a distinguished embassy, to argue on the subject of the divorce, at Paris, Rome, and other foreign cities. At Rome Cranmer delivered a book which he had written in favor of the divorce, to the pope, and offered to justify it in a public debate. But after several attempts no one could be found who cared to discuss the subject with him.

While Cranmer was absent abroad, Warham, then archbishop of Canterbury, died, and the king determined to make Cranmer his successor; so he commanded him to return at once to England. He did so, and was consecrated archbishop of Canterbury, on March 30, 1533. He received at his consecration the customary bulls from the pope, but he refused to take the usual oaths of allegiance to him, for he had mingled much, during his travels, with the reformers of Germany, and had read Luther's books.

The first service archbishop Cranmer—always ready to obey his patron—did for Henry, was to grant the king's divorce from queen Catherine; the second was to marry him to Anne Boleyn. As the new queen favored the Reformation, the reformed party for a time gained some headway; but the tragic end, on the scaffold, of the unfortunate Anne, and the uncertain temper of the king, caused them great uneasiness. The enemies of the reformers soon saw their advantage, and awoke to renewed activity. Cranmer was attacked

by Gardiner, who accused him in parliament, and several lords of the privy council petitioned the king to commit the archbishop to the Tower. The king, however, suspected their motives and after reading the petition put it aside.

A few days after Henry had received the petition against Cranmer he ordered his barge to be made ready, and embarked for a short excursion on the river Thames. When the rowers had brought the king as far as Lambeth bridge, he looked out and saw Cranmer standing by the bridge; for the archbishop had heard the trumpets of the musicians on the royal barge, and had come to salute the king.

When Henry saw Cranmer, he commanded the oarsmen to row toward the shore, and so came near to the bridge. "Ah, my chaplain!" said the king to the archbishop, "come into the barge with me." Cranmer begged that he would let him take his own barge and wait upon his majesty. "No," said the king, "you must come into my barge, for I want to talk with you." When the king and the archbishop were seated together in the barge, the king said, "I have news out of Kent for you, my lord." The archbishop answered, "Good news, I hope, if it please your highness." "Marry," said the king, "it is so good that I know now who is the greatest heretic in Kent," and with that he pulled out of his sleeve the charges against the archbishop and his preachers, and gave them to him to read.

When Cranmer had read the articles, and saw himself so venomously attacked, he was much alarmed; but he kneeled before the king, and begged him to appoint a commission to try the truth of the accusation. "Indeed," said the king, "I mean to do so, and you yourself shall be chief commissioner, joined with two or three more that you shall select yourself." "Then it will be thought," said the archbishop, "that it is not fair, if it please your grace, that I should be mine own judge." But he was appointed in spite of his protest.

After three weeks, it was seen that nothing could be proved against

Cranmer, and that the whole matter was a conspiracy against the archbishop. So the king told the archbishop to name to him a dozen or sixteen of his officers and gentlemen, such as had discretion, wisdom, and courage; to these he gave orders to search the houses, chests, and chambers of all those that were suspected to be of this conspiracy, both within the cathedral church and without; and whatever writings they could find about them, they were directed to bring to the archbishop and the king. These men went immediately to the guilty persons' houses, and within four hours afterwards the whole plot was discovered by finding letters, some from the bishop of Winchester and others; so that the beginning and end of their conspiracy was brought to light.

Among other papers, two letters came into Cranmer's hands, denouncing him as a heretic; one being from a Dr. Thornton, of Dover, and the other from Dr. Barber. These men had both been entertained by the archbishop in his house, and were indebted to him for many favors, yet they thus ungratefully conspired with Gardiner to take away his life. When Cranmer first discovered their treachery, he took them into his study, and telling them that he had been basely and falsely accused by some persons in whom he had always put the greatest confidence, asked them to advise him how he should punish them. They, not suspecting themselves to be concerned in the question, replied that "such villains ought to be hanged without a trial." Upon hearing this the archbishop, lifting up his hands, cried out, "Merciful Heaven! whom can a man now trust?" And then, taking out of his bosom the letters by which he had discovered their treachery, he asked them if they knew those papers. When they saw their own letters produced against them, they were in the utmost confusion; and falling upon their knees, humbly begged for pardon. Cranmer replied that he forgave them; but that they must never expect him to trust them any more.

After the death of king Henry VIII., his son, Edward VI., was

much under Cranmer's influence. The friends of the Reformation were therefore able to make many changes in the form of worship in England. Homilies, and a catechism, were composed by the archbishop; Erasmus' notes on the New Testament were translated, and placed in churches; the sacrament was administered in both kinds; and the liturgy was read in the English tongue. Ridley, the archbishop's great friend, and one of the most active of the reformers, aided the archbishop in drawing up forty-two articles of religion, which were revised by other bishops and divines.

But it was only for a short time the reform party had the upper hand. Edward died after a reign of only six years; and the men who had been most active in bringing about the changes became marks for persecution. In Cranmer's case political reasons also aided to bring about his fall. As told before, Edward was persuaded, by the duke of Northumberland to bequeath his crown to the duke's own daughter-in-law, the Lady Jane Grey. This change from the will of his father excluded the king's two sisters, Mary and Elizabeth, from the throne.

It is said that archbishop Cranmer at first opposed the alteration in the succession; but the will was made, and signed by the council and the judges. Cranmer was sent for, last of all, and asked to sign. He, at first, said he could not do so without breaking his oath, made during the time of Henry VIII., to uphold the two princesses, Mary and Elizabeth, with Edward their brother, as rightful heirs to the crown. However, he signed the will with the others, and joined the party which gave the unfortunate Lady Jane her short-lived power.

Queen Mary was soon raised to the throne, and Cranmer could then expect nothing but what followed—arrest, imprisonment, and finally death. He was promptly condemned for treason, and, with pretended clemency, pardoned. But to gratify Gardiner's malice, and Mary's own bitter hatred of him for the active part he had taken in aiding Henry VIII. to divorce her mother, she had him accused of heresy. Cranmer's friends, who foresaw the storm, advised him to take refuge in

Germany; but he, either not realizing the extent of the danger, or determining to face it, refused to go. He was soon arrested and sent to the Tower, which was then crowded with prisoners.

Cranmer was confined in a small cell with Ridley, Latimer, and Bradford. After a time Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer were taken from the Tower to Windsor, and from there to Oxford, to defend themselves before a commission made up of prominent men from Oxford and Cambridge universities. But their fate was already determined before the trial. Cranmer as well as the others were pronounced heretics and condemned to die. Cranmer's servants, who had until this time attended to his wants as well as they were able, were sent away, and he was confined alone, in the common jail at Oxford.

But as it was necessary to obtain the pope's approval, to make the sentence legal, a new commission was sent the next year from Rome, and in St. Mary's church, at the high altar, the court sat, and tried the already condemned Cranmer. After this, bishop Bonner and bishop Thurlby came from London empowered to proceed with the so-called degradation of the archbishop. When they came to Oxford, Cranmer was brought before them, and they read to him their warrant from the pope. In this the prisoner was declared disobedient for not appearing at Rome in person, to answer the charges against him—though the bishops themselves had kept him locked up in prison in England. The warrant also stated that the case had been impartially tried at Rome; the witnesses on both sides examined, and the archbishop's own counsel allowed to make the best defence for him he could.

"Oh," said Cranmer upon hearing this, "what lies are these!—that I, being continually in prison and never permitted to have any counsel or defender at home, should be expected to appear myself and appoint counsel at Rome!"

When Bonner had finished his reading, they proceeded to degrade Cranmer. To make him an object of derision, the priestly habit

which they put on him, instead of the usual rich and costly fabrics was made of old and ragged vestments. Bonner, in the meantime, by way of insult and mockery, addressed him as "Master Canterbury," and the like. This ceremony being done, they put on him a tattered coat and breeches such as a poor laborer might wear, and sent him back to prison. There Cranmer was kept entirely without comforts, and secluded from his friends. Such even was the watchfulness of his enemies, that a sympathizing person was taken into custody by Bonner, and narrowly escaped a trial, for sending Cranmer a sum of money to purchase necessaries.

Cranmer was confined in different prisons for nearly three years. He heard of the martyrdom of his fellow prisoners, Ridley and Latimer, but his own punishment was still delayed. Meanwhile every effort was made to persuade him to recant. As if to try what effect gentle methods would have, they removed him from his prison to the lodgings of the dean of Christchurch, where they used every persuasive argument to make him turn from his faith. Angered at his refusal, they removed him from the dean's lodgings to the most dismal part of the prison in which he had been confined before, and there treated him with great harshness. The spirit of the old man was not proof against these hardships, and he soon agreed to sign an abject form of recantation, of which the following is a part:

"I, Thomas Cranmer, late archbishop of Canterbury, do renounce, abhor, and detest, all manner of heresies and errors of Luther and Zuinglius, and all other teachings which are contrary to sound and true doctrine. And I believe most constantly in my heart, and with my mouth I confess one holy and catholic church visible, without which there is no salvation; and thereof I acknowledge the bishop of Rome to be supreme head on earth, whom I acknowledge to be the highest bishop and pope, and Christ's vicar, unto whom all Christian people should be subject.

"And I submit myself to the church and to the supreme head

thereof, and to their most excellent majesties Philip and Mary, king and queen of this realm of England, and to all other their laws and ordinances; being ready always as a faithful subject ever to obey them. And God is my witness, that I have not done this for favor or fear of any person, but willingly and of mine own conscience, and to the instruction of others."

This recantation of the archbishop was immediately printed, and scattered throughout the country. As proof that it was genuine, first was signed to it the name of Thomas Cranmer, and then followed the names of the witnesses of his signature, Henry Sydal and friar John de Villa Garcina.

As further demands were made, from time to time, upon the fallen archbishop, other equally humble confessions of error, and appeals for pardon, were made and signed by him. No form seemed too abject for him. But all this time Cranmer had no positive assurance that his life would be spared, although it is probable that hope was held out to him. After they had gained their purpose, little heed was paid to the ultimate fate of the prisoner. So it came to pass that the queen, who had never wavered in her determination to revenge herself upon him for the active part he had taken in divorcing her mother, received his several recantations very graciously, but did not make any change in her plans for his burning.

Accordingly, after Mary had held a secret council with her ministers, the day was appointed for Cranmer's execution—the 21st of March, 1556. It was determined, however, that he should first be compelled to publicly read his recantation to the people. So the Spanish friar John de Villa Garcina, one of the witnesses to the paper, was sent to the prisoner to require him to make a copy of it and keep it by him. Cranmer made the copy, but suspecting the use he would be expected to make of it, and seeing that the time had passed when further denials of his real faith would save him from the fire, he wrote out another paper, withdrawing his recantation, and declaring his entire devotion

to the reformed faith. This he hid in his bosom, intending to use it at the proper time.

Cranmer's Last Address to the People.

When the day came, Lord Williams, Sir Thomas Bridges, Sir John Brown, and other justices, and noblemen of the queen's council, went to Oxford with a train of followers. A great crowd of people from the surrounding country had also assembled there. Some expected to hear Cranmer confess himself a humble convert to Rome, while others, among whom were many of his former friends, hoped that the archbishop, who had spent a long life in study, and in preaching the gospel of Christ, would not now desert them, as the last act of his career.

The excitement was at its height when Cranmer was seen, being led between two friars, from his prison to St. Mary's church. Before him walked the mayor of Oxford, and next came the aldermen of the city. When they had come into the church, Cranmer was told to mount upon a platform which had been built near the pulpit. As he stood there in full view of the curious multitude which filled the church, he presented a sorrowful spectacle to every eye not blinded by passion or prejudice. For he who had lately been archbishop, metropolitan, and primate of all England, and the king's privy councillor, was now in a threadbare and ragged gown, with an old square cap on his head, a mark for the contempt of all men. Few there were who did not pity him, or scarce one who might not fear his own future fate, to see so eminent a prelate, so grave a counsellor, one who had been so long honored, thus deprived in his old age of his estate, and condemned to die so painful a death.

Standing there in his ragged gown the poor prisoner turned his face toward a stone pillar, and lifting up his hands to heaven, prayed earnestly to God. The priest who had been appointed to preach the sermon upon this occasion was a certain Dr. Cole, who now went up into the pulpit and commenced his discourse. He soon began to reproach

Cranmer, with many bitter words, as "one who had fallen into pernicious error, and who had not only defended the same by his writings, and all his powers, but also allured other men to do the like."

The sermon continued at some length. At its close the speaker urged the prisoner, Cranmer, to go to his death in a humble and contrite spirit; and gave thanks to God that, although his repentance had been slow, it had been sincere, and that he had at last shown, by signing the recantation, that he had turned from his abominable errors and become a penitent convert to the true faith. All this time Cranmer stood upon the platform, now lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, and then again, as if ashamed, letting them down toward the earth. Several times the tears were seen to fall from his eyes and his whole expression betokened shame and grief.

After Cole had finished speaking, the people began to go out, but he stopped them, by calling out: "Brethren, lest any man should doubt the prisoner's conversion and repentance, you shall hear him speak for himself. Now I pray you, Master Cranmer, do that which you promised, and publicly acknowledge the true profession of your faith, that you may take away all suspicion, and that every person here present may know you are a Catholic indeed."

"I will do it," said the archbishop, "and that with a right good will." Then putting off his cap, he spoke, in part, as follows: "Good people, my dearly beloved brethren and sisters in Christ, I beseech you most heartily to pray for me to Almighty God, that he will forgive all my sins and offences, which be many without number, and great above measure. But yet one thing grieveth my conscience more than all the rest, whereof, God willing, I intend to speak more hereafter. But how great and how many soever my sins be, I beseech you to pray to God of his mercy to pardon and forgive them all."

And here kneeling down, Cranmer prayed for a while, and then rising said: "And now as I am come to the last end of my life on earth, and am near to beginning the life to come, either to live with

my master Christ for ever in joy, or else to be in pain for ever in hell, I shall therefore declare unto you my true faith without any deception; for this is not the time to deceive, no matter what I may have said or written in times past."

"First, I believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth. And I believe every article of the Christian faith, every word and sentence taught by our Saviour Christ; his apostles; and the prophets, in the New and Old Testament."

"And now I come to the great thing which so much troubleth my conscience, more than any thing that ever I did or said in my whole life, and that is the scattering abroad of a writing contrary to the truth; which I now here renounce and refuse, as things written with my hand contrary to the truth which I thought in my heart, and written for fear of death, and to save my life. And I renounce as false and untrue all such papers signed with my hand since my degradation, wherein I have written many things untrue. And forasmuch as my hand hath offended, writing contrary to my heart, *therefore this my hand shall first be punished;* for when I come to the fire, it shall first be burned."

"And as for the pope, I refuse him, as Christ's enemy and antichrist, with all his false doctrine. And as for the sacrament, I believe as I have taught in my book against the bishop of Winchester, which book teacheth so true a doctrine of the sacrament, that I believe it shall stand even to the last day."

Disappointment of Cranmer's Enemies.

On hearing this bold declaration of faith, the greater part of the people were amazed and looked upon one another in astonishment. But if the common people were surprised, the priests and doctors whose plans had so notably failed, were doubly so—and infuriated as well. For they had confidently expected to triumph over the reformers by being able to point forever after to the public recantation of their leader. But instead of a humble plea for forgiveness, he had boldly

withdrawn all his former denials and avowed himself unshaken in his faith.

Then Cranmer's foes began to storm and rage against him; some plucked him by the gown before he could finish his address, and called him "Traitor!" reminding him of his former recantation. But this was useless, as they very well knew. No threats could harm a man already condemned to be burned—he could die but once. For all that, they never ceased to cry out against him, for what they termed his falsehood and deceit.

To these accusations, Cranmer replied: "Ah, my masters, do not take it so. Always have I been a hater of falsehood, and a lover of truth, and never, but for dread of the stake, would I have dissembled;" and when he said this, the tears showed in his eyes. Then he began to speak more of the sacrament and of the pope, but some of them began to cry out, "Stop the heretic's mouth, and take him away."

Then was Cranmer pulled down from the platform, and led to the fire, accompanied by two Spanish friars. "What madness," said they, "hath brought thee again into this error, by which thou wilt draw many souls with thee into hell?" To them he answered nothing, but addressed all his talk to the people. In a little while he came to the stake: it was the place where the martyrs, Latimer and Ridley, had been burned, and there kneeling down he prayed to God. But not tarrying long at his prayers, he arose, and taking off his garments to his shirt, he prepared himself for death. His shirt was made long, down to his feet, which were bare. His face, haggard from long imprisonment, was covered by a beard, and his reverend countenance moved the hearts of both his friends and enemies.

Then the Spanish friars, of whom mention has been made before, began to urge him again to recant, but Cranmer with steadfast purpose refused to listen, turning from them and giving his hand to certain old men, and others that stood by, bidding them farewell. But when he offered his hand to one of these men, whose name was Ely, Ely drew

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back his hand, saying "it was not lawful to take the hand of a heretic, and especially such a one as falsely returned unto the opinions that he had forsworn." This Ely was a student of divinity in the college at Oxford.

Soon an iron chain was brought, and put around Cranmer, fastening him to the stake. Then when the fagots had been piled up the sheriff ordered fire to be brought. And when the wood was kindled, and the fire began to burn near him, he was seen by all who stood there, to stretch forth his right hand, with which he had signed his recantations, and to hold it in the flames. There he held it so unflinchingly that all the people saw it burned, before his body was touched by the fire. So patient and steadfast was he in the midst of this extreme torment, that he uttered no cry, and seemed to move no more than the stake to which he was bound. His eyes were lifted up to heaven, and often he repeated, "This was the hand that wrote it," —"this unworthy right hand," so long as his voice would suffer him; and as often using the words of the martyred St. Stephen, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" till the fury of the flames putting him to silence, he gave up the ghost.

Thus died Thomas Cranmer, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. That he was a man of unusual abilities is shown by the high station he attained. The changes in the forms of worship in the reign of Edward VI. were chiefly due to him. It was his voice that men heard, and still hear, in the words of the English liturgy, which he compiled at Oxford. At the last the moral weakness which he had shown in signing his recantations was atoned for by one of the most strikingly heroic acts recorded of the martyrs.

An eminent historian has, therefore, truly said, "Cranmer's very weakness proved a means of moving thousands who had been less affected by the sufferings of more heroic spirits. It is a fellow feeling that draws men's sympathies, and for one man who felt within him the joy of Rowland Taylor at the prospect of the stake, there were

CRANMER'S DEATH:—"THIS UNWORTHY RIGHT HAND."

thousands who felt the shuddering dread of Cranmer. The triumphant cry of Latimer could reach hearts only as bold as his own; but the sad scene of Cranmer's humiliation and repentence brought pity to the hearts of all."

Account of Richard and Thomas Spurg, John Cavill, George Ambrose, Rev. Robert Drake, and Rev. William Tims.

These six men lived in the county of Essex. Being accused of heresy, they were all arrested, and sent by Lord Rich and other commissioners up to London, to bishop Gardiner, who after a short examination sent the four first named to the Marshalsea prison, and the two last to the King's Bench.

After having been confined a year they were all brought into the consistory court, in St. Paul's church, before the bishop of London, to be examined. Bonner began his examination with Tims, whom he called the ringleader, telling him he had taught the others heresies, and tried, as far as in him lay, to make them as guilty as himself. After talking in this strain for a while, the bishop asked Tims what he had to say in his own defence, demanding whether he would submit himself to the church—promising that if he did, he would be kindly received; but threatening, if he did not, to pronounce judgment against him as a heretic.

In answer to this, Tims reminded bishop Bonner that he himself had formerly given up that very church which he now professed such love for. He pointed out that during the reign of Henry VIII. Bonner had spoken with great force and eloquence against the usurped power of the pope, though he was now sending men to the stake because they would not acknowledge the pope to be the supreme head of the church.

Bonner asked, "What have I written against the church?" Tims answered, "The late bishop of Winchester wrote a book against the papal supremacy, and for that book you wrote a preface, reproving the

pope's tyranny and usurpation, and showing that his power was ill-founded, and contrary both to the will of God and the real interest of mankind."

As this was the exact truth, Bonner for once had nothing to say. However, soon recovering himself, he explained that the book and preface had been written not from disrespect to his holiness, but because it was then deemed treason by the laws of England to maintain the pope's authority in England. He also said, at that time it was dangerous to profess to favor the church of Rome, and therefore common prudence compelled men to seem to oppose it. But now, since queen Mary's happy accession to the throne, they might boldly speak according to their consciences. The bishop further reminded Tims, that as the bishop of Winchester was not ashamed to recant his errors at St Paul's cross, and as Bonner himself had done the same, every inferior clergyman should follow their example. But Tims still defended his own conduct and said, "My lord, that which you have written against the supremacy of the pope, can be well proved from Scripture to be true; but that which you now do is contrary to the word of God, as I can show."

At this Bonner cried out against Tims as an "obstinate heretic," and at once began to read his sentence; after which he delivered him over to the sheriff's officers.

Drake's trial came next. He frankly declared that he denied the authority of the pope, and that no persuasion could change him. Bonner had found the replies of the first prisoner, Tims, so little to his liking that he spent no time in arguing with Drake, but at once pronounced sentence of condemnation, and delivered him into the custody of the sheriffs.

The four remaining prisoners, Thomas and Richard Spurg, George Ambrose, and John Cavill, were then asked if they would forsake their heresies, and return to the church. They all refused to acknowledge any wrong-doing, and declined to change their belief. Bonner then read their several sentences, after which he committed them all to the

custody of the sheriffs of London, by whom they were taken to Newgate.

On the 14th of April, 1556, the day appointed for their execution, the six men were taken to Smithfield, where they were chained to the same stake, and burned in one fire. They patiently submitted themselves to the flames, and quietly resigned their souls to that Redeemer for whose sake they had given their bodies to be burned.

Account of Hugh Laverock, a Cripple; and John Apprice, a Blind Man.

Hugh Laverock was a painter by trade. He lived in the parish of Barking, in Essex. At the time of his arrest he was in the sixty-eighth year of his age, and very infirm. Being, however, accused of heresy by some of his neighbors, he and John Apprice, a poor blind man, were taken before Bonner to be examined.

Bonner asked the prisoners the usual questions, to which they answered without making the slightest effort to conceal their opinions. The next day they were both brought into the consistory court at St. Paul's, where the questions and answers were publicly read; after which the bishop endeavored to persuade them to change their belief. But Hugh Laverock declared that by the grace of God he would continue in the profession he had already made; and John Apprice, the blind man, answered in like manner.

The two prisoners were ordered to appear the next day at the bishop's palace at Fulham. Having been taken there, the bishop, after some talk with them, finding them firm in their faith, pronounced the final sentence, and they were sent to Newgate.

One week after they had been sentenced, they were taken to Stratford-le-Bow, the place appointed for their execution. As soon as they arrived at the stake, Laverock threw away his crutch, and thus addressed his fellow sufferer:

"Be of good comfort, brother, for the bishop of London is our

good physician: he will cure us both shortly, thee of thy blindness and me of my lameness." Then they both knelt down and prayed earnestly that God would enable them to pass, with Christian resolution, through the fiery trial.

These two poor old men, one a cripple and the other blind, were then chained to one stake, and the fagots lighted. They endured their sufferings with great fortitude, and cheerfully yielded up their lives for their faith.

Burning of Three Women; Catherine Hut, Joan Hornes, and Elizabeth Thackvill.

These three women were arrested on suspicion of heresy, and taken before Sir John Mordaunt and Mr. Tyrrel, justices of the peace for the county of Essex. After a hearing they were sent prisoners to the bishop of London, for refusing to attend the services of the Romish church.

The three prisoners were brought before the bishop, and he asked them the questions prepared for such occasions; to which they replied acknowledging their belief in the reformed faith. Refusing to recant they were sentenced to be burned, and were delivered over to the sheriff of London, who put them in Newgate prison, where they remained until the time they were to suffer.

On the day appointed for their execution, they were carried to Smithfield—when they were all fastened to one stake, and the fagots lighted, amid the flames of which they were quickly consumed.

Account of the Arrest, Trial, and Execution of Eleven Men and Two Women.

Thirteen persons who lived in the county of Essex, England, were arrested in May, 1556, and sent to London to be examined by bishop Bonner. Their names were as follows: Ralph Jackson, Henry Adlington, Lyon Cawch, William Halliwell, George Searles, John Routh,

John Derifall, Henry Wye, Edmund Hurst, Laurence Parnam, Thomas Bower, Elizabeth Pepper, and Agnes George.

Being all brought together before Dr. Darbyshire, the bishop's chancellor, he called upon each of them, separately, to answer the usual set of questions prepared for persons suspected of heresy. All answered boldly; not one of them denied that he believed in the reformed religion. Even the two women refused to save their lives by changing their faith. Sentence of condemnation was therefore pronounced upon all of them, and they were put in charge of the sheriff, who took them to Newgate prison.

On the Sunday after their condemnation, Dr. Fecknam, dean of St. Paul's, said, in his sermon, that "the thirteen prisoners held as many different beliefs as there were faces among the whole." This being reported to them, they drew up one confession of faith, to which they signed their names, so that all men might know they were of the one religion, and for that religion were willing to die.

Early on the morning of the 28th of June, 1556, the day appointed for their execution, they were taken from Newgate to Stratford-le-Bow, the place where they were to suffer. When they had come there, the sheriff tried by a stratagem to win them over. He divided them into two companies, and placed them in separate rooms. This done, he went to one of the companies, and told them the others had recanted, by which means their lives had been saved. He advised the others to follow their example, and not cast themselves away by continuing obstinate.

But his appeal had no effect on the little band, and when the sheriff saw this he made no further attempt to persuade them to change from the faith they loved. They were brought out and all led together to the place where the stakes had been set up.

The eleven men were tied to three stakes, but the two women were in the middle, not tied to any stake—being in the midst of the fagots. So they were all burned together in one fire; and it is told

BURNING OF ELEVEN MEN AND TWO WOMEN.

of them, that "such was their love to each other, and constancy in their Saviour Christ, that it made all the lookers-on to marvel."

Account of the Trials and Executions of Julius Palmer, John Gwin, and Thomas Askine.

Julius Palmer was the son of a merchant of excellent reputation, living in the city of Coventry. He received his early education at the public school of that place; after which he was sent to Oxford, where he graduated, and afterward was elected a fellow of Magdalene college, Oxford university.

As Palmer had been brought up a Romanist, he refused to conform to the religious changes made in the time of Edward VI.; for which he was expelled from the college, and for some time supported himself by keeping a school at Oxford. On the accession of queen Mary, commissioners were sent to Magdalene college, to displace such officials as refused to acknowledge the pope. Palmer availed himself of this opportunity, and succeeded in getting back his fellowship.

It happened, however, during the time Palmer had been away from college, he had made the acquaintance of several leaders of the reformed party, and was so much impressed by their arguments that he began to doubt, himself, whether obedience to Rome was a necessary part of Christianity. When the persecution began, being a humane man, he became still more unsettled in his belief, and inquired, very particularly, into the cause of persons being arrested, the nature of the charges upon which they were condemned, the manner of their treatment, and their behavior at the time of their burning. So anxious was he to become fully informed on the subject, that he sent one of his pupils from Oxford to Gloucester, to see bishop Hooper's execution, and to bring him a full description of the dreadful scene.

Before this event Palmer was inclined to think that very few men would brave the fire for the sake of their religion. But when he had heard of Hooper's heroism, and been present at the examination of

bishops Ridley and Latimer—an eye-witness of their faith, patience, and fortitude, even unto death—these scenes brought about an entire change in his belief. On his return from the scene of this execution, he was heard to say, "O raging cruelty! O barbarous tyranny!" From that very day he applied himself most earnestly to the study of the Scriptures, and at length became as zealous a worker in the ranks of the reformers as he had before been an opposer of them.

Palmer now began to absent himself from mass and other ceremonies of the church, but finding that his absence on these occasions caused many to suspect him, and desiring to avoid arrest, he resigned his fellowship. On his leaving the college, his friends got him a place as teacher in the grammar-school at Reading, in Berkshire; where he was much liked for the great pains he took with his pupils, and for his earnest Christian character.

But in course of time, some false friends gained Palmer's confidence; and as he was a man of frank and open temper, he freely declared to them his religious belief. This was reported to his enemies, who caused his library to be searched for heretical books, and finding some writings, both in Latin and English, which denounced religious persecution, they threatened to lay them before the queen's commissioners, unless he would quietly resign his place to a friend of their own. Palmer fearing imprisonment and even death if he refused, hastily fled from Reading, leaving behind him all his belongings, as well as the salary that was due him.

Being thus entirely destitute, Palmer went to Evesham, in Worcestershire, where his mother lived, hoping to obtain from her a legacy, which his father had left him at the time of his death four years before. But his mother was a heartless and bigoted woman, who hated the reformers, and dreaded above all things being accused of harboring heretics. She cared but little for her son, who had long been absent from home, and she had listened to the accounts brought about him with strong disapproval.

As soon as Palmer's mother saw him standing at her door, needy and forlorn, she motioned to him to go away, addressing him in these bitter words: "Get thee gone, heretic! Get thee gone!"

At first, Palmer was so amazed at this unexpected repulse from his own mother, that he could make no reply. But after he had collected himself a little, he said, "O mother, I have not deserved this!" His unnatural parent then cried, "Thou hast been banished for a heretic from thy fellowship at Oxford, and for the like knavery hast thou been expelled from Reading too."

"Alas! mother," returned Julius, "you have listened to false reports about me. I was not expelled from the college at Oxford, but I freely resigned my fellowship there. Heretic I am none, for I oppose not the true doctrine, but defend it with all my power." His mother then bitterly reproached him for not believing as his father and forefathers had done, and ordered him again to depart from the house, and never to call her his mother again, telling him at the same time, that he had no property there, either in money or goods, as his father had left nothing to heretics.

Palmer, finding that it was useless to look for aid or shelter there, turned sadly away. He was now homeless and destitute; and did not know where to get his next meal. At last, despairing of any other means of subsistence, he determined to return secretly to Magdalene college, depending on the fidelity of a few friends he had left in that house. He accordingly went there, and, through the kindness of one of them, named Allen Cope, a fellow of the college, he obtained the promise of a place as master of a school in Gloucestershire.

Before going to Gloucestershire Palmer determined to travel quietly to Reading, to try if he could get the salary due him, and at the same time sell the goods he had left there. But no sooner had he reached Reading, than his old enemies heard of his coming, and sent a man named Hampton, who had formerly professed himself a Protestant, but who was, in reality, a spy, to find out the cause of his return.

PALMER'S MOTHER TURNS HIM FROM HER DOOR.

So Hampton, glad to play the traitor, went to see Palmer, who in his usual open-hearted and unsuspicious manner told him all his plans. His enemies were at once informed; they caused his arrest that very night, and he was taken to prison, where he remained ten days in the custody of a brutal jailer.

Palmer was then brought before the mayor of Reading for a hearing. In the course of his examination they extorted from him an acknowledgement of his faith, and proceeded against him for heresy. Charges were drawn up, and sent to Dr. Jeffrey at Newbery, who was to hold his court there on the Thursday following. The next day Palmer was taken to Newbery, together with one Thomas Askine, who also had been in prison for some time on account of his religion. Immediately on their arrival they were put in the Blind-house prison, where they found one John Gwin, who was also confined there for being of the reformed faith.

When Palmer was brought into court, Dr. Jeffrey, in the presence of several hundred spectators, said to him, "Master Palmer, we have received certain charges against you from the right worshipful the mayor of Reading, and other justices, whereby we understand that, being brought before them, you were convicted of certain heresies. You deny the supremacy of the pope's holiness; you say that the priest showeth up an idol at mass, and therefore you went to no mass since your first coming to Reading; you hold there is no purgatory; you are also charged with sowing sedition, and seeking to divide the unity of the queen's subjects." Several books and pamphlets were then produced, and Palmer was asked if he were the author of them. He replied that he was, and declared at the same time that they contained nothing but truths founded on the Bible.

Dr. Jeffrey, angered at Palmer's boldness, began to threaten him, and said he would soon find a way to make him recant his damnable errors and heresies. But Palmer told him, that if he and all his friends should exert their utmost efforts, they would not be able to make him

change any part of his belief. After some further argument the court was adjourned. After dinner Sir Richard Abridges took Palmer aside, and in the presence of several persons begged him to change his opinions, and thus save his life. He promised him, at the same time, if he would agree to this, to take him into his family as his chaplain, and give him good wages.

Palmer heartily thanked Sir Richard for his kind offer, but assured him that he had already given up his living in two places, for the sake of Christ and his gospel, and was ready to yield up his life in defence of the same, "if God, in His good providence, should call him to it." When Sir Richard found he could by no means move him, he said, "Well, Palmer, I perceive that one of us two must be lost, for we are of two faiths, and there can be but one faith that leads to life and salvation." Palmer, smiling, said that it was possible they might both be saved, for as it had pleased God to call him at the third hour of the day, that is in the prime of life, at the age of twenty-four years, so in His infinite goodness He might graciously call others at the eleventh hour, or in old age, and give them an eternal inheritance among the saints in light. After this Palmer was sent back to prison to await the further orders of the court.

The next morning Palmer was brought out of prison again, and they tried to get him to sign a form of recantation, which he resolutely refused to do. Seeing further argument was useless, they called him an obstinate heretic and sentenced him to be burned. The other two prisoners, John Gwin and Thomas Askine, were also sentenced to meet death at the stake on the same day.

While in prison awaiting the day of execution, Palmer comforted his two fellow-sufferers, and strongly urged them to hold fast to the faith they had professed. On the day they were to die, about an hour before they were led to the stake, they were singing a psalm. The sheriff, with Sir Richard Abridges and the bailiffs of the town, came with a great company of men in armor, to lead them to the fire.

When the prisoners were come to the place of burning, they all three kneeled on the ground and prayed.

As soon as Palmer rose to his feet, two priests came behind him, urging him yet to recant and save his soul. Palmer answered and said, "Away! away! tempt me no longer." Then the martyrs took off their clothes, and went to the stake. And when they were bound to it, Palmer said, "Good people, pray for us, that we may persevere to the end." As he said this, a servant of one of the bailiffs threw a fagot in his face, wounding him so that the blood ran down. But the sheriff seeing this brutal act, ran up to the man who did it, calling him a cruel knave, and struck him such a blow with his staff as drew the blood from his own face.

When the fire was kindled, and began to take hold upon the bodies of the three martyrs, they lifted up their hands towards heaven, as quietly as though they felt no smart, and cried out, "Lord, strengthen us! Lord, receive our souls!" And so they continued without any struggle, holding up their hands and calling upon the Lord, until they ended their mortal lives.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ENGLAND DURING THE REIGN OF QUEEN MARY—*Continued.*

Burning of Joan Waste, a Blind Woman of Derby.

This poor woman, having become a convert to the reformed faith, bought a New Testament and paid a small sum daily to an old man who came and read it to her. By this means, and aided by the unusual powers of memory possessed by the blind, she became so familiar with the Bible, that she could repeat entire chapters by heart. As she refused to attend service in the Romish church, she was brought before Dr. Ralph Bayn, bishop of Litchfield and Coventry, and Dr. Draycott, the chancellor, charged with heresies, and was by them committed to the prison of Derby.

Joan Waste was several times privately examined by Peter Finch, the bishop's official; and afterwards brought to public examination before the bishop, his chancellor, and several more of the queen's commissioners. She answered their accusations by saying that she believed just as much as the holy Scriptures taught her, and according to what she had heard preached by many pious and learned men; some of whom had suffered imprisonment, and others death, for the same faith.

They brought many arguments to bear against her, until, terrified by their threats, she told the bishop, if he would answer for her, as to the truth of what they would have her believe, she would do as they desired.

The bishop at once replied, "I will do so gladly;" but the chancellor said to him, "My lord, you know not what you do; you may in no case answer for a heretic." Struck by this reproof the chan-

cellor gave up his merciful attempt to save the life of the prisoner, and asked her, sternly, whether she would recant or not, and told her she must answer for herself. Thus put to the proof, the poor woman answered that she could not forsake the truth, and begged that they would cease troubling her. Finding that no other replies could be obtained from the prisoner, sentence of death was finally pronounced against her, and she was handed over to the sheriff, who immediately took her back to the prison.

On the 1st of August, 1556, the day appointed for her execution, she was led to the stake. As soon as she came to it, she kneeled down and repeated a prayer, desiring the spectators also to pray for her. Having finished her prayers, she arose, and was fastened to the stake; and when the fagots were lighted, the flames soon deprived her of speech and life.

Account of Alice Bendon.

Alice Bendon was the wife of Edward Bendon, of the parish of Stablehurst, in the county of Kent. Being brought before a magistrate, charged with heresy, she was asked why she did not go to church? She replied, "Because there was so much idolatry practised there." For this answer she was sent to Canterbury castle; but her husband begging for her release, she was ordered to appear before the bishop of Dover, who asked her if, on condition she was let go, she would attend church. To this she did not give a satisfactory answer; however, the bishop released her.

When Alice Bendon came home, her husband reproved her for her conduct, and advised her to go to church with him; but this she refused to do; consequently she was soon arrested again, and taken before Sir John Gifford, who sent her back to prison. Her husband then made a second application for her release to the bishop of Dover; but this time he failed. The bishop told him she was a most obstinate heretic, and not fit to be at large. Her husband then

told the bishop that if he could keep her brother, Roger Hall, away from her, she would conform to the church. Alice was therefore removed to another prison, and orders given that if her brother came to visit her he should be arrested.

Alice Bendon remained some time in her new prison without her brother knowing where she was kept, though he sought diligently to find her, at the risk of his life. After a time he accidentally found where they had hidden her, by hearing her voice, bemoaning her sad fate, as he passed by the prison window. Fearing to go to her, he was yet able to give her some money and food in a basket, by means of a long stick, with which he reached the window of her cell. She remained in prison nine weeks, without seeing any one but her keeper, lying in her clothes upon straw, and having but three farthings' worth of bread a day, with water to drink. This hard usage caused the poor woman to be attacked by a severe illness, and she became so weak that she could scarcely walk.

At last she was brought before the bishop, and asked if she would go to church. To this she answered, "I see that you seek my life." She then told them how weak and lame she was, from lying so long on the cold ground in that filthy prison, where she was deprived of the necessaries of life.

After this the bishop caused Alice Bendon to be removed to the prison at the West-gate in Canterbury, where she had better usage, and she remained there until the latter part of April following, when she and six others were brought before the commissioners. As they all held to that faith which their judges called heresy, they received sentence, and were delivered to the sheriff, who took them back to prison. Here they remained till they were brought out on the day of execution. At this dread scene Alice Bendon bore herself with remarkable courage. She quietly approached the place, and kneeling down prayed to God. After finishing her prayers she was chained to the stake. The fagots were lighted, and being soon surrounded

by the smoke and flames, she yielded up her life with scarcely a struggle.

Seven Men and Three Women Burned Together in One Fire.

The following are the names of seven men and three women, who were burned at the town of Lewes, in Sussex: Richard Woodman, George Stephens, William Maynard, Alexander Hosman, Thomas Wood, James Moris, Dennis Burgess, Ann Ashdon, Margery Moris, and Mary Groves.

Richard Woodman, being the son of a prosperous merchant, was the best known of any of these ten persons. As he also wrote down a full account of the circumstances connected with his arrest, the records in his case are much more complete than they are in any of the others.

It happened that a parish priest, named Fairbank, was a neighbor of Woodman's, and tried unsuccessfully to get him to attend his church. Annoyed at his failure to do so, he preferred charges of heresy against him, and had him brought before the justices of the peace for the county of Sussex, who committed him to the King's Bench prison, where he remained a considerable time.

At length Woodman and four other prisoners were brought together to be examined by Bonner, bishop of London, who, after asking them some questions, told them to be honest men, and advised them to become members of the true church. They answered that they considered themselves already members of the true church, and determined, by God's grace, to continue in the same; upon which they were all discharged. Woodman had not long returned home before a report was spread about that he had joined the church of Rome. He denied this so often, and so publicly that complaint was made to Sir John Gage, who issued a warrant for his arrest.

As Woodman was one day working in his father's warehouse, three men arrested him in her majesty's name, and told him he must

go with them before the lord chamberlain. Surprised and alarmed at this sudden attack, Woodman begged to be allowed first to go home, so that he might tell his wife of his arrest, and put on clothes suitable to wear in court. The officers consented to this and accompanied him to his home. When he had come there he remembered that no warrant had been shown him, so he asked the officers to show him their authority. They looked at each other, and at last one of them said, "We have not the warrant here, but it is at home at my house; the most you can do is to make me fetch it."

Woodman answered, "It is a wonder that you dare come to take a man without a warrant. It seems to me you come of your own mind to get thanks of your master. If you have a warrant, fetch it, but until you do have it, depart from my house." He then shut the door in their faces, but knowing they would soon return, he ran to a window in the rear and escaped by that way to a forest near by, where he hid himself. The officers soon came back with the warrant, and searched the house from top to bottom, but Woodman was then safe in the woods.

The following is an account of what ensued, told in the words of the hunted man himself, written by him at the time, and preserved among the records of the English martyrs.

Woodman's Story of His Flight.

When they saw they could not find me, they were ready to rend their coats that I had so escaped them, knowing that they would have hard words from their master. Then I knew that they would search all the country for me, and the sea-coast as well, to prevent my leaving the country. I thought that they would not suppose I would dare stay near home. So I told my wife that, therefore, home was the safest place for me, and that I would take my lodging in the woods near my house. This I did, even under a tree, and there I had my Bible, my pen and ink, and other necessaries; and there I

remained six or seven weeks, my wife bringing me food daily, as I had need. At last there came a report, that I had been seen and spoken with in Flanders. Then they gave up looking for me; for they had searched all the country over, and the sea-coast from Portsmouth to Dover, even as I had thought they would.

So when all was quiet, I went about among our friends and brethren, and at length crossed the sea to Flanders, and France; but I thought every day was as long as seven while I was there; so I came home again as soon as it was possible. I had been home but three weeks when my enemies discovered me. They took out warrants against me, causing my house to be searched as often as twice in a week. This continued for two months, but I kept myself hidden from them, and so for a while went free. But when the hour had come that I was to be delivered up to them, it was my own brother who gave me into their hands.

The sheriff was told by my brother that I used to come out of the forest in the evening, and go into my house to sleep; so he sent twelve of his men to take me. The men hid themselves in the bushes near where I used to pass, but it happened on this day that I had not left my house, nor gone into the woods to hide. The men lay in the bushes until about nine o'clock in the evening, and caught two of my children and my man-servant, but me they waited for in vain, as I lay snug at home suspecting nothing of all this.

At last they grew weary of waiting, and came to search for me at my house, leading with them their three prisoners. One of my children, a little girl, who looked out from the window, was the first to see them coming. "Mother, mother," she cried, "yonder come twenty men!" I was sitting upon my bed, untying my shoe-strings, when I heard her cry out, and suspecting at once that I was betrayed, I rose up, thinking to have escaped out of the door before they had come. My wife being amazed at the child's words, looked out at the door, and by that time the men were just outside. Then she clapped

to the door, and barred it fast, even as I came out of my chamber into the hall. They immediately beset the house, and commanded the doors to be opened, or they would break them in pieces. Then I had no choice but to remain where I was.

Now there was a little secret loft, which had never been found out, though my house had been searched, I dare say, twenty times, and sometimes by twenty men at once. Into this little loft I crawled, and when I was hid my wife opened the front door, and the men rushed into the house. They asked for me, and my poor wife, hoping to turn them off, said I was not at home.

"Why did you shut and bar the door," said they, "if he is not at home?" She said, because she had been made afraid so many times by those who came to search us; and that was why she shut the door; "for it is reported," said she, "that whosoever can take my husband, will hang him or burn him straightway; and therefore I doubt not they will serve me and my children so too."

"Well," replied the men, "we know he is in the house, and we must search it, for we be the sheriff's men: let us have a candle; for we have been told there are many hiding-places in your house." So she lighted a candle, and they looked up and down, in every corner that they could find, but never found me. So they gave it up, and many of them were gone out of my house into the church-yard, and stood there talking with my father, and with some others that he had brought with him.

Now, when they could not find me, one of them went to my own brother who had told them I was at home, and said, "We cannot find him." Then he asked them whether they had looked in a little loft, over a window that was in the hall, for that same place I had told my brother of myself; yet as it chanced, I had not told him the way into it. Then they began to search anew. One of the men looked up over the window, and spied a little loft, with three or four chests in it. The only entrance to the place was in the floor, between two of the chests,

where no man would notice it. Then he said to my wife, "Here is a place that we have not searched yet. How do you get into it?" When she found they had seen it, she said the way into it was outside of the chamber they were then in.

As soon as the men had gone out to find the supposed passage-way to the loft, my wife called up to me, "Away, away! they have found thee!" Then I knew I was discovered, and must run for it if I would escape them.

The hole in the floor of the loft, by which I had entered, was boarded over and I had nailed it fast; so I had no choice but to break my way out through the roof. I set my shoulders to the boards that were nailed to the rafters, and broke them in pieces. But this made a great noise; and they that were in the other chamber, looking for me, heard the noise, and looked out of a window, and spied me, and raised a shout. But yet I got out and leaped down to the ground, having no shoes on.

As soon as I found myself on the ground, I started and ran down a lane that was full of sharp cinders, and the men came running after me with a great noise, and with swords drawn, crying, "Strike him, strike him!" This made me look back, but there was never a one within a hundred feet of me; and all the rest were a greater way behind. So I turned about hastily to go on, when I stepped upon a sharp stone with one foot, and in trying to save it I slipped into a great miry hole, and fell down, and before I could arise and get away they were upon me; then they bound me and took me away.

Trial of Woodman.

Woodman was taken to London and brought before Dr. Christopherson, bishop-elect of Chichester. The bishop told him he was sorry to see him a prisoner, as he had heard that he was a man greatly esteemed in the country where he lived. He advised him, also, to consider his situation, and not think himself wiser than his betters.

Woodman replied, that so far from thinking himself wiser than other people, he was ready to learn of every man that could teach him the truth. As to the general esteem in which he was held by his neighbors, he said he had always tried to maintain a conscience void of offence. "As for my wife and children," said he, "they are all in God's hand, and I have them all as though I had them not." He said, "They seek most unrighteously to shed my blood, and have laid many things unjustly to my charge; but if you can prove, from the word of God, that what I believe is not true, I am willing to give up the same, and stand here desirous of being reformed."

After this, several divines talked with Woodman on the sacrament of the altar, purgatory, and other topics; when he argued so ably as to silence his opponents. He was then privately examined by Lord Montague's chaplain, who made use of many arguments to bring him over to the Romish faith; but all his efforts were unsuccessful, for Woodman would not yield to anything that was not founded on the authority of the Bible. After some time he was brought before the bishop of Winchester, in St. George's church, Southwark, where several gentlemen and clergy were present, and again examined.

Two months later, Woodman was again brought before the bishop of Winchester, in St. Saviour's church, Southwark, in the presence of the archdeacon of Canterbury, Dr. Langdall, and several other dignitaries. The bishop of Winchester showed some writings, and asked the prisoner if they were his. He replied that they were; but refused to answer any charges, because "he was not of the bishop's diocese, though he was then in it, therefore, he who was not his bishop had no authority over him." After some argument, the bishop sternly asked Woodman, "if he would become an honest man, and conform to the holy mother church?" To which the prisoner replied, "that no person could, with justice, object to his character; and that he was surprised he should charge him with heresy, as my lord of London had discharged him of all matters that were laid against him on that head."

The bishop then observed, "that at the former time, when he was released, perhaps they did not have the evidence they now had against him, and that he was not then suspected of being a heretic." Woodman, at length, consented to answer the several charges brought against him, and having done so, distinctly repeated the articles of his belief.

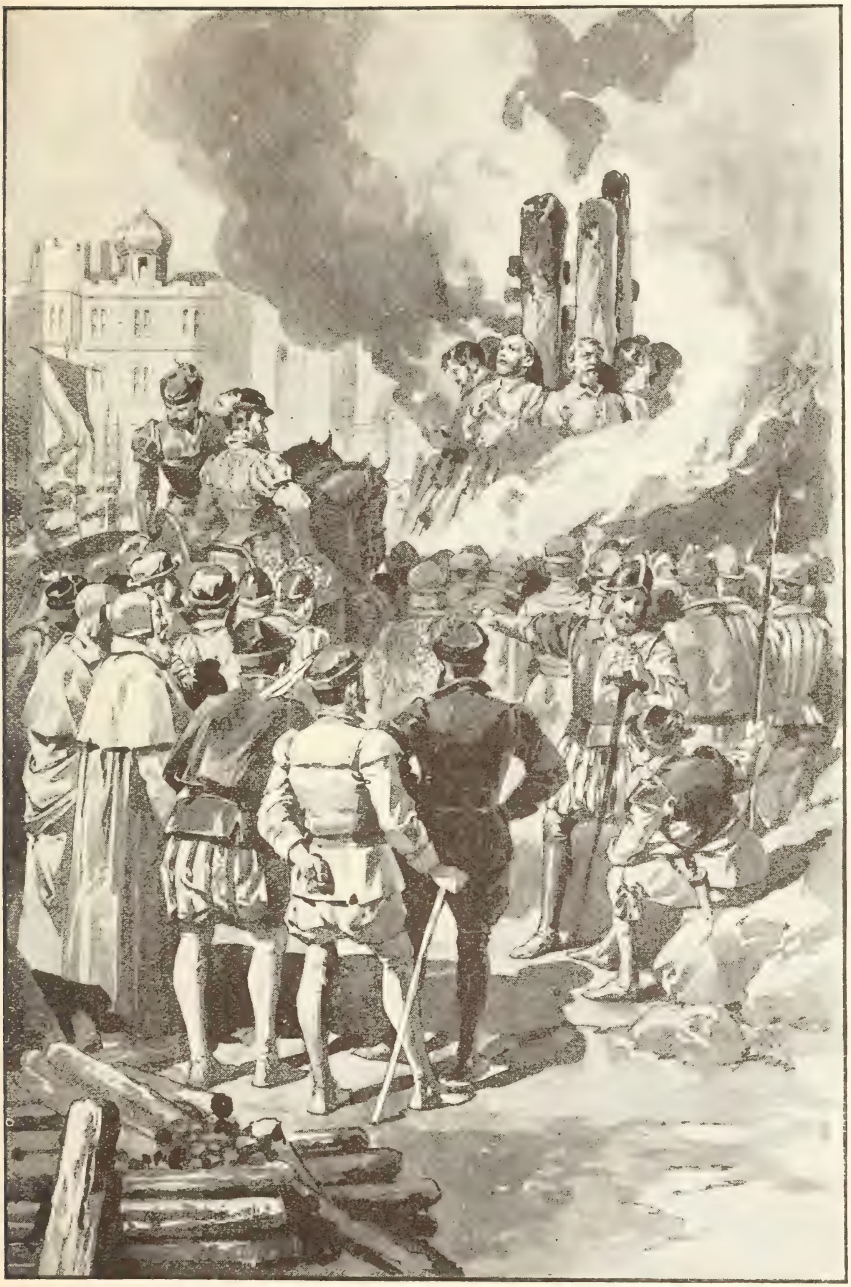
As the bishop of Chichester was not yet consecrated, he would not undertake judicially to examine Woodman, and therefore submitted his answers to the bishop of Winchester, who, after many other questions and arguments, failed to induce the prisoner to recant. So at last the bishop sentenced Woodman to be burned, and he was delivered into the hands of the sheriff.

About two weeks after being sentenced, Woodman was taken to the town of Lewes, in Sussex, together with his nine fellow prisoners, concerning whose trial no particulars have come down to us, but whose names only have been preserved, with the statement that they were all condemned for heresy a few days after their arrest.

On the 22d of July, 1557, these ten persons were led to the place of execution. There they were chained to several stakes, and consumed in one great fire. It is recorded that they all went to their deaths with wonderful courage and resignation, with their last words committing their souls to that blessed Redeemer who was to be their final judge.

Martyrdom of the Rev. John Hullier.

John Hullier came of a respectable family, and was sent by his parents, first to Eton college, and afterward to King's college, Cambridge. Here he devoted himself to the study of theology, as he intended entering the ministry. After he had graduated, he obtained a curacy at Babram, a village about three miles from Cambridge. He had not been there long before he went to Lynn, where he had some dispute with the authorities. They reported Hullier's sayings to Dr.



MARTYRDOM OF RICHARD WOODMAN AND OTHERS, AT LEWES.

Thurlby, bishop of the diocese, who sent for him, and, after a short examination, committed him to the castle of Cambridge.

A short time after this he was called to appear at St. Mary's church, before several doctors both of law and divinity, by whom he was reproved. His examination being finished, he was ordered to recant what they called his erroneous opinions. This he refused utterly to do. Without loss of time he was degraded, condemned, and delivered over to the sheriff, who immediately seized all his books, papers, and writings.

On the day appointed for Hullier's execution, he was led to the stake outside the town. He called on the spectators to pray for him, and to bear witness that he died for the truth. One of the proctors of the university, and some of the fellows of Trinity college, were displeased at his addressing the people, and reproved the mayor for giving him the liberty to speak. Of this Hullier took no notice; but being chained to the stake, he earnestly prayed to be strengthened to undergo the fiery trial. As soon as the fagots were lighted, a number of the martyr's books were thrown into the midst of the flames, and among the rest a communion book, which Hullier catching joyfully, held in his hand and looked steadfastly upon as long as he was able.

John Hullier's death was greatly lamented by many of the people, who prayed for him, and showed their sorrow by tears, he having been a man of kindly and charitable nature.

Account of Simon Miller and Elizabeth Cooper.

Simon Miller was a prosperous merchant of the town of Lynn-Regis. He was an earnest supporter of the doctrines of the reformers; and having occasion to go to Norwich on business, he inquired while there for their place of worship. This being reported to chancellor Dunning, he ordered Miller to appear before him. When the chancellor asked him the usual questions, he answered

them without attempting to hide his thoughts on the subject of religion, so he was committed prisoner to the bishop's palace.

After being some time in prison, Miller was allowed to go home, to settle his affairs. On his return he was again examined by the chancellor, who warned him to recant his opinions, and return to the church of Rome; but Miller remained firm in his faith, so he was finally condemned as a heretic, and delivered over to the sheriff.

Elizabeth Cooper (who was burned with Simon Miller) was the wife of a tradesman at Norwich. She had formerly been persuaded to recant; but being troubled in her conscience for so doing, she went one day to St. Andrew's church, and there, in the presence of a large congregation, stood up and withdrew her recantation. For this she was immediately arrested and sent to prison. The next day she was brought before the bishop, and examined as to her belief. This time she remained true to her faith; therefore she was condemned as a relapsed heretic, and delivered to the sheriff for execution.

On the 30th of July, 1557, Simon Miller and Elizabeth Cooper were both led to the stake. It was set up in a field outside Norwich, near Bishopsgate. When the fagots were lighted, Elizabeth Cooper was afraid, and cried out. When Simon Miller heard her cry, he put out his hand toward her, and asked her to be strong and of good cheer; "for, good sister," said he, "we shall have a joyful meeting hereafter." Upon hearing her companion's words, the woman seemed reassured, and stood still and quiet, as one almost glad to finish the hard trial which she had begun: then she and her companion committed their souls to Almighty God and thus ended their lives.

A Woman Burned at Norwich.

Cicely Ormes, of the city of Norwich, wife of Edmund Ormes, was arrested on the day that Simon Miller and Elizabeth Cooper were executed. She drew the attention of the officers to herself by speaking encouraging words to the two prisoners, on their way to the stake.

For this she was put in prison and soon after taken before the chancellor for examination.

The chancellor offered to release Cicely Ormes, "if she would go to church and keep her beliefs to herself," and told her "she could hold to any faith she would." But she answered, "I will not enter your church." Then the chancellor told her he had shown more favor to her than he ever did to any person, and that he was loth to condemn her, considering she was only a foolish young woman." Upon this she told him, if he thought so, he should not be so anxious about her belief; and said that, foolish or not, she was content to give up her life in so good a cause.

The chancellor then read the sentence of condemnation, and delivered Cicely Ormes to the care of the sheriffs of the city, who immediately carried her to the Guildhall at Norwich, where she remained until the day she was led to the stake.

Cicely Ormes was a young woman in the prime of life, uneducated but very earnest in the cause. She was born in East Dereham, and was the daughter of Thomas Haund, a tailor. The first time she was brought before the magistrate she recanted, but was afterward so troubled in conscience that she wrote a letter to the chancellor, to let him know that she repented her action from the bottom of her heart, and would never do the like again while she lived. But before she could succeed in having it delivered, she was taken, tried, and condemned, as previously told.

Cicely Ormes was burned the 23d of September, 1557, between seven and eight in the morning, the two sheriffs were there, and about two hundred people. When she came to the stake, she kneeled down and made her prayers to God; that being done, she rose up and said, "Good people, I believe as I have been taught from the Bible. This I do, nor will I ever change from it. This my death is a witness of my faith to all here present. Good people, as many of you as believe the same as I believe, pray for me."

BURNING OF CICELY ORMES, AT NORWICH.

When Cicely Ormes had said this, she laid her hand on the stake, and seeing her hand blackened (for she was burned at the same stake Simon Miller and Elizabeth Cooper had been), she wiped it on her dress.

After she had been bound, and the sheriff's men had kindled the fire, she clasped her hands together against her breast, turning her face upward, and so stood raising up her hands little by little, till they fell helpless at her side—when she yielded up her life as quietly as if she had been in slumber, and seemed to feel no pain.

The Arrest, Trial, and Execution of William Munt; Alice, his Wife; Rose Allen, and Others.

These three persons lived near the town of Colchester, not far from London. They had become converted to the reformed faith, and therefore thought it wrong to attend the services held in the Romish church of the town. They were frequently warned of the danger of thus defying the queen's command, but conscience, and the sense of duty were stronger than their fears, and they continued to worship in secret places, and in their own way, with a few men and women of like faith.

This conduct gave so much offence to Sir Thomas Tye, and some others who lived in the town, that they sent the following information to Lord Darcey, a nobleman of influence at court:

"May it please your honorable lordship to be informed, that whilst your lordship remained here in the country, the people stayed in good order, to our great comfort; but since your lordship's departure there has been disorder in some places, namely, in the parish of Muchbently, by reason of three seditious persons, William Munt, and his wife, and Rose, her daughter, who have not only in their own persons made manifest their disobedience, in not coming to the church, nor yet observing other good orders, but also most maliciously and seditiously have seduced many others from coming to the church. In consider-

ation whereof, may it please your honor (for the love of God, and for the tender zeal your good lordship beareth to justice, and the common peace and quietness of the king and queen's majesty's loving subjects), to grant a warrant for the arrest of the said William Munt, his wife, and Rose her daughter, that they, the ringleaders, being attached, and brought before your good lordship, the rest will fear to offend."

After applying for the warrant, Tye and the rest set to work to get all the evidence they could against the accused persons, so as to make their conviction doubly sure. Some of them even pretended to become friendly to the reformed faith, in order to find out the secret places where these poor people assembled for praying and reading the Scriptures. After some time thus spent in spying upon their movements, Tye sent off the following letter to bishop Bonner:

Tye's Letter to Bishop Bonner.

"Right Honorable Lord: According to my bounden duty done in most humble wise, this letter will inform your lordship of the state of religion in our part of the country. In Muchbently, where your lordship is patron of the church, since William Munt, and Alice, his wife, with Rose Allen, her daughter, came, they do not only absent themselves from the church and service of God, but do daily tempt many others away from the same, who before did outwardly show signs and tokens of obedience. They assemble together upon the Sabbath day, in the time of divine service, sometimes in one house, sometimes in another, and there keep their private conventicles and schools of heresy. Seditious talks and news are rife both in town and country, in as free and open a manner as though no honorable lords and commissioners had been sent for reformation thereof. There is also one John Love, of Colchester Heath (a perverse place). This man was twice indicted for heresy, and fled with his wife and household, and his goods seized within the town of Colchester, to the king and queen's use. Nevertheless, the said John is come home again, and nothing said or done

to him. Whereupon the heretics are wonderfully encouraged, to the great discomfort of good and Catholic people, which daily pray to God for the profit, unity, and restoration of his church again: which thing shall come the sooner to pass through the travail and pains of such honorable lords and reverend fathers as your lordship is, unto whom I wish long life and continuance, with increase of much honor."

"Your humble servant,

From Colchester, December 18th, 1556. "THOMAS TYE."

In consequence of these complaints and charges, such a hue and cry was raised against William Munt and his family, that they were compelled for a time to flee from the place. After remaining away for several months the town became quiet, and they returned to their house. They had been there only a few days, however, when, at two o'clock in the morning, one Edmund Tyrrel, assisted by the bailiff and two constables, and a great number of other attendants, came to the door, which they beat upon with their staves. After arousing the family from their beds, Tyrrel told Munt and his wife that he had come to take them to Colchester jail.

This sudden alarm unnerved Mrs. Munt, who was not in good health. Feeling faint, she asked Tyrrel, who guarded the door, to let her daughter, Rose, go out to fetch her some water, before starting on the road to prison.

Tyrrel permitted Rose to go out with her pitcher to the well, but took an opportunity, as she passed him, to say, "Persuade your father and mother, girl, to bear themselves more like good Christians and less like heretics—then they may soon go free."

"Sir," Rose replied to Tyrrel, "they have a better instructor than I am,—One who, I hope, will not suffer them to err."

"Why," said Tyrrel, "art thou still in that mind, thou naughty hussy? marry, it is time indeed to lock up such heretics as thou!" Then turning to his company, he cried, "Sirs, this gossip will burn:

EDMUND TYRREL AND ROSE ALLEN.

what do you think of her?" "Why truly, sir," said one, "prove her, and you shall see what she will do when the time comes."

The cruel Tyrrel then took the candle from the girl, for it was yet dark, and holding her wrist in a firm grasp, put the lighted candle under her hand, burning it across the back, till the skin cracked. This barbarous act he accompanied with oaths and abuse, saying continually, "Cry, wench! Let me hear you cry!" But with wonderful courage Rose refrained from uttering a sound, until at last, Tyrrel thrust her violently from him and the poor girl escaped into the house more dead than alive.

Tyrrel then went into the house, and seized William Munt, his wife, and Rose Allen, her daughter, and took them all to Colchester castle, together with John Johnson, whom they stopped on their way, also charged with heresy.

The same morning they also arrested six others, namely, William Bongeor, Thomas Benhôte, William Purchase, Agnes Silverside, Helen Ewring, and Elizabeth Folk; but not wanting to put them all together in Colchester castle, they sent these to Motehill. After they had been confined a few days, they were all brought before several justices of the peace, priests, and officers, among whom were Kingston, the commissary, and Boswell, the bishop of London's secretary, with many others, to be examined in regard to their faith.

The first person called was William Bongeor, who being examined concerning his religion declared himself of the reformed faith. Thomas Benhote was the next, and he also denied the authority of the pope. William Purchase answered likewise. Agnes Silverside said she did not approve of the popish consecration, nor any of the pageantry and superstitions of the church of Rome. Helen Ewring also renounced all the unscriptural doctrines and practices of the church of Rome. The others answered with equal firmness, refusing to change their belief in any particular, although threatened with all the terrors of the law. Finding them immovable, sentence was pronounced and the

ten prisoners were given in charge of the sheriff to be held until the day of their execution.

Bishop Bonner, as soon as he had received an account of the trial, sent down a warrant for the burning of the ten convicted persons; fixing August 2, 1557, as the day for the execution.

As the prisoners were confined in different places, it was arranged by the officers that some of them should be executed in the morning, and the others in the afternoon. Accordingly William Bongeor, William Purchase, Thomas Benhote, Agnes Silverside, Helen Ewring, and Elizabeth Folk, were brought early in the morning to the place where they were to die.

The place where the stakes were set up was a level plot of ground, just outside the town of Colchester. The six poor prisoners, as soon as they had come there, kneeled down, and made their prayers, but not as long as they would, for the officers would not let them. Then they arose, and made themselves ready for the fire. And Elizabeth Folk, when she had taken off her gown, would have given it to her mother, who came and kissed her at the stake, and told her to be strong in the Lord, but the sheriff's men would not let her receive it. As Elizabeth stood at the stake, one of the officers in nailing the chain about her, missed the staple, and struck her with the hammer on the shoulder. But she only turned her head, lifted up her eyes, and gave herself to praying again.

When all the six were nailed to their stakes, and the fire blazed up about them, the people who stood looking on, to the number of thousands, cried out, "Lord strengthen thee! Lord comfort thee!" and such-like words, as were touching to hear.

In the afternoon they brought into the castle-yard, to the place appointed for their burning, William Munt, John Johnson, Alice Munt, and Rose Allen. After the martyrs had made their prayers, and were tied to the stakes, they gave themselves to the flames with such courage, that the people who saw them wondered.

Martyrdom of Mrs. Joyce Lewis.

Mrs. Joyce Lewis came of an excellent family of Warwickshire. She had been well educated and was accustomed to the society of refined and cultured people. Her husband, Thomas Lewis, was of the same county, and her equal in station, but, as will be seen, was a man of hard and selfish nature.

Mrs. Lewis had been brought up a Romanist, and attended church regularly. She heard mass, went to confession, and faithfully observed all the ceremonies of the church, until convinced of the truth of the reformed faith. Her conversion, strangely enough, was brought about by her being present at the burning of Laurence Saunders—in the beginning of the reign of queen Mary—the story of whose martyrdom has already been told.

Mrs. Lewis inquired into the cause of Saunders' awful punishment and was told it was inflicted upon him for not going to mass. She at once began to have doubts about a religion the professors of which were responsible for such barbarous cruelties, and accordingly asked counsel of a man well known among the reformers, named Glover, who had himself suffered much for his steadfast attachment to the faith. He advised Mrs. Lewis to study the Bible, and to regulate her faith and conduct by that alone. She followed his advice, and after this spent much of her time in reading the Scriptures.

One day Mrs. Lewis attended service at the Romish church, with her husband, and expressed her disapproval of some of the ceremonies she saw there, by turning her back on the altar. This action was noticed by several persons present, and next day an accusation was made against her to the bishop of Litchfield. The bishop sent an officer to summon her to appear before him; but when he came with the warrant, the husband of Mrs. Lewis was so angry that he drew a dagger on the officer, and holding it at his breast, compelled him to destroy the paper before he let him go.

This violent conduct, after the scene in the church, was like set-

ting fire to tow; the bishop immediately summoned both man and wife to appear before him, and sent officers enough to enforce obedience to his order. When he had examined the two prisoners, he dismissed the husband after he had begged pardon for his violent behavior. The wife he also offered to discharge, for the offence committed in the church, if she would acknowledge herself at fault. But she courageously told his lordship that by refusing to take part in the ceremonies she had done right. Though the bishop was angered at this reply, yet, as the prisoner was a person of consideration, he did not proceed immediately against her, but gave her a month to consider the matter, binding her husband in one hundred pounds, as surety that he would bring her again to court.

When the time for Mrs. Lewis' trial had almost arrived, many of her husband's friends advised him by all means not to deliver her up, but to take her away to some safe place, saying he had better lose the hundred pounds, than be a party to his wife's destruction. But to this friendly advice the unnatural husband turned a deaf ear. He thought more of his hundred pounds than he did of his wife; and when the month had expired, he delivered her to the bishop, who, still finding her resolute, sent her to prison.

After this Mrs. Lewis was examined several times by the bishop, who reasoned with her for not coming to mass, nor receiving the sacrament according to the ritual of the Romish church. To this she replied that "she found not those things in God's word," adding, that "if they were there commanded to be done, she would receive them with all her heart." The bishop told her, "if she believed no more than was in Scripture, she was a heretic." After much further argument, finding himself unable to shake her resolution, he condemned her as a heretic and sentenced her to be burned. Mrs. Lewis was then sent back to prison, where she remained a whole year.

The following is an account of her last days, and execution, which was written shortly after the events narrated took place.

Last Days of Mrs. Lewis.

Now when the time drew near for her death (the writ for her burning having been brought down from London), Mrs. Lewis asked certain of her friends to come to her prison chamber, that she might talk with them for the last time. All the night before her execution she was wonderfully cheerful, and yet withal showed a certain gravity, spending the time talking with them and in prayer.

At about eight o'clock in the morning, the sheriff came to the cell without warning, and said, "Mistress Lewis, I am come to bring you tidings of the queen's command, which is, that you have but one hour more to live in this world,—therefore prepare yourself."

These harsh words, being so suddenly spoken, by such a personage, alarmed and startled the poor prisoner for a moment, but one of her friends standing by her side said, "Thank God that He will so speedily take thee out of this wicked world, and make thee a witness of His truth." Then Mrs. Lewis, recovering herself, said to the sheriff, "Master Sheriff, your message is welcome to me, and I thank God that He has thought me worthy to venture my life in His cause." Then the sheriff left her; and when the hour was up he came again, with men bearing swords and pikes. And when he came into her chamber, some of her friends begged leave of him to go with the prisoner to the stake, to comfort her. This request the sheriff granted, after considering for a moment, but he was much blamed for it by the queen's commissioners.

Now, Mrs. Lewis was led through the town, and a great crowd of people surrounded her. She was accompanied by two of her friends, who walked with her all the way to the place of burning. And because the place was far off, and the throng of people great, and she not accustomed to the fresh air—having been so long in prison—one of her friends sent a messenger to the sheriff's house for some drink to give her—for which kind act they were like to have been arrested afterward, but escaped punishment.

THE SHERIFF TELLS MRS. LEWIS SHE HAS BUT ONE HOUR TO LIVE.

Then the woman was fastened to the stake with a chain, but all the while showed such cheerfulness, that it passed men's understanding; being so devoid of fear, and so patient, that every one with a heart in his breast lamented, and even with tears bewailed the cruelty of her judges. When the fire was lighted, she neither struggled nor stirred, but only lifted up her hands toward heaven, and was dead very speedily; for the under-sheriff, at the request of her friends, had provided such a quantity of dry wood and straw that she was very quickly despatched out of this evil world.

Trial and Execution of Ralph Allerton, and Others, at Islington.

Ralph Allerton, being charged with holding heretical opinions by several of his neighbors, was arrested, and after undergoing a short examination before a magistrate, was sent to prison. A few days later he was brought before Lord Darcy, at Colchester, who accused him not only of staying away from church, but of advising others to do the same. This charge was due to the following circumstance: Going one day to the parish church, Allerton found some men sitting there, gazing about, and talking on various subjects, so he exhorted them to pray, meditate on God's word, and not sit idle. To this they consented; so, after offering a prayer, he read to them a chapter of the New Testament. He did this daily for some weeks, until told it was contrary to law, he being neither priest nor minister; upon which he ceased. Allerton admitted also, that he had been formerly arrested for reading in the parish of Welly; but at that time, when those who took him understood he had preached but once, and that it was an exhortation to obedience, they let him go.

After this examination, Lord Darcy sent Allerton to London to the commissioners, who sent him to bishop Bonner. Bonner had a long argument with him, and prevailed on him to publicly recant his opinions at St. Paul's church, and then dismissed him; whereupon he

returned into the country. But after this narrow escape Allerton became greatly troubled in his conscience for what he had done; he earnestly repented of it, and openly returned to the faith he had denied. This soon caused him to be arrested again. He was once more brought before the bishop of London, who addressed him as follows:

Bonner. Ah, sirrah! how chanceth it that you are come hither again in this fashion? I dare say thou art accused wrongfully.

Allerton. Yea, my lord, so I am. For if I were guilty of such things as I am accused of, then I would be very sorry.

Bonner. Go on, let me hear thee; for I did not believe the tale to be true.

Allerton. My lord, who did accuse me? I pray you let me know, that I may answer thereunto.

Bonner. If thou hast not lied to me, then thou needest not be afraid, nor ashamed to answer for thyself. But tell me in faith, hast thou not deceived me?

Allerton. If I cannot see my accusers, my conscience doth yet accuse me; for I have grievously offended God by not speaking the truth, when I was brought before your lordship the last time.

Bonner. Wherein, I pray thee, didst thou not speak true, when thou wast here before?

Allerton. Forsooth, my lord, I signed my name to a certain writing, the contents whereof (as I remember) were, That I believe in all things as the church teacheth. In which I did not disclose my mind, but spoke falsely because I made no difference between the true church and the untrue church.

Bonner. That is well said of thee. For if thou hadst confessed to belonging to the church of heretics, I would have burned thee with fire for thy labor. But which is the true church?

Allerton. My lord, I believe that the church which you call true is none other than that which was figured in Cain, observed of by Jeroboam, and others of that description.

Bonner. Now, by the blessed sacrament of the altar, here is the rankest heretic that ever came before me!

Allerton. My lord, there are in England three religions, not one only, and there are many persons of my opinion.

Bonner. Sayest thou so? Which be these three religions?

Allerton. The first is that which you hold to; the second is clean contrary to the same; and the third is indifference to all religions whatsoever—observing only such outward forms as are commanded by law to be practised.

Bonner. And of these three which religion art thou? For thou must needs be of one of them.

Allerton. Yea, my lord, I am of one of them; and that one is even that which is clean contrary to yours.

The bishop was so angry at this sharp reply, that he immediately sent Allerton to the prison called Little-Ease, in Guildhall, London, where he remained all night. The next morning he was again brought before the bishop, the dean of St. Paul's, and the chancellor of the diocese. The papers Allerton had been persuaded to sign, when arrested the first time, were brought into court, and Bonner asked him, "Is not this your hand, and this, and this?"

"Yes," replied Allerton, "I confess that I signed them; yet I believe the Scriptures to be true for all that, and will give my life rather than deny any part thereof again, God willing."

Many arguments were then used to make the prisoner recant, but as he could not be persuaded, he was sent back to prison. A few days after Allerton was again brought before Bonner, who asked him what he had to say before sentence of condemnation was passed upon him. The prisoner replied, "My lord, you ought not to condemn me as a heretic, for I am a good Christian,—but do as you have determined, for I perceive that right and truth are suppressed and cannot now appear upon earth." After this answer he was promptly condemned as a heretic, and delivered over to the sheriff.

On September 17, 1557, Ralph Allerton, with James Awstoo, and Margery his wife, and Richard Roth,—all four condemned to be burned for heresy—were taken to the town of Islington. Here two stakes were set up, to which the four prisoners were chained, and all were burned together in one fire.

Account of John Noyes, of the Village of Laxefield, in Suffolk.

This man being of the reformed faith was spied upon by some of his neighbors, who sought to bring him to punishment.

After they had found out that Noyes and a few others met secretly to worship, they got a warrant, and three of them, named Thomas Lovel, Wolfren Dowsing, and Nicholas Stannard, waylaid him at the door of his house. As Noyes, suspecting nothing, was walking on, Nicholas Stannard blocked the way, saying "Whither goest thou?"

Surprised and startled by this sudden demand, and by the threatening aspect of the three men, Noyes answered, "To see some of my neighbors."

"No," said Stannard, "you deceive yourself; you are going with us now."

Recovering his composure, Noyes replied, "Take heed yourselves that you be not deceived at the last by the devil, your master."

Then the three men took Noyes and carried him before the magistrate. After accusation had been made against him, he was put in a dungeon at Eye, and kept for some time. Noyes was then taken out and brought before the bishop at Norwich, who asked him whether he believed the ceremonies used in the Romish church were good and useful to stir up men's minds to devotion; and whether he believed the pope to be supreme head of the church here on earth.

Noyes replied, very boldly, that he denied the pope's supremacy, and the usefulness of ceremonies. After considerable argument, in which the prisoner firmly defended his faith, sentence was pronounced

against him by the bishop. There were present also at this time, Dr. Dunning, Sir W. Woodhouse, Sir Thomas Woodhouse, and several other gentlemen. Noyes was then sent to prison in the Guildhall at Norwich.

Hearing of Noyes' trouble, Nicholas Fisk, of Dinnington, his brother-in-law, went to comfort him. After they had talked together for a while, Fisk asked Noyes whether he had not been terror-stricken when the bishop gave judgment against him, and he heard the dreadful death he was to die. "No," answered Noyes, "I thank God I feared death no more at that time than any man would who was at liberty."

Soon after, Noyes was taken back to his native village, Laxefield, to be burned. On the morning of September 22, 1557, he was brought out to the place where the stake was set up. Justice Thurston; Waller, the under-sheriff; and Thomas Lovel, high constable, with an armed guard, were there waiting for him, as well as a great crowd of the townspeople.

Now the fires in almost all the houses thereabouts had been put out, so that no one might furnish the fire to light the fagots; it being a common practice at these executions of the martyrs to use a blazing torch from the hearth of the nearest house. But Thomas Lovel, the constable, spied smoke coming out of the chimney-top of one house, the door being locked and the people away. Then he told his men to break open the door, which they did, and thus got fire and brought it to the place where the stake was set up.

When John Noyes came to the place, he kneeled down and prayed; then they, making haste, bound him to the stake. When bound, the martyr looked up to heaven and said, "Fear not them that can kill the body." Then seeing his sister weeping and lamenting for him, he told her to be comforted and to dry her tears. Then one of the sheriff's men, named Nicholas Cadman, brought the first fagot and set it against him.

JOHN NOYES ARRESTED AT THE DOOR OF HIS HOUSE.

After this, all being ready, Noyes reached out and gave a book of prayers which he carried in his hand, to the under-sheriff. This book he begged the sheriff to take to his wife as a token of remembrance, after he, her husband, had perished in the fire. The under-sheriff gave his word to Noyes that he would do this, but never kept his promise.

Then fire was put to the fagots, and the martyr yielded up his life amid the flames. When his body was burned, they dug a pit to bury the coals and ashes in, and amongst them they found one of his feet unburned, whole up to the ankle, and that they buried with the rest.

Trials of John Hallingdale, William Sparrow, and Richard Gibson.

Charges of heresy having been made against these three persons, they were arrested, and confined in prison for some time, after which they were brought out to be examined by bishop Bonner, at his court held for the purpose of trying persons accused of heresy.

The first man examined was John Hallingdale, against whom the following charges were made:

1. That the said John Hallingdale is of the diocese of London, and subject to the bishop of London's jurisdiction.

2. That the said John, before the time of the reign of Edward VI., late king of England, was of the same faith and religion that was then observed, believed, taught, and set forth in England.

3. But during the reign of Edward VI. Hallingdale did change his faith, and not only did so, but doth still continue in the same, till this present day, and so determineth to do (as he saith) to his life's end.

4. That the said John Hallingdale hath said, believed, and taught, divers times, that the faith, religion, and ecclesiastical service used now in England is not good and laudable, but against God's commandment and word; and that the said John will in no wise conform

himself to the same, but confesses that he will continue to speak against it during his natural life.

5. That the said John absenteth himself continually from his own parish church of St. Leonard, neither hearing matins, mass, nor even-song; nor yet confessing his sins to the priest, nor receiving the sacrament of the altar at his hands, nor using other ceremonies, as they are now used in the churches and realm of England; and, as he remembereth, he never came but once into the said parish church of St. Leonard, and careth not (as he saith) if he never come there any more, so long as the service remains as it is at present, and so many abuses practised there, such as the mass, sacraments, ceremonies, and Latin service.

6. That the said John, when his wife, called Alice, gave birth to a child, caused the said child to be christened in English, after the same manner and form, in all points, as was used in the time of the reign of king Edward VI., and caused him to be named Joshua, and would not have the said child christened in Latin, after the form and manner now used in the church and realm of England; nor will he have him, by his consent, confirmed by the bishop.

Hallingdale acknowledged the truth of these charges and refused to make any promises whatever to change his belief. So he was taken back to prison. The next day he was again brought before the bishop, who used all his arguments to prevail on him to recant; but failing to convince the prisoner, he read the sentence of condemnation, and Hallingdale was delivered over to the sheriff.

Trial of William Sparrow.

William Sparrow was brought up for examination, and the same charges made against him as had been brought against John Hallingdale.

The bishop tried his utmost to make Sparrow recant, but was as unsuccessful as he had been with the other prisoner. Finally the

bishop asked him whether he was determined to persist and continue in his heretical notions. Sparrow answered, "That which you call heresy is good and godly; if every hair of my head were a man, I would let you burn them all, rather than go from the truth."

Seeing him so resolute the bishop at once proceeded to read his sentence, condemning him as a heretic; after which he was delivered into the hands of the sheriff, and taken back to prison.

Richard Gibson.

Richard Gibson was next brought before the court, and the same charges made against him as had proved so effectual in the trials of the two others.

This man's case, however, was a particularly hard one, as his arrest had been brought about solely through an act of kindness done to a friend, who had been arrested and put in prison for debt. Gibson went his security, and obtained his release. The debtor than made no attempt to repay Gibson, but treacherously fled, leaving his benefactor to meet the debt alone. Being unable to pay all of it Gibson was thrown into prison—then the customary resting-place for persons who could not pay their debts—where he lay for two years.

When, at last, Gibson was released, some of his fellow prisoners sent an accusation of heresy against him, to the bishop of London, because he had never confessed, nor received the sacrament of the altar, while he was in confinement. It was in consequence of this accusation that Gibson was now brought before Bonner to be examined in regard to his religious belief.

The bishop began the trial by questioning the prisoner as to his faith. At first Gibson seemed willing to make some concessions, which were duly recorded in the bishop's books, but his answers not being sufficiently full and satisfactory to suit Bonner, he sent Gibson back to prison. The next day he was again brought before the bishop for a further hearing. Several questions were put to him; but he refused

to answer any of them, saying, the bishop of London was not his ordinary,—meaning he had no authority to compel him to reply.

Gibson's last examination was at the bishop's consistory court, where Bonner, after some threats, asked if he knew any cause why sentence should not be pronounced against him? Gibson said to the bishop, that he could not prove anything against him for which he might justly be condemned.

The bishop then told him, that "men said he was an evil man."

Gibson replied, "Yea, my lord, and so may I say of you also."

After this, the sentence of condemnation was read without delay, and Gibson was put in charge of the sheriff, who took him to prison, and shut him up with the two other condemned prisoners to await the day of burning.

After two months had passed, these three men, John Hallingdale, William Sparrow, and Richard Gibson, were brought under guard to Smithfield. There, after they had made their prayers, they were all chained—the three together—to one stake. Wood was then piled around them and fire set to it, "in which being compassed about, and the fiery flames consuming them, they at last yielded up their souls and lives."

Trial and Execution of Alexander Gough and Alice Driver.

It having been reported to justice Noone of Suffolk, that two persons accused of heresy were in hiding near his house, he sent out his officers and took Alexander Gough, of Woodbridge, and Alice Driver of Grosborough. They put their prisoners in Melton jail, where after remaining a good while, they were at last carried to the town of Bury, for examination.

Both the prisoners acknowledged their faith, and were therefore sent back to the jail, where they remained for several months, and were then brought to Ipswich for their final hearing. It is said that, there, the prisoners repeated their confession of faith and firmly refused

to save their lives by changing their religion. They were therefore both condemned to be burned, and sent back to their prison to await the day of execution.

On the 4th of November, 1557, very early in the morning, Alexander Gough and Alice Driver were taken from Melton jail to Ipswich, led by the high-sheriff and his officers, and accompanied by a great crowd of people. They arrived at Ipswich about seven o'clock in the morning, and were immediately led to the place of execution. When they had come to the stake they sang a hymn, and then kneeled down and prayed for some little time; at which the sheriff becoming impatient, ordered the bailiffs to interrupt them, and ask that they would make an end.

Then Gough stood up and said to the sheriff, "Let us pray a little while longer, for we have but a short time to live."

But the bailiff said, "Come away, and have them to the fire."

Then the poor prisoners cried, "Why, Master Sheriff, will you not suffer us to pray?"

"Away," said the sheriff; "to the stake with them!"

Gough answered, "Take heed, Master Sheriff; if you forbid our prayers, the vengeance of God hangeth over your head." When they were being fastened to the stake, and the iron chain was put around Alice Driver's neck, "Oh," said she, "here is a goodly handkerchief!"

Then some of their friends came and took the martyrs by the hands as they stood at the stake. Seeing this the sheriff cried to his men, "Seize them! let not one escape." When the people heard the order and saw the danger those by the stake were in, they all ran toward it, and crowding around the stake hid the friends of the martyrs from view.

When the sheriff saw that, he let them all alone, so that there was not one taken. Then fire was put to the wood, and amidst its flames these two heroic spirits passed beyond the reach of man's cruelty.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ENGLAND DURING THE REIGN OF QUEEN MARY—*Continued.*

Story of John Rough and Margaret Maring.

John Rough was a Scotchman who, when quite young, was so unfortunate as to lose his parents, and to be deprived of his inheritance by unscrupulous relatives. Being thus cast on the world, he entered the monastery of the Black friars, at Stirling, and became a monk. Here he lived until he was thirty years old, when the earl of Arran (afterward duke of Hamilton), then regent of Scotland, taking a liking to him, applied to the archbishop of St. Andrew's to free Rough from the order of monks, so that he might serve as his chaplain.

The archbishop readily granted the request of the regent, so Rough was allowed to depart from the monastery, and became a chaplain. At the end of the first year the earl sent him to preach in the county of Ayr, where he remained about four years, and performed the duties of his office carefully and well.

The cardinal of Scotland dying, Rough was sent for to serve at St. Andrew's, for which he was paid a salary of twenty pounds (one hundred dollars) a year. After being thus employed for some time, he began to have doubts about some of the ceremonies he was obliged to take part in, and when Edward VI. came to the throne, and freedom of worship was granted, he left St. Andrew's and went to Carlisle. As soon as he had arrived there he applied to the duke of Somerset, then protector, by whom he was appointed preacher, to serve in Carlisle, Berwick, and Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Soon after this Rough married a Scottish lady, and the archbishop of York appointed him pastor of a church near the town of Hull, where he remained till the death of king Edward.

When Mary came to the throne, and persecution began, John Rough fled with his wife to Holland, and took up his residence at a place called Norden. Here they supported themselves by making and selling caps and stockings, till at last, needing yarn for his trade, John sailed for England, and arrived at London.

Soon after Rough's arrival at London, he was told that there was a secret meeting of people of the reformed religion in a certain part of the city, upon which he joined them, and was chosen their minister; but the little congregation seldom dared to gather together, and then only with the greatest caution.

One day it happened that a good opportunity to hold a service without creating suspicion seemed to offer itself. An entertainment, or play, was advertised to take place at a large inn called the Saracen's Head, and as it was certain that crowds would come to see the players, the little band of worshippers thought they could assemble in a private room without being noticed. Here they accordingly met and began to hold their service.

All would have gone well, had it not happened that a spy, named Roger Serjeant, obtained admission under the pretence of being a convert. He succeeded in quietly withdrawing from the meeting, and hurried away to inform the bishop. Armed men were at once sent with orders to arrest and drag to prison the entire company. John Rough, the minister, and Cuthbert Simson, deacon, were considered the chief offenders; so they were taken at once before the queen's council to answer the charge of heresy. After a long examination, during which Rough boldly maintained his opinions, he was sent prisoner to Newgate, but Simson was, for the time, dismissed.

Soon after, bishop Bonner ordered Rough to be brought before him at his palace in London, to answer as to his religious faith. After his examination he was sent back to Newgate prison, where he remained a month. He was then brought to the consistory court at St. Paul's, before Bonner, bishop of London; the bishop of St. David's;

THE ARREST AT THE SARACEN S HEAD.

Fecknam, abbot of Westminster, and others, to undergo a final examination.

After many arguments had been used in vain by the court to persuade the prisoner to recant, Bonner charged him with marrying, after having received priestly orders; and with refusing to use the Latin service in the church. Rough answered that they had no authority to forbid his marriage, and as to the Latin service they wanted him to use, he utterly detested it, and would never take part in it. On hearing this defiant answer the bishop proceeded to the ceremony of degradation; after which he read the sentence of condemnation, and Rough being delivered to the sheriff, was taken back to Newgate, there to remain till the time appointed for his execution.

Trial of Margaret Maring.

This woman belonged to the little congregation in London, to whom John Rough used to preach. She was suspected by him, and some others, of not being sincere in the religion she professed; but as the event proved, their suspicions were most unjust, and she bore herself at the trial with even more boldness than the others.

The charge of heresy having been made against Margaret Maring before the bishop of London, he sent an officer to her house near Mark-lane, in the city, to arrest her. She was immediately brought before him, and after a short examination, sent to Newgate. In about a month she was again brought before the bishop, at his palace in London, to be examined once more. Two days after, she was taken out of prison and brought before the bishop at his consistory court, where the accusations, and her answers to them, were read to her; after which they asked her if she would hold to them as they were written down? She answered, that she would stand to the same to her death; "for the very angels in heaven," said she, "laugh you to scorn, to see the follies you practise." The bishop then used various arguments to persuade the prisoner to recant, but finding them all useless, he read

the sentence of condemnation, and Margaret Maring was delivered to the sheriff, who took her back to Newgate.

Two days after, on the 22d of December, 1557, Margaret Maring, and her fellow-martyr John Rough, were taken to Smithfield, where the two were fastened to one stake, and burned in the same fire. They both bore themselves with wonderful fortitude, and cheerfully gave up their lives for the truth of that gospel, given to man by Him from whom they hoped to receive an eternal reward in heaven.

The following letter to his little congregation, was written by John Rough, while in prison awaiting execution.

John Rough's Letter to his Friends.

"The comfort of the Holy Spirit make you able to give help to others in these dangerous days. I have not time to write of the great trials I have been under. But through it all my strength was to hear the voice of God, saying, Whosoever denieth me before men, him will I deny before my Father and his angels. To save the life of this world, is to lose the life eternal. He that will not suffer with Christ shall not reign with him. Therefore, dear ones, I have, by God's Spirit, given over the love of life, with the fight of my soul, and the spirit hath the victory. The flesh therefore shall soon leave off sin, and the spirit shall reign eternally. I have chosen death to confirm the truth that I have taught. What can I do more? Consider with yourselves, that I have done it to uphold God's truth. Pray that I may continue unto the end. The greatest part of the trial is past. Look not back, nor be ye ashamed of Christ's gospel, nor of the bonds I have suffered for the same. It is not well, for the loss of one man in the battle, for the rest to turn back. Up with men's hearts, down with the walls of heresy. Let one take the banner, and the other the trumpet; I mean not to make war, but pray, and ye shall have Elias' defence, for the cause is the Lord's. Now, my brethren, I can write no more, time will not suffer, and my heart feels already the pangs of

death; but I am at home with my God, while I yet live. Pray for me. The peace of God rest with you all. Amen."

This letter was written by John Rough, in Newgate prison, on the day of his condemnation.

Account of the Trial of Cuthbert Simson, Hugh Fox, and John Davenish.

These three men were arrested together at the Saracen's Head, at the same time as John Rough, and at first dismissed, but afterward being brought before the council, were committed to different prisons.

Cuthbert Simson, who was deacon of the same congregation of which John Rough was pastor, was committed prisoner to the Tower. He was examined by the recorder of London, and a commissioner named Cholmley, who commanded him to give the names of the persons who had attended the secret services. This he would not do, in spite of threats and persuasion.

At last, infuriated at Simson's stubborn refusal to betray the names of his friends, they ordered the jailers to take him to the torture-room of the Tower, and scourge him. This was immediately done, and when he had suffered from their stripes he was brought back; they then repeated their questions, but he still resolutely refused to give the names of his friends. Finding it impossible to force the information from him, they at last sent him back to his dungeon.

On the Sunday following Simson was again brought to the room in which he had been scourged, when the recorder of London, and the lieutenant of the Tower, once more demanded a confession, but he replied that he was determined not to betray those who had trusted him. One of the jailers then tied Simson's two fore-fingers together, with a small arrow between them; this done, he drew the arrow backward and forward so quickly that the blood followed, and finally the arrow broke; after which they put him on the rack, and then sent him back half dead to his dungeon. About ten days after this the lieu-

SIMSON REFUSES TO TELL THE NAMES OF HIS FRIENDS.

tenant again asked him if he would supply the information needed to enable them to make further arrests. But Simson firmly replied that he would say no more than he had said.

Simson was finally taken before the bishop of London for examination. While in court Bonner pointed the prisoner out to the people, saying, "Look upon him, what a personable man he is! I tell you that if he were not a heretic, he is a man of the greatest patience that ever came before me. He hath been twice scourged in one day in the Tower, and also in my house he hath felt much pain, and yet I never saw his patience broken." But in spite of this tribute to his courage Bonner soon condemned Simson to the fire, with two other men, named Hugh Fox and John Davenish.

One week later, these three were taken by the sheriffs and their officers to Smithfield, where they were all fastened to one stake and burned in the same fire. They behaved with wonderful fortitude to the last, praising God that He had given them strength to bear the dreadful punishment.

Story of Thomas Hudson.

Thomas Hudson was a glover by trade. He lived at the town of Ailesham, in Norfolk, England. Although he had but little schooling, he was a great student of the Scriptures, and used frequently to preach on Sundays to such of his neighbors as were interested in hearing the Bible read and explained.

When queen Mary began her reign, all unlicensed ministers, who thus publicly preached to the people, became marked men. Hudson would have been among the first to be arrested and thrown into prison, if he had not fled from his home. He travelled into Suffolk, and by constantly changing his lodgings from one house to another, escaped the queen's officers.

But after a time Hudson's desire to see his wife and family became too strong to be resisted. In spite of the danger he went home, but

soon finding that his enemies had heard of his return, he left his house, and building a rude shelter beneath a pile of firewood near by, concealed himself there during the daytime, and moved about only at night. But not satisfied with merely searching for him, his pursuers now began to threaten his wife. The vicar of the town, who was one of Bonner's agents, asked Mrs. Hudson where her husband had hidden himself, and on her refusing to tell, threatened to burn her, for concealing the hiding-place of a heretic.

When Hudson was told of this threat, he determined to come forward and stand trial; so he emerged from his place of refuge, and walked openly about the town. News of this was soon carried to a magistrate by one of his neighbors, and two constables were sent to arrest him. As soon as they laid hands on him, he said, "Now my time has come: welcome, friends, welcome! you are the ones that shall lead me to glory."

The constables took Hudson to the vicar. He asked him various questions concerning his religious belief, and finding it impossible to make the prisoner confess himself in the wrong, sent him to the bishop, who was then at Norwich.

The bishop asked Hudson a great number of questions, all of which he answered as before; and though an unlearned man, his arguments were exceedingly forcible. At length the bishop, finding he could do nothing with the prisoner, passed sentence of condemnation upon him, and he was immediately taken to prison.

On the 19th of May, 1558, Thomas Hudson, with two other men convicted of heresy, whose names were William Seaman and Thomas Carman, were taken out of prison and led to the spot where they were to be burned. This place was called the Lollards' Pit. It was just outside the Bishop's-gate at Norwich. As soon as the three martyrs came to where the stake stood they kneeled down and prayed; this done, they went to the stake and stood there, while the sheriff's men put the chains around them.

But before they had been made quite fast, Thomas Hudson stooped, and came out from under the chain, and stood a little to one side. This caused many to wonder. Some thought he would recant to save his life, others believed he would ask for further delay, and yet others supposed he came forward to get his parents' blessing. So some thought one thing, and some another; but his two companions at the stake cried out to comfort him as well as they could, exhorting him to be of good cheer, and not to fear the fire.

But none had guessed aright; Hudson's heart had failed from a cause they could not understand. He was afflicted with sudden doubts, and felt his faith grow weak within him. Therefore, fearing lest he should die in such mind, he fell upon his knees, and prayed earnestly to God, who at last sent him comfort. Then he rose with great joy, as a man new changed even from death to life, and cried, "Now, thank God, I am strong, and care not what man can do unto me." So going to the stake to his fellows again, he put the chain about him, and they were all burned together.

William Fetty, a Boy, Cruelly Beaten.

Among those who were put in prison charged with heresy was John Fetty, the father of this boy. Strange to say, he had been arrested upon information given by his own wife. He was taken before Sir John Mordaunt, one of the queen's commissioners. After examination, he was sent to the Lollards' Tower, where he was put in the stocks, and had a pitcher of water set by him, with a loaf of bread near it, to show him that it was the only food he might expect to receive.

This place of imprisonment, called the Lollards' Tower, was a large, detached room, belonging to bishop Bonner's palace, in London. It was used for the punishment of Protestants (sometimes called Lollards), who were brought before the bishop accused of heresy, and who were also sometimes tortured. The most common punishments

inflicted here were scourging, and setting in the stocks; some being fastened by the hands, and others by the feet. They were generally permitted to sit on a stool, but to increase their punishment some were given no seat, so that, lying with their backs on the ground, their position was exceedingly exhausting and painful. In this dungeon, and under these tortures, some were kept for several days, and others for weeks, without any other food than bread and water. During all this time admission was refused to their relatives or friends. Many of the unfortunate prisoners who had weak constitutions, died from the effects of their confinement in the Lollards' Tower.

After John Fetty had been in the Lollards' Tower for fifteen days, the greater part of the time fast in the stocks, sometimes by his legs, and sometimes by his hands, William Fetty, one of his sons, came to the bishop's palace, in order to obtain permission to see him. When he arrived there, the bishop's chaplain asked him his business; the boy replied he wanted to see his father, at the same time shedding tears, and looking sorrowfully toward the prison in which his father lay. The chaplain asked who was his father; and when the boy told him, he replied that his father was a heretic, and was being taught a lesson in the stocks; which, said he, might prove a good warning to his son not to follow in his footsteps.

The boy, who had a high spirit, was stung by this abuse of his kind father, and quickly replied, "My father is no heretic, but you are a pack of murderers."

At this the angry chaplain seized the boy by the hand, and dragged him to another room in the palace, where, after stripping him, he scourged him in the most unmerciful manner; after which he ordered one of his servants to take him, just as he was, to his father, with the blood running down to his heels. As soon as the boy saw his father, he fell on his knees, and showed him his wounds. The poor man beholding his son in so dreadful a state, exclaimed, with great grief, "Alas! who hath thus cruelly treated thee?" The boy replied,

"I was seeking to find you out, when a murdering chaplain took me into the bishop's house, and beat me as you see."

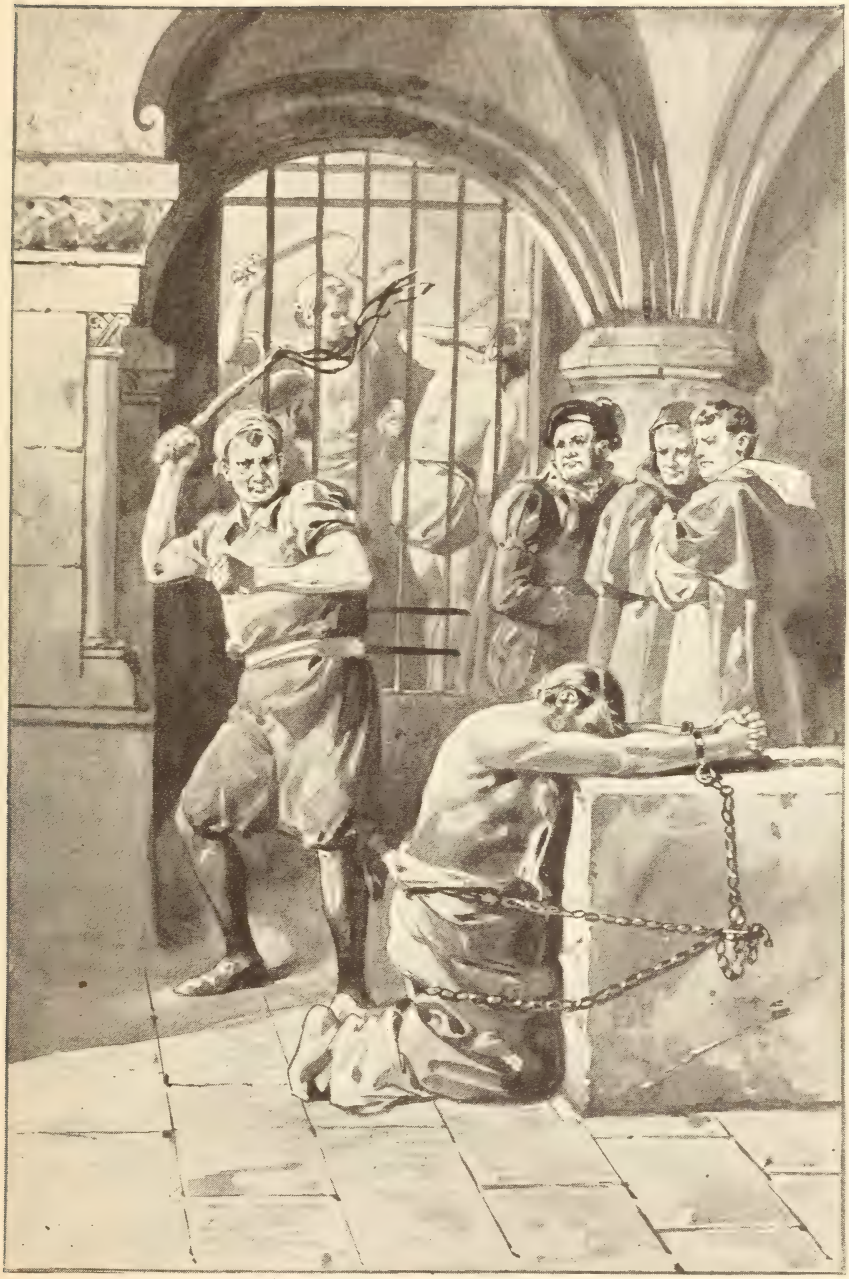
One of the keepers overhearing this, seized the boy, and dragging him away from his father, took him back to the place where he had been scourged. Here he was kept three days with scarcely any food, and was beaten again. The father was also beaten for protesting against their cruelty. At last the poor young prisoner became very faint and weak from this inhuman treatment, and Bonner gave orders to let him go. He also ordered the father to be brought before him, in his bed-chamber, early in the morning.

The bishop at first roundly abused the man for his religious belief, but considering that trouble might result from having scourged the boy, he ordered both father and son to be set at liberty. They were, therefore, allowed to depart and went to their home, but the unfortunate boy, from the pain, loss of blood and inflammation of his wounds, died a few days afterward.

Burning of Six Men: Robert Mills, Stephen Cotton, Robert Dines, Stephen Wight, John Slade, and William Pikes.

These six men were arrested, with several others, in a wood near Islington, where they had assembled to hear preaching. They were at once taken before a magistrate, who committed them to prison as heretics.

A few days afterward they were brought before Dr. Thomas Darbyshire, the bishop of London's chancellor, for examination. The usual accusations were made against them. When charged with not attending church they all admitted it. Robert Mills and Stephen Wight said they had not been to church for three-quarters of a year; Stephen Cotton, not for twelve months; Robert Dines, for two years; and John Slade and William Pikes, not since queen Mary's coming to the throne. To the second, third, fourth, fifth, and sixth offences charged against them, they all answered as others of the reformers had done, saying



JOHN FETTY AND HIS SON IN THE LOLLARDS' TOWER.

that, as they believed the rites, ceremonies, and customs of the Romish church were not according to the word of God, they would not observe any part of them.

When they had all been examined, they were sent back to prison, but were soon after summoned to appear at the consistory court at St. Paul's. There it was demanded of them by the bishop's chancellor, if they were willing to return to the holy mother church; and if not, whether they could show cause why sentence of condemnation should not be pronounced against them. To this they all answered, that they would not depart from the truth, as they understood it. The chancellor then sent them back to their prison, but ordered that they should appear before him the next day in the forenoon, to hear their sentence. They were accordingly brought to him at the time appointed, when the chancellor sat as judge, accompanied by Sir Edward Hastings and Sir Thomas Cornwallis. The chancellor tried to persuade them to recant, but all he said had no effect. He therefore read the sentence of condemnation, and they were delivered over to the sheriffs, who took them to prison to await the day of execution.

The chancellor having condemned these six men, sent a certificate of their condemnation to the lord chancellor's office, from whence, the next day, a writ was issued for their burning.

Accordingly, on the 14th of July, 1558, they were taken by the sheriffs and their men from the prison in London, which was Newgate, to Brentford. As soon as they came to the place where the stakes were, they kneeled down and prayed most earnestly. After having ended their prayers they arose and undressed themselves. There had been three stakes set up, so the six men were chained, two of them to each stake. Then the straw and fagots of wood were piled up around them so as to make one great fire. When all had thus been made ready, a blazing torch was brought from a neighboring house, and set to the fagots, and soon the lives of these six martyrs went out amidst the flames and smoke.

The Story of Roger Holland.

When a young man, Roger Holland was apprenticed to a cloth-merchant, named Kempton, whose shop was in Watling street, London. It is told of him that he caused his employer much trouble by his disobedient, careless habits. He was fond of fencing, dancing, gaming, and the company of idle fellows;—one altogether unlikely, so it seemed, to come to the end he did.

Holland's employer had a kindly feeling for him, in spite of his faults. He trusted him also with money for the payment of bills. At one time the apprentice received the sum of thirty pounds for this purpose, but instead of putting it to the use for which it was intended, he lost it playing at dice with some worthless companions. As soon as the young man realized he had been guilty of a serious crime, and that it was impossible for him to repay the sum he had lost, he was much alarmed and distressed. He was indeed on the point of running away to avoid the consequences of his foolish and wicked act, when a maidservant of the house, seeing he was low in spirits, asked him what troubled him.

A word of sympathy touches the heart at such times, and Holland was sorely in need of a friend. The maid, whose name was Elizabeth, was a good girl; she had often begged him to lead a more regular life, and in other ways showed kindly feeling; so to her he told the whole story.

"Elizabeth," said he, "If I had but followed thy gentle persuasions I should never have come to this shame and misery which I am now fallen into;—for last night I lost thirty pounds of my master's money, which to pay back and make up my accounts I am not able. But this much, I pray you, do for me: ask of thy mistress that she will entreat my master to take my note of hand, acknowledging that I am thus indebted to him, and if I am ever able, I will see him paid. And I beg of him that the matter may pass with silence, and that none of my kindred and friends may ever hear of this my crime; for if it

should come to my old father's ears, it would surely bring his gray hairs to the grave."

The young man then made ready to depart, but Elizabeth, touched with pity, cried out, "Stay!" and having had a sum of money left her by a relative, she ran and brought thirty pounds, saying, "Roger, here is this much money; I will let thee have it, and I will keep thy note. But since I do this for thee, to help thee, and to save thy name, thou must promise me to keep away from all wild company; and if ever I know thee again to play even for one penny, at either dice or cards, then will I show this thy note to thy master. And furthermore thou shalt promise me to go every day to the lecture at All-hallows, and the sermon at St. Paul's every Sunday, and to cast away all thy books of vain ballads, and get thee the Testament and book of service, and read the Scriptures with reverence and fear, calling unto God still for His grace to direct thee in His truth."

Holland faithfully promised to do all she asked of him, and within less than a year such a change was made in him that he became an earnest Christian; so that he was a wonder to all who had seen his former life.

When Holland's term of apprenticeship was ended, he went to visit his father, who lived in Lancashire. He brought some of his books with him, and gave them to his friends, so that they, too, began to understand the truths of the gospel. When he went away, his father gave him fifty pounds to start him in trade. So he returned to London again, and went to the maid that lent him the money to pay his master with, and said to her, "Elizabeth, here is thy money I borrowed of thee, I can now repay it to thee again; but as for the friendship, good-will, and good counsel I have received at thy hands, that I shall never be able to pay back."

Holland then told Elizabeth that he loved her, and wished to make her his wife. They were soon after married, and lived in London for about a year. Having a child born to them, they had it baptized by

a minister of the reformed faith, in their own house. News of this unlawful act was carried to Bonner, who caused Holland's goods to be seized, and cruelly used his wife. Holland himself, being absent from the city, escaped for the time; but at last he, and six others, were arrested in St. John's wood, outside of London. They were brought into the city and locked up in Newgate prison, on the first day of May, 1558.

Being brought the next day before bishop Bonner, Dr. Chedsey, and others, for examination, the bishop thus began with him: "Holland, I for my part do wish thee well, and the more so for thy friends' sake. Dr. Standish hath told me, that you and he were both born in one parish, and he knoweth your father to be a very honest gentleman. But he talked with you a year ago, and found you very wilfully addicted to your own conceits. Others also have told me of you, that you have been a great persuader of men to be of your religion, and to come to your meetings. But since you be now in danger of the law, I would wish you to act a wise man's part. If you do so you shall not want any favor I can do for you, both for your own sake, and also for your friends, who are men of worth, who wish you well, and by my troth, Roger, so do I."

Holland made no reply to this appeal, so the bishop and the doctors, with Johnson, the register, consulted together, and finally Johnson said, "Well, Roger, what hast thou to say to this? wilt thou submit thyself unto my lord, or go back to thy prison in contempt?"

Holland then answered firmly, "I mean not to submit myself to the pope, nor will I humble myself to any judge who has sworn to maintain his power in England."

After some further argument during which Holland caused his judges to wonder at his boldness, the bishop said, "Roger, these thy words are downright blasphemy, and only out of consideration for thy friends hast thou been suffered to speak at all. Thou art over pert

and full of conceit of thyself if thou thinkest thou canst teach any one here. Therefore, keeper, take him away."

Holland's Last Examination.

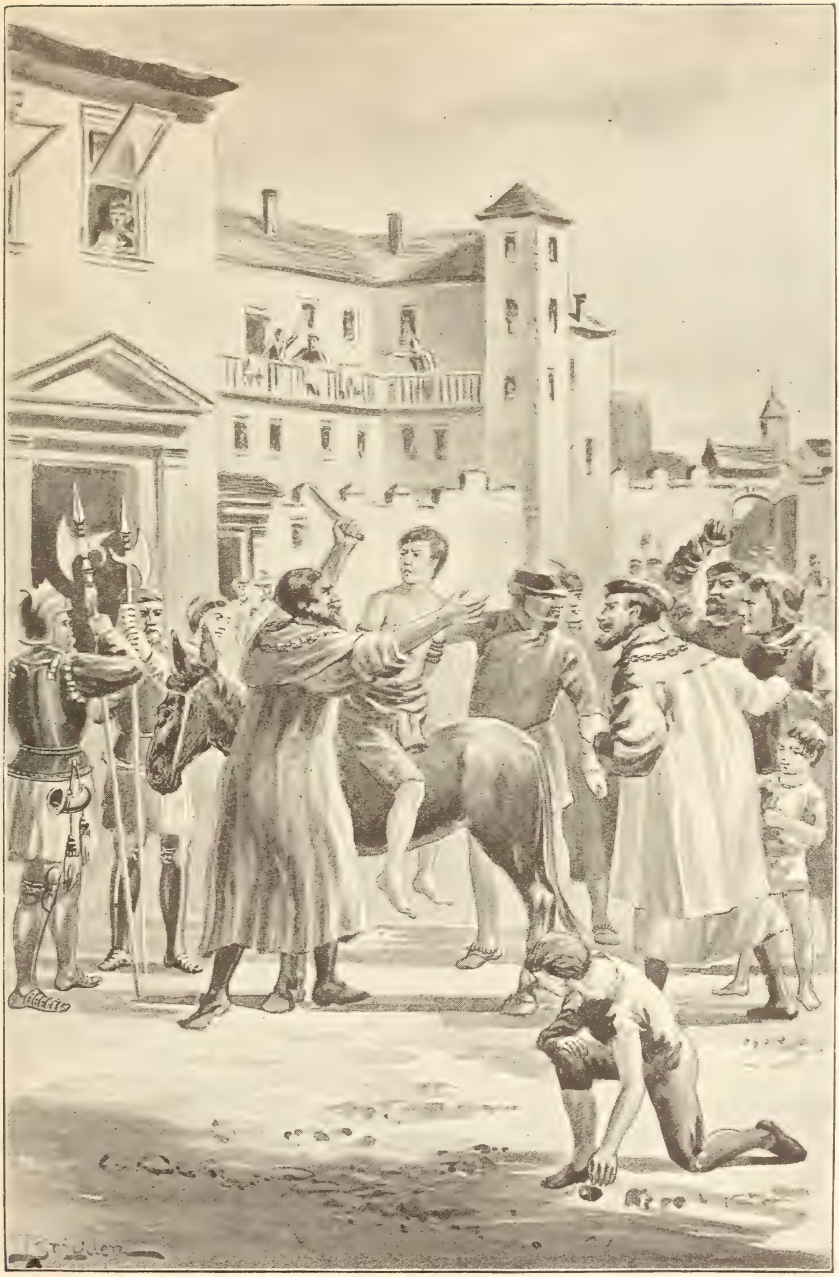
Holland was soon brought out of prison for his last examination. It was held in the bishop's court, and there were present Lord Strange, Sir Thomas Jarret, M. Eglestone, and other notable persons, both of Cheshire and Lancashire, who were Roger Holland's kinsmen and friends. These had begged the bishop to deal gently with him. Now the bishop hoped yet to win the prisoner over with fair words, but though he long persuaded him, yet he could not bring about any change in his faith.

"I thought as much," said Bonner at last, "that he would prove as stubborn a heretic as ever I saw." So without further words the bishop read the sentence condemning Holland to be burned.

All this time the prisoner said nothing, but when they were about to take him away, he cried out, "My lord, I beg you will suffer me to speak two words." The bishop at first would not hear him, and bade him go. But being persuaded by Holland's friends, he said at last, "Speak, then; what hast thou to say?"

Holland then replied: "My lord, your authority is from God, and by his sufferance only; I tell you God hath heard the prayer of his saints whom you persecute. But this I dare be bold to say, that God will shorten your hand of cruelty, so that you shall not molest his church. And this you shall in a short time see. For soon there shall not be any more men put by you to the trial of fire and fagot" —and indeed this was true, for few suffered after that day, for their religion, at Smithfield.

Then Bonner said, "Roger, thou art, I see, as mad in these thy heresies as any Bedlamite. In anger and fume thou wouldst become a railing prophet. But though thou and all the rest of you would like to see me hanged, yet I shall live to burn, yea, and I will burn, all the



THOMAS HINSHAW MALTREATED AT FULHAM.

sort of you that come into my hands, in spite of all thy preaching;" and so Bonner went his way.

Then Roger Holland began to urge his friends to repent, and to heed the warning of those that suffered for the gospel. But hearing this, the bishop came back, and told the keeper that no man should be allowed to speak without his permission, and if any listened to the prisoner they should be committed to prison themselves.

Holland lay in prison two months, after which he was brought out and taken, with six others, to Smithfield to be burned. So much was the influence of the martyrs feared, that a proclamation was made forbidding any person to be so bold as to speak one word to them. But for all that the people cried out as they passed by, "God bless and save you!" and such-like words, to comfort and strengthen them for their trial.

When the seven had come to the place where the stakes were put up, they kneeled down and prayed. Then when all was made ready and they had been chained to the stakes in the midst of the straw and wood, the fire was lighted, and in the fierce flames thereof the martyrs soon perished.

Thomas Hinshaw is Beaten.

This young man was brought before a justice at Islington, charged with heresy. When it was found that neither persuasions nor threats had any effect upon him, he was set upon a donkey's back, with his face toward the tail of the beast, and taken to the prison at Fulham, where he was fastened in the stocks.

The next morning Hinshaw was taken before the bishop of London, who examined him, and then sent one Harpsfield, a priest, to talk with him. After a long dispute Harpsfield called Hinshaw a "peevish boy," and asked him whether he thought that he, a priest, would go about teaching a lie? Hinshaw replied, very shrewdly, that he was sure they loved power even more than truth. Vexed at this answer, Harpsfield

went and told the bishop, who came to Hinshaw and cried out, "Dost thou answer my archdeacon so, thou naughty boy? I shall handle thee well enough, be assured." He then sent for a couple of rods, and causing Hinshaw to kneel against a bench, had him severely beaten by one of his men; or, as some accounts relate, scourged him with his own hands.

After this Hinshaw was examined several times; and at last being brought before the bishop, in his chapel at Fulham, charges were made against him and he was sent to prison. After being confined two weeks, the young man fell ill. He was then released and placed in care of his employer, Martin Pugson; for the bishop thought he was more likely to die than to live. Hinshaw's sickness continued a year or more; but after that he unexpectedly recovered his health, and moving away escaped the punishment intended for him.

Story of Richard Yeoman.

This man was an aged minister of the gospel who had formerly been assistant to Dr. Rowland Taylor, at Hadleigh. After Dr. Taylor's martyrdom, Yeoman had, for a short time, taken charge of his parish, but he was soon turned out and another appointed to his office.

Yeoman then wandered from place to place to escape his enemies. In order to allay suspicion he pretended to be a travelling peddler, and with a little basket of laces, pins, and such small articles he called from door to door. Indeed the trifling profit he made by this poor trade was all he had for the support of his wife and children.

While Yeoman was thus travelling through Kent, a justice caused his arrest, and kept him all night in the stocks; but no evidence being found against him, in the morning he was let go. After this Yeoman returned cautiously to Hadleigh, and for more than a year lay concealed, during the daytime, in the garret of a house in the town, where his wife brought him food when she could. Here the old man, who was now past seventy, spent his time carding, or combing wool, which

his wife afterwards spun into yarn. She also went about begging food from the charitable, and by such humble means they managed to live.

At length the new rector of Hadleigh, who was named Newall, accidently discovered the hiding-place of the old preacher, and sent bailiffs, in the middle of the night, who broke down the door and took him as he lay sleeping with his wife and children. With many insults from Newall, who heaped upon his victim the coarse reproaches then commonly used in denouncing married ministers, they were dragging him away; when Yeoman, in the spirit of his martyred friend Rowland Taylor, replied, "Nay, parson, here are no bad characters, but an honest married man and his wife." But without replying they took him to the town jail and put him in the stocks, where he remained until the next day.

There was also in the prison, fastened in the stocks, a man named John Dale, who had lain there three or four days, because when Newall and his curate were one day holding service in the church, he had cried out, and called them "blind leaders of the blind." For this Newall had caused him to be arrested and set in the stocks and kept there until Sir Henry Doyle, the justice, came to Hadleigh to hold court. Now as Yeoman was also taken, the priest called upon Sir Henry Doyle to carry out the letter of the law, and send them both to prison. Sir Henry Doyle entreated Newall to consider the age of the men, and their poverty. They were not persons of note or influence, and the justice therefore advised that they should be punished for a day or two, and then let go.

When Newall heard this merciful plea he was much offended, and called the two prisoners pestilent heretics, unfit to live in the commonwealth of Christians. "Wherefore I beseech you, sir," said he to Sir Henry Doyle, "according to your office, defend the church, and help to suppress these heresies, which are false to God, an evil example to others, and a violation of the queen's commands." Sir Henry Doyle, seeing he could do nothing but carry out the law in the

matter, and fearing he might be accused of being partial to the prisoners if he spoke further in their favor, made out the writ, and ordered the constables to carry the two men to Bury jail.

So they took Richard Yeoman and John Dale, and set them on horseback. They then bound them like thieves, fastened their legs under the horses' bodies, and so carried them to Bury jail, where they were put in irons and thrown into the lowest dungeon; here John Dale soon died from lack of food and bad air. When he was dead his body was thrown out and buried in the fields. He was a man of forty-six years of age, a weaver by occupation, and an unusually good Bible student for one of his class.

After this, Richard Yeoman was removed to Norwich prison, where, after suffering much hardship, he was brought out for examination. But instead of being humbled and broken in spirit by his confinement and cruel treatment, Yeoman was as bold and unyielding as he had been at his first examination. He acknowledged that he was of the reformed faith, refused to change his opinions in any particular, and said, "I will even die in the same faith and confession in the which I have lived." Consequently, Yeoman was quickly condemned to death by fire and sent back to prison at Norwich to await the day of his execution.

Now by this time the public burning of men and women in England had become so common, that it seems the brutalized wretches who served as sheriff's helpers—whose hands chained the martyrs to the stake, built up the fagots, and finally applied the torch—were no longer satisfied with a comparatively speedy death for their victims. The appetite grows with what it feeds upon, and even the shocking spectacle of living, breathing men and women perishing in the flames would seem to have palled upon these hardened beings. Therefore we read that, not satisfied with burning Richard Yeoman, "they did cruelly torment him, the green wood they used making a slow fire so that he was more broiled than burnt."

Story of John Alcock.

John Alcock, a young Englishman, who was a weaver by trade, came to Hadleigh to look for work. He had been accustomed to attend religious services held in the English tongue by ministers of the reformed faith. Therefore when Newall passed along, at the head of a procession of Latin-chanting priests, Alcock did not take off his hat, to show his respect, as all the other bystanders did. Newall noticed this, and running back, caught the offender and called loudly for the constable.

Now it happened that the constable was one Robert Rolfe, by whom John Alcock had once been employed. He had a friendly feeling for the young man, so he said to the angry priest, "What hath John done, parson, that you treat him so?"

"He is a heretic and traitor," said Newall, "and despiseth the queen's command. Wherefore I call upon you, in the queen's name, to put him in the stocks, and see he be forthcoming at his trial."

"Well," said Rolfe, "I shall see that he be forthcoming; go on with your company, and be satisfied."

"But take him to the stocks," insisted Newall.

"I am constable," said Rolfe, "and I can bail him, and will bail him; he shall not be put in the stocks. I will answer for his being ready at the time of his trial." So Newall went on with his procession, declaring that he would not forget the affair.

Then Rolfe said to John Alcock, "I am sorry for thee; truly the parson seeks thy life; take heed what thou answerest him when he questions thee."

"The young man said, "Sir, I am sorry to be a trouble to you; but as for myself, I do not care, for I commit myself into God's hands, and I trust he will give me wisdom to answer aright."

"Well said," replied Rolfe; "yet beware of Newall, for he is a hard man, and bloody-minded. He also beareth an old grudge against me, and will handle you the worse, because of it."

RICHARD YEOMAN AND JOHN DALE ON THE WAY TO BURY.

"I fear him not," said the young man; "he shall do no more to me than God will give him leave."

When the time came for Alcock to be tried, he was taken before Newall, who asked him many questions concerning his belief. The prisoner answered boldly, and made no attempt to conceal the fact that he was of the reformed faith.

"I told you," said Newall to those in the court-room, "that he was a stout heretic; take him away." So they took Alcock and put him in prison until the next day, when Newall rode with him to London, and had him committed to Newgate prison as soon as he arrived in the city. There the young man lay, in one of the darkest dungeons of the jail, awaiting his final trial and sentence. But he was, after all, destined to escape the fire; for when he had lain in his dungeon a month, he sickened of the foul air and confinement, and died there.

Account of Thomas Benbridge, a Gentleman of Winchester.

Being possessed of a good estate, Thomas Benbridge might have led a life of ease, but being converted to the reformed faith, he thought it his duty to preach the gospel to others. He had scarcely begun his labors before he was arrested as a heretic and brought for examination before the bishop of Winchester.

When Benbridge was taken into court they asked him many questions, all of which he answered boldly, caring nothing for their arguments and threats. In the end he was condemned to die by fire, and sent to prison to await the day. When it had come, he was taken out of his dungeon and brought to the place of burning by Sir Richard Pecksal, sheriff.

When Benbridge came to the stake he began to make himself ready for the fire. He first took off his outer clothing, which was "laid on with gold lace, fair and brave," as the fashion then was with gentlemen of means. His coat he gave to Sir Richard Pecksal, the high-sheriff; his cap of velvet he took off his head and threw away; and his cloak

he handed to the keeper of the prison in payment for some favors he had shown him.

Having done this Benbridge lifted his eyes toward heaven and prayed. After he had ended his prayers they chained him to the stake. Dr. Seaton urged him to recant, promising him pardon, but the prisoner turned away his head and would not listen. Then they sent for fire and put it to the wood, though but few fagots had been brought, and there were not half enough to cover him. The fire burned slowly, and first took away a part of his beard; but he did not shrink. Then it blazed up on the other side and scorched his legs, and as he had not taken off the long leather gaiters or hose which he wore, the pain caused by the heated leather was so intolerable that he cried out, "I recant," and thrust the burning wood away from him with his hands.

Some of Benbridge's friends who stood by, then ran forward, and stepping into the fire at their own peril, helped him out; for which act they were afterward arrested and sent to prison. The sheriff also, who took Benbridge back to his dungeon, suffered imprisonment in the Fleet for his humanity.

But before Benbridge was taken back to prison, Dr. Seaton wrote out on paper a form of recantation and offered it to the prisoner to sign; but he at first refused, so Seaton commanded them to put him back again into the fire. But this the prisoner could not endure; so very unwillingly, and with great grief, he signed the paper, which was laid on a man's back, to serve as a table while the prisoner wrote his name thereon.

After Benbridge had been in prison a week, and his burns had partially healed, his conscience gave him no peace until he had written a letter to Dr. Seaton, taking back the recantation he had made at the stake. This time his resolution remained unshaken to the end, and two weeks after he had been first brought out for burning they took him again to the fire and there he ended his life.

The Last Martyrs of Queen Mary's Reign.

These five persons—John Corneford of Wortham; Christopher Brown of Maidstone; John Harst of Ashford; Alice Smith; and Katherine Knight, sometimes called Katherine Tynley, an aged woman—were all burned together in one fire, at Canterbury. It was said that Harpsfield, archdeacon of Canterbury, being in London and hearing of the dangerous illness of the queen, made all haste home again to push on the trial of the prisoners, and they were brought to the stake only seven days before the death of Mary freed England from her bloody rule. They were to be the last to suffer death for their religion in this merciless reign.

The charges against them were the same as had proved so effectual in scores of previous trials. When sentence was pronounced John Corneford stood up and cried, "May God's anger blight these murderers, who deny His holy word and put to death those who believe it!"

This passionate appeal caused much stir among the people who crowded the court-room. The words were remembered by many, and the death of queen Mary, six days after, was a coincidence which did not fail to produce its effect upon the minds of all who had heard the martyr's last bitter protest against the cruelty and injustice of his persecutors.

Sickness and Death of Queen Mary.

The gloomy reign of queen Mary was now drawing to a close. Her health had long been declining, and in addition to bodily infirmities, she suffered from constant uneasiness and anxiety of mind. The defeat of the English garrison in France, and loss of Calais—the last of the English possessions in that country—which took place in January, 1558, was also a heavy blow to the queen. The troubled condition of England, and the horror she knew she had inspired in the hearts of many of her subjects, added to her burden of care.

Mary was also childless, and neglected by her husband, Philip II., who remained away in Spain. She realized that nothing could now prevent the crown descending to her sister Elizabeth whom she hated, who differed from her in religion, and who could be depended upon to overthrow the power of Rome which she had established in England, at such a fearful cost.

And as if the misfortunes which afflicted the unhappy kingdom at this time were never to end, a pestilence broke out in the spring of 1558, which grew worse and more fatal as the summer advanced. An old writer says: "God did so punish the realm, with quartan agues and with such other long and new sicknesses, that in the last year of the reign of queen Mary, so many of her subjects were made away with—by the execution of sword and fire, and by sicknesses—that the third part of the men of England were consumed."

And now the shadows were drawing closer around the life of the miserable queen. She was attacked in September by the fever which was carrying off so many of her subjects. This new malady increased the disorders from which she had long suffered, and her days drew near to their end. On the morning of November 17th, 1558, Mary died, in the forty-third year of her age, and the sixth year of her reign.

It has been said of her that, "No English sovereign ever ascended the throne with a larger popularity than queen Mary. The country was eager to atone to her for her mother's injuries, and the instinctive loyalty of the English people toward their natural sovereign was increased by the unsuccessful efforts made at Edward's death to rob her of her inheritance. And now, after a reign of but little more than five years, she descended into her grave amidst curses more general and heartfelt than the cheers which had greeted her crowning. In that short reign she had established a dread record of cruelty, and deeply dyed her name with that red stain which time cannot efface and which will mark it forever in history."

History of Bishop Bonner.

Edmund Bonner, bishop of London, who took so prominent a part in the persecution of the Protestants during queen Mary's reign, was born at Hanley, in Worcestershire, about the year 1500. He was educated at Oxford university, and having been admitted to the priesthood, entered the household of cardinal Wolsey. While in his service he attracted the notice of king Henry VIII., who made him one of his chaplains, and afterward sent him on several foreign missions, one being to Rome to confer with the pope on the subject of Henry's divorce from Catherine.

After Bonner had returned to England he was sent to Rome a second time by the king, and is said to have pleaded Henry's cause so strongly—even threatening pope Clement VII. in his zeal for his master—that the pope talked of having Bonner burned alive, little thinking that the man he thus menaced with the flames would, one day, burn Englishmen by hundreds to uphold the power he was now helping Henry to overthrow.

Bonner was next honored by Henry with the offer of the bishopric of Hereford, but before taking that office he was made bishop of London. All through Henry's reign Bonner appeared to be very earnest in his opposition to the pope, and strongly favored the Reformation, in obedience to the king, whose stern command was his law. Upon Henry's death Bonner was called upon to take the oath of supremacy for Edward, but strangely enough refused, and was sent to the Fleet prison, where he was obliged to remain until he promised obedience to his new sovereign. He was then released and joined the party of the Reformation, but showed so little real interest in the movement that he was brought to trial, deprived of his bishopric, and again sent to prison, this time in the Marshalsea, where he remained until Mary became queen.

Mary evidently saw in Bonner the man for her purpose; she restored him to his bishopric, and made him vice-regent and president

of the convocation. From this time Bonner threw himself into the work of persecuting the Protestants with all the energy of his nature. It is said that fully two hundred of the martyrs of this bloody time were tried and sentenced by him. Accounts of many of the examinations of persons accused of heresy have already been told, and well show the harsh and persistent nature of the man. In these trials he seems to have shown no pity or compassion for the persons brought before him. Nothing short of the complete surrender of their religious belief was exacted by him, and in default of this the unfortunate prisoner was sentenced to the flames—apparently without the least compunction on the part of his hard-hearted judge. So far did Bonner's rage against "heresy" carry him that he is said, upon more than one occasion, to have called for rods and with his own hands beaten a stubborn witness who persisted in holding to his own views and opposing those of the persecuting bishop.

But as is often the case with the violent and cruel man, retribution overtook Bonner in the midst of his career. When Elizabeth came to the throne she singled him out to mark with her disapproval. When he appeared before her, with the other bishops, to signify his loyalty to his new sovereign, she drew away her hand in apparent loathing when Bonner would have kissed it, according to the manner of the time. In the second year of the queen's reign she sent Bonner to the prison of the Marshalsea, for refusing to acknowledge Elizabeth as the supreme head of the church in England. From this imprisonment he never was released; for ten years the once all-powerful and stony-hearted persecutor remained in confinement, and there he died, in misery and wretchedness, in the seventieth year of his age.

Although for ten years Bonner had been hidden from men's sight, within the walls of his prison, yet his memory remained fresh in the minds of the people; and so bitter was their hatred of him, that the authorities removed his dead body under cover of darkness, and buried it at midnight, to avoid a riot.

History of Bishop Gardiner.

The man who shared with Bonner the chief responsibility for condemning Protestants to the stake was Stephen Gardiner, bishop of Winchester and lord chancellor of England. He was born about 1483, of unknown parentage. He received his education at Cambridge university, and after being admitted to the priesthood became, like Bonner, one of the followers of cardinal Wolsey. After serving as the cardinal's secretary for several years, Gardiner was sent abroad in the service of the king, and also, like Bonner, argued with the pope in favor of Henry's divorce from Catherine.

After Gardiner's return he was sent to Cambridge to plead in the same cause before the heads of the university, in accordance with the plan said to have been suggested by Cranmer. Gardiner seems to have been an able lawyer and to have resorted to every device and expedient to carry his point. He finally succeeded in getting a decision from the university that Henry's marriage with his deceased brother's wife was unlawful, and therefore void; and on his return to London the king rewarded him by making him bishop of Winchester. A few years later Gardiner brought a charge of heresy against Cranmer, and but for the king's friendship for the accused man, would probably have succeeded in ruining him.

During the reign of Edward VI., Gardiner was sent to the Tower for his refusal to agree to the religious changes that were then made, and he remained in confinement for about five years; his bishopric being taken from him and given to Dr. Poynet, a chaplain of Cranmer's. When queen Mary began her reign she released Gardiner, restored him to his bishopric, and appointed him lord chancellor. It was Gardiner who placed the crown upon the queen's head at the ceremony of her coronation. He also opened her first parliament, and was for some time her leading councillor.

While Gardiner was not as publicly prominent in the trial and conviction of accused persons as Bonner, yet his influence was wholly

given to carrying out the policy of the queen. It is certain that he sat in judgment on bishop Hooper, and several other prominent reformers who were sent to the stake. But not having the hard and cruel nature of Bonner, Gardiner is said in most cases to have used every effort to persuade accused persons who were being tried before him, to change their belief and accept a pardon. It is also said that the persecutions raged with greater violence while Gardiner was in France on affairs of state, and that, upon hearing of the wholesale executions which had taken place, he was so displeased that he declared on his return, that he would take no further part in the trial of persons accused for their religion. Several prisoners were therefore removed from his diocese and brought for trial to Bonner, bishop of London. Gardiner died three years before the queen, aged about seventy-two.

Queen Elizabeth on the Throne of England.

The death of queen Mary seemed to dispel a black, gloomy cloud which for five years had hung like a pall over England. The crowning of Elizabeth was welcomed with joy by the Protestants, and their sufferings during the previous bloody reign were for a moment forgotten in the hope that better days had come.

But Elizabeth, Protestant and friend of the Reformation though she was, loved power fully as much as her father, Henry VIII., had ever done, and intended to be no less an absolute ruler of both church and state than he had been. Laws were speedily passed establishing Elizabeth as the supreme head of the church as well as the nation. She was empowered to create a high commission, or court, to try persons accused of not taking part in the services of the established church of England. The power of this court extended over the whole kingdom; the clergy as well as the people being subject to its rule. Any three members of this court could take measures to discover, by summoning witnesses, or by any other means they thought proper, such persons as spoke against the queen's supremacy, or refused to observe the forms

of worship of the established English church. They had the power to inquire into any heretical opinions that might be held, to look for seditious books or writings, to try all cases of wilful absence from divine service, and to punish the offenders by fines levied on their lands or goods.

As can readily be seen, under such harsh laws, religious liberty, as we of to-day understand it, was almost as far as ever from being realized. More than a century was yet to pass away before persecution entirely ceased, and the passage of a Toleration Act finally established complete freedom of worship in England. But, at least, Elizabeth was not cruel; aversion to bloodshed was as marked a feature of her character as the reverse had been in that of Mary. The crime of putting to death men and women for the sake of their religion formed no blot upon Elizabeth's long and prosperous reign. The dreadful fires continued for a while longer to be lighted in Spain, and the countries within her grasp, as has already been told; but with the ending of the reign of queen Mary the history of English Martyrdom may properly be brought to a close.

THE END.

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